

THE
NATIONAL REVIEW.



No. XVII.

JULY 1859.



London :

Chapman and Hall, 193 Piccadilly.

AGENTS :—Dublin : M^cGlaſhan and Gill. Edinburgh : J. Menzies.
Glasgow : Murray and Son.

[PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.]

Si
Pe
Ac
H
Ge
Ca
Tr
W
H
W
M
W
H
M
Ar
Ka
M
El
Th
M
Pa
Civ
Ho
Bl
M
A
Be
Gu
Ma

Th

National Review Advertiser.

JULY 1859.

July 1859.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL
WORKS OF THE PRESENT SEASON
IN CIRCULATION AT
MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

Sixteen Years of an Artist's Life.
Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers.
Adam Bede.—Richard Feverel.
Hamilton's Memoirs of James Wilson.
Geoffrey Hamlyn, by Henry Kingsley.
Carlyle's Friedrich the Second.
Trollope's Decade of Italian Women.
Whately on Paley's Moral Philosophy.
Hugh Miller's Lectures on Geology.
What will he do with it?
Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans.
White's History of France.
Hamilton's Lectures on Metaphysics.
Muirhead's Life of James Watt.
Around the Sofa, by Mrs. Gaskell.
Kane's Wanderings of an Artist.
Masson's Life and Times of Milton.
Ellis's Visits to Madagascar.
The Scouring of the White Horse.
Marshman's Life of Carey.
Pardoe's Episodes of French History.
Civilised America, by T. C. Grattan.
Hodson's Twelve Years in India.
Blakesley's Residence in Algeria.
Mansel's Bampton Lectures.
A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa.
Beaton's Jews in the East.
Guizot's Memoirs of his own Times.
Maddyn's Chiefs of Parties.

Life in Tuscany, by Mabel Crawford.
The Bertrams, by Anthony Trollope.
Recollections, by Samuel Rogers.
Weld's Pyrenees from West to East.
The Cornwallis Correspondence.
Martineau's England and her Soldiers.
Burgon's Memoir of P. F. Tytler.
Canterbury Sermons, by A. P. Stanley.
Visits to Italy, by Lord Broughton.
King's Italian Valleys of the Alps.
Müller's Literature of Greece.
Buckingham's Court of George IV.
Wraxall's Armies of Europe.
What is Revelation? by F. D. Maurice.
The Fool of Quality. *A New Edition.*
The Shelley Memorials.
Mackay's Travels in America.
The Two Sicilies, by Julia Kavanagh.
Taylor's Logic in Theology.
Kaye's Christianity in India.
Lady Morgan's Autobiography.
Sanford's Historical Studies.
White's Northumberland.
Ruskin's Lectures on Art.
Jowett on the Thessalonians. *New Ed.*
Poplar House Academy.—Eric.
Gosse's Evenings at the Microscope.
Mothers of Great Men, by Mrs. Ellis.
Wingfield's Dalmatia.

The present rate of increase exceeds ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND VOLUMES per Annum, consisting chiefly of Works of permanent interest and value.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION, ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE,
New Oxford Street, London, and Cross Street, Manchester.

DR. CORNWELL'S EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

Geography for Beginners. By James Cornwell, Ph.D., Third Edition. Price 1s.

"This is one of a very useful series of Educational Works, of which Dr. Cornwell is author or editor. It is an admirable introduction. There is vast difficulty in writing a good elementary book, and Dr. Cornwell has shown himself possessed of that rare combination of faculties which is required for the task."—*John Bull*

A School Geography. By James Cornwell, Ph.D. Twenty-sixth Edition. Price 3s. 6d.; or, with Thirty Maps on Steel, 5s. 6d.

A School Atlas. Price 2s. 6d., or 4s. Coloured. Consisting of Thirty Maps on Steel, containing every name found in the School Geography, a List of several Hundred Places, with their Latitude and Longitude, and the Accentuation and Pronunciation of all difficult Names.

Allen and Cornwell's School Grammar. Twenty-seventh Edition. Price 2s. red., 1s. 9d. cloth. With very copious Exercises, and a Systematic View of the Formation and Derivation of Words, together with Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Greek Roots, which explain the Etymology of above 7000 English Words.

"A complete, well-arranged, and thoroughly scientific manual of the English language. The whole chapter on the Formation and Derivation of Words is one of great interest, and is a valuable exposition of the modes of verbal development; to it are added simple lists of the roots of foreign words."—*Morning Post*

Grammar for Beginners. Thirty-second Edition. Price 1s. cloth, 9d. stitched.

"We have never seen a more desirable elementary work."—*Court Journal*.

The Young Composer; or, Progressive Exercises in English Composition. By James Cornwell, Ph.D. Twenty-first Edition. Price 1s. 6d.

"We have seen no other of the kind so clear, so well-arranged, so comprehensive, so thoroughly adapted to the practical business of tuition."—*Scotchman*.

A Key to the Young Composer, with Suggestions as to the Mode of using the Book. Price 3s.

Select English Poetry. Edited by the late Dr. Allen. Tenth Edition. Price 4s.

Dr. Allen's Eutropius. With a complete Dictionary. New Edition. Price 3s. cloth.

The Science of Arithmetic. By James Cornwell, Ph.D., and J. G. Fitch, M.A. Fourth Edition. Price 4s. 6d.

"This is, without exception, the most complete and satisfactory elucidation of the principles, and the best guide to the practice, of Arithmetic which has fallen under our notice."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"We are glad to see this revised edition of the best work on Arithmetic which has yet appeared. It is both scientific and practical in the best and fullest sense of those terms."—*London Quarterly*.

Arithmetic for Beginners. Price 1s. 6d., or in Parts I. and II., 9d. each. A First Course of Practical Arithmetic, with Inductive Explanations of the Rules.

LONDON: SIMPKIN & Co.; HAMILTON & Co.
EDINBURGH: OLIVER & BOYD.

New Books and New Editions.

George Canning and his Times. By Augustus Granville Stapleton.
8vo. 16s.

On Foreign Jurisdiction and the Extradition of Criminals. By the
Right Hon. Sir G. CORNEWALL LEWIS, Bart., M.P.

Revolutions in English History. By Robert Vaughan, D.D.
The First Volume, REVOLUTIONS OF RACE. 15s.

Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical. By JOHN STUART MILL. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

On the Classification and Geographical Distribution of the Mammalia; being the Lecture on Sir Robert Reade's Foundation, delivered before the University of Cambridge, 1859. With an Appendix "On the Gorilla," and "On the Extinction and Transmutation of Species." By RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S., Reade's Lecturer in the University, Superintendent of the Natural-History Department in the British Museum. 5s.

Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform. By John Stuart Mill. Second Edition, with Additions. 1s. 6d.

A Select Glossary of English Words used formerly in Senses different from their present. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Dean of Westminster. 4s.

The New Cratylus. By J. W. Donaldson, D.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London. Third Edition, revised and considerably enlarged. 20s.

Notes on Hospitals. By Florence Nightingale. 5s.

Major Hodson's Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India. Edited by his Brother, the Rev. GEORGE H. HODSON. Third Edition, with Additions. 10s. 6d.

Of the Plurality of Worlds. An Essay. Fifth Edition. 6s.

Paley's Moral Philosophy: with Annotations by R. Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. 7s.

Manual of Geographical Science. Part the Second, Descriptive Geography, 8vo, 15s., containing,

ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY, by the Rev. W. L. BEVAN, M.A., Vicar of Hay, Brecon.

MARITIME DISCOVERY AND MODERN GEOGRAPHY, by the Rev. C. G. NICOLAY, F.R.G.S. With copious Index.

The First Part, 8vo, 10s. 6d., contains,

MATHEMATICAL GEOGRAPHY, by M. O'BRIEN, M.A.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY, by D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S.

CHARTOGRAPHY, by J. R. JACKSON, F.R.S.

GEOGRAPHICAL TERMINOLOGY, by Rev. C. G. NICOLAY.

LONDON: JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.

NEW WORKS.

MR. WALTER WHITE'S NEW BOOK OF HOME TRAVEL.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND THE BORDER,

By WALTER WHITE, Author of "A Month in Yorkshire," &c.

1 vol. post 8vo.

[This day.

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL :

A HISTORY OF FATHER AND SON.

By GEORGE MEREDITH.

In three vols.

TOBACCO: ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

Including an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture, Snuff and Snuff-takers, Tobacco-pipes, and all the concomitants of Smoking in all Ages and Countries.

By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

With One Hundred Illustrations by the Author. 1 vol. post 8vo. [This day.

AURORA LEIGH: A POEM.

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

With Portrait. Fourth and Cheaper Edition. Fcap. 8vo. 7s.

THE THREE GATES: IN VERSE.

By CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.

[This day.

FOURTH EDITION, IN A FEW DAYS.

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES,

AND THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT.

Post 8vo. 2s.

MR. LEVER'S NEW WORK.

DAVENPORT DUNN, A MAN OF OUR DAY.

By CHARLES LEVER,

Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," &c.

In One 8vo vol. price 23s. With 44 Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE

ROBERT MORNAY: A NOVEL.

By MAX FERRER.

Post 8vo. 9s.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

Just published, in square crown 8vo, with numerous Maps and Illustrations,
price 21s. cloth,

PEAKS, PASSES, AND GLACIERS:

A SERIES OF EXCURSIONS BY

E. L. AMES, M.A.

E. ANDERSON,

J. BALL, M.R.I.A.

C. H. BUNBURY, M.A.

Rev. J. LL. DAVIES, M.A.

R. W. E. FORSTER,

Rev. J. F. HARDY, B.D.

F. V. HAWKINS, M.A.

T. W. HINCHLIFF, M.A.

E. S. KENNEDY, B.A.

W. MATHEWS, Jun., M.A.

A. C. RAMSAY, F.R.S. & G.S.

A. WILLS, of the Middle Temple,
Barrister-at-Law, and

J. TYNDALL, F.R.S.

Members of the Alpine Club.

Edited by JOHN BALL, M.R.I.A., F.L.S., President of the Alpine Club.

LONDON: LONGMAN, GREEN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

Just published, in post 8vo, with a Map of the District, 4 Illustrations in Chromo-
lithography from Original Sketches by Mr. G. BARNARD, and 8 Engravings on Wood,
price 14s. cloth,

A LADY'S TOUR ROUND MONTE ROSA;

With Visits to the Italian Valleys of Anzasca, Mastalone, Camasco, Sesia, Lys, Challant,
Aosta, and Cogne: in a Series of Excursions in the years 1850, 1856, 1858.

LONDON: LONGMAN, GREEN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

MR. SENIOR'S JOURNAL IN GREECE AND TURKEY.

Just published, in post 8vo, with Maps of the Bosphorus and Troad, and Views in Chromo-
lithography of Therapia and Stamboul, price 12s. cloth,

Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in the Autumn of 1857 and the beginning of 1858.

By NASSAU W. SENIOR, Esq.

LONDON: LONGMAN, GREEN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

MR. WELD'S TRAVELS THROUGH THE PYRENEES.

Just published, in post 8vo, with 8 Illustrations in Chromo-xylography, price 12s. 6d. cloth,

THE PYRENEES FROM WEST TO EAST.

By C. R. WELD, BARRISTER-AT-LAW;

Author of "A Vacation Tour in the United States and Canada," and
"Vacations in Ireland."

LONDON: LONGMAN, GREEN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

In post 8vo, with a Map by ARROWSMITH, price 8s. 6d.

First Impressions of the New World on Two Travellers from the Old in the Autumn of 1858.

LONDON: LONGMAN, GREEN, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

PROSPECTUS AND LIST OF THE OXFORD POCKET CLASSICS.

A New Series of the Greek and Latin Classics, for the use of Schools.

The advantages of this Series of Classics are, that they are PRINTED FROM THE BEST TEXTS EXTANT; and not only this, but each volume has, during its progress through the press, been superintended by some competent member of the University. There have also been supplied, where necessary, SUMMARIES, CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES, BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES, INDICES, and the like,—aids which are often wanting in other editions. Lastly, they are printed in a good plain type, and on a firm, fine paper, capable of receiving writing-inks, for notes, and, at the same time, they are supplied at moderate prices.

It is hoped that the advantages which the "OXFORD POCKET CLASSICS" possess over other Series will not fail to increase the circulation which they have already attained in both our public and private schools, as also in our Universities.

	CLOTH. s. d.		CLOTH. s. d.
Æschylus.....	3 0	Horatius	2 0
Aristophanes. 2 vols.....	6 0	Juvenalis et Persius.....	1 6
Aristotelis Ethica.....	2 0	Livius. 4 vols.....	6 0
Cæsar.....	2 6	Lucanus.....	2 6
Cicero de Officiis, de Senectute, et de Amicitia.....	2 0	Lucretius.....	3 0
Cicero's Tusc. Disp.	2 0	Phædrus.....	1 4
Cornelius Nepos.....	1 4	Sallustius	2 0
Demosthenes de Corona et Æschines in Ctesiphontem	2 0	Sophocles.....	3 0
Euripides. 3 vols.....	6 6	Tacitus. 2 vols.....	5 0
Euripidis Tragoediæ VI.....	3 6	Thucydides. 2 vols.....	5 0
Herodotus. 2 vols.....	5 6	Virgilius.....	2 6
Homeri Ilias.....	3 6	Xenophontis Memorabilia	1 4
Homeri Odyssea.....	3 0	Xenophontis de Cyri Minoris Expedi- tione	2 0

* * A liberal Discount is allowed from these prices to Schools, and where numbers are required.

SHORT NOTES,

To accompany the TEXTS of the OXFORD POCKET CLASSICS, are now in the course of publication, calculated as well for the use of Schools as for the junior members of the Universities.

Of SOPHOCLES are already published:

Ajax (including the Text)	1 0	Antigone (including the Text)	1 0
Electra (ditto)	1 0	Philoctetes (ditto)	1 0
Œdipus Rex (ditto)	1 0	Trachiniæ	1 0
Œdipus Coloneus (ditto).....	1 0		

* * The NOTES separately, One Volume, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Of ÆSCHYLUS are already published:

Prometheus Vincetus (with Text) ..	1 0	Choephoræ (with Text)	1 0
Septem contra Thebas (ditto).....	1 0	Eumenides (ditto)	1 0
Persæ (ditto).....	1 0	Supplices (ditto).....	1 0
Agamemnon (ditto).....	1 0		

* * The NOTES separately, One Volume, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Of EURIPIDES are already published:

Hecuba (with Text).....	1 0	Phænissæ (with Text).....	1 0
Medea (ditto)	1 0	Hippolytus (ditto)	1 0
Orestes (ditto)	1 0	Alcestis (ditto)	1 0

* * The NOTES separately, in One Volume, cloth, 3s.

Homeri Ilias I.-VI. (with Text) ..	2 0	Horace, Satires (with Text)	1 0
Demosthenes de Corona (ditto) ..	2 0	— Epistles and Ars Poetica	1 0
Æschines in Ctesiphontem (ditto) ..	2 0	(ditto)	1 0
Virgil—Georgics (ditto)	2 0	Sallust, Jugurtha (ditto)	1 0
— Bucolics (ditto)	1 0	— Catiline (ditto)	1 6
— Æneid (ditto)	1 0	Cornelius Nepos (ditto).....	1 6
Horace, Odes and Epodes (ditto) ..	2 0	Phædrus (ditto)	1 6

JOHN HENRY & JAMES PARKER, OXFORD; and 377 STRAND, LONDON.

New Publications of Trubner & Co.

60 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1. **ALLIBONE.**—*A Critical Dictionary of English Literature, and BRITISH and AMERICAN AUTHORS, living and deceased.* By S. A. ALLIBONE. Vol. I. Imp. 8vo, pp. 1005. 24s.

2. **ALTHAUS.**—*A Treatise on Medical Electricity, Theoretical and Practical; and its use in the Treatment of Paralysis, Neuralgia, and other Diseases.* By J. ALTHAUS, M.D. 8vo, cloth, pp. 352. 7s. 6d.

3. **BAIRD.**—*The Mammals of North America.* The descriptions of Species based chiefly on the collections in the Museum of the Smithsonian Institution. By SPENCER F. BAIRD, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. With eighty-seven Plates of Original Figures, plain and coloured, illustrating the Genera and Species, and including details of external form and Osteology. Post 4to, cloth, pp. 764, Philadelphia, 1859. 4l. 4s.

4. **BARTLETT.**—*Dictionary of Americanisms: a Glossary of Words and Phrases colloquially used in the United States.* By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT. Second edition, considerably enlarged and improved. One vol. 8vo.

5. **BORMANN.**—*The Shrapnell Shell in England and in Belgium, with some reflections on the use of this projectile in the late Crimean War.* A Historico-Technical Sketch by Major-General BORMANN, Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty the King of the Belgians. With Appendix. 8vo, cloth, pp. 167, 1859. 7s. 6d.

6. **CATHERINE II.**—*Memoirs of the Empress Catherine II. of Russia,* written by herself. Edited, with a Preface, by ALEXANDER HERZEN. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

7. **COLERIDGE.**—*A Glossarial Index to the printed English Literature of the THIRTEENTH CENTURY.* By HERBERT COLERIDGE, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. In one vol. 8vo, pp. 103, cloth. 5s.

8. **EDWARDS.**—*Memoirs of Libraries; including a practical Handbook of Library Economy.* By EDWARD EDWARDS. 2 vols. royal 8vo, pp. 2000. Numerous Illustrations. 2l. 8s.

9. **FREMONT.**—*Narrative of Explorations and Adventures in Kansas, NEBRASKA, OREGON, and CALIFORNIA.* By Colonel JOHN CHARLES FREMONT. Author's edition, profusely illustrated, in uniform style with Dr. Kane's "Arctic Explorations." 8vo.

10. **GASPEY.**—*The Upper Rhine, illustrating its finest Cities, Castles, Ruins, and Landscapes.* From Drawings by Messrs. Rohbock, Louis and Julius Lange, engraved by the most distinguished Artists; with an Historical and Topographical Text, edited by DR. GASPEY. 8vo, cloth gilt, pp. 492, with one hundred and thirty-four Steel Engravings. 2l. 2s.

11. **KRAPF.**—*Travels in Eastern Africa.* By Dr. L. Krapf, Missionary of the Church Missionary Society. In 1 vol. 8vo, with Illustrations and a Map.

12. **LESLEY.**—*The Iron Manufacturer's Guide to the Furnaces, Forges, and ROLLING MILLS of the UNITED STATES,* with discussions on Iron as a Chemical Element, an American Ore, and a Manufactured Article in Commerce and in History. By J. P. LESLEY, Secretary of the American Iron Association; and published by authority of the same. With five Maps and numerous Plates. 8vo, cloth, pp. 772. 30s.

13. **MUNCHAUSEN.**—*The Travels and surprising Adventures of Baron MUNCHAUSEN.* In one vol. crown 8vo, with thirty Illustrations, beautifully bound in cloth, third thousand, gilt edges. 7s. 6d.

14. **OSBORN.**—*Palestine, Past and Present; with Biblical, Literary, and Scientific Notices.* By the Rev. HENRY S. OSBORN, A.M. In 1 vol. royal 8vo, of 600 pages. With numerous Woodcuts, Panoramas, Chromo-Lithographs, Tinted Lithographs, Maps, &c. 2l.

15. **TRUBNER'S Bibliographical Guide to American Literature: a Classified List of Books published in the United States of America from 1817 to 1857.** Compiled and edited by NICHOLAS TRUBNER. In 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 800, half-bound. 18s.

16. **WEDGWOOD.**—*A Dictionary of English Etymology.* By Hensleigh WEDGWOOD. Vol. I. 8vo.

THE RELATION BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

By GEORGE COMBE.

Price 5s. ; People's Edition, 2s.

Works by the same Author.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

8s. ; People's Edition, 1s. 6d.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

7s. 6d. ; People's Edition, 2s.

A SYSTEM OF PIRENOLOGY.

Fifth Edition, 2 vols. 15s.

ELEMENTS OF PHRENOLOGY.

Eighth Edition, 3s. 6d.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., LONDON ; MACLACHLAN AND STEWART, EDINBURGH.

In Two Volumes, 8vo, cloth lettered, price 15s.

TIME AND FAITH ;

AN INQUIRY INTO THE DATA OF

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

Also by the same Author, and with a Synopsis of the Contents of the above Work, price Sixpence,

THE HISTORY OF SUNDAY.

"So simple, that the plain man may readily comprehend it; and yet so learned, that it may well take rank as a *concio ad clerum*, and be profitably studied in the profound and sacred walls of Oxford and Cambridge."—*Publicola*.

GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, 5 PATERNOSTER ROW.

This day,

THE HOMILIST, for JULY.

Price 8d., post-free.

Also, price 2s., post-free,

THE HOMILIST, SECOND QUARTERLY PART, containing Nos. 4, 5, and 6, of the New Series, done up with leather back.

"One of the most thoughtful and eloquent religious serials within our knowledge."—*Church-of-England Monthly Review*.

"The product of a mind singularly endowed with the attributes of fertility and beauty. Its style is terse and sententious; and while it teems with rich veins of valuable and suggestive thought, it sparkles with dyes of manifold and felicitous expressions."—*Evangelical Repository*.

* * Only a few complete sets of the first 7 vols. remain on hand. The publishers offer them, for cash only, at the following prices:

Vols. I. to VII., 35s. Separate Volumes, price 6s. 6d. each.

LONDON: WARD AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

THE THEORY OF GLACIERS.

Just published, in demy 8vo, with Ten Plates and Twenty-nine Wood Engravings,
price 10s. 6d.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS ON THE THEORY OF GLACIERS,

Now first collected and chronologically arranged. With a Prefatory Note on the recent Progress and present Aspect of the Theory.

By JAMES D. FORBES, D.C.L., F.R.S.,

Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

By the same Author.

I.

A REVIEW OF THE PROGRESS OF MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE

In more recent times, and particularly between the years 1775 and 1850; being one of the Dissertations prefixed to the Eighth Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In quarto, price 3s. 6d.

II.

NORWAY AND ITS GLACIERS.

Followed by Journals of Excursions in the High Alps of Dauphiné, Berne, and Savoy, including the Ascent of the Jungfrau. With Two Maps, Ten Lithographic Views, printed in Colours by Day and Son, and Twenty-two Wood Engravings. Royal 8vo, price 21s.

III.

THE TOUR OF MONT BLANC AND OF MONTE ROSA.

Abridged from the Author's "Travels in the Alps of Savoy." With Maps. 12mo, price 5s.

"An admirable edition, and the Map of the Mer de Glace most correct and valuable."

—ALBERT SMITH.

EDINBURGH: ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK; LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO.

THE ATLAS:

A Review of Politics, Literature, and Art.

This old-established Journal, which has for so many years enjoyed the highest reputation as an organ of Liberal principles in Politics, and of sound criticism in Literature and Art, will appear,

On and after May 7,

under an entirely new Management, and with a staff of experienced Writers.

In their review of public affairs, the Conductors will seek to represent that lofty, broad, and temperate Liberalism which, while it invariably respects the voice of the people, is never swayed by passion or party prejudice, but is based on the abiding foundations of honour and morality. Especial attention will also be devoted to Literature, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts; and the News will be carefully rewritten, with a view to presenting a lively picture of current history.

The paper will consist of sixteen large folio pages, and will be printed with the newest type.

Published every Saturday in time for the early Morning Mails.

Price SIXPENCE, stamped.

OFFICE: 6 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

POPULAR TALES BY F. E. SMEDLEY, ESQ.

I.

FRANK FARLEIGH; OR, SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL. 2s. 6d. boards; 3s. 6d. cloth gilt.

II.

LEWIS ARUNDEL; OR, THE RAILROAD OF LIFE. 3s. boards; 4s. cloth gilt.

III.

HARRY COVERDALE'S COURTSHIP, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. 2s. 6d. boards; 3s. 6d. cloth gilt.

IV.

THE COLVILLE FAMILY. Cuts by PHIZ. 1s. 6d. boards; 2s. 6d. cloth gilt.

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, AND CO., 25 PATERNOSTER ROW.

REUBEN STERLING:

A Tale of Scottish Life.

BY SAMUEL ALFRED COX.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"A bolder idea has seized Mr. Cox, and that is, to write a novel about Burns, introducing not only the known incidents of his life, but of most of his songs and poems. The book will pass muster for a very agreeable novel."—*Critic*.

"Mr. Cox's sympathies are evidently both wide and deep, and his intellect far above the average. He possesses considerable expository skill; and here and there we meet with openings into power and beauty."—*Literary Gazette*.

"*Reuben Sterling* is a well-written novel, which will, we may predict, 'run its day.'"—*Naval and Military Gazette*.

"The imitation of the style of Burns, in his lyrics, displays great skill; the moral tone of the work is excellent."—*Freeman's Journal*.

LONDON: T. C. NEWBY, 30 WELBECK STREET.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S NEW NOVEL.

"To those who are in the habit of reading novels it is unnecessary to say that Mr. Trollope is one of the most amusing of authors."—*Times*, May 23.

THE SECOND EDITION OF

THE BERTRAMS: A NOVEL,

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Dr. Thorne," "Barchester Towers," &c.

"We recommend *The Bertrams* to our readers; they will appreciate our delicacy in not forestalling their interest by giving them any hint of the story that awaits them, and which—they may accept our word for it—they will find deeply interesting."—*Athenaeum*.

"Considering the pace at which he produces his novels, Mr. Trollope is a very remarkable writer. Even if he wrote slowly, they would be exceedingly good; but that they come so fast certainly heightens our admiration. . . . *The Bertrams* is a great improvement on its predecessors. We confess that we like this new tale better than any that Mr. Trollope has written."—*Saturday Review*.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

CODEx ALEXANDRINUS.

Shortly will be published, in one vol. 8vo, cloth, price 10s. to Subscribers ;
Non-subscribers, 12s.

NOVUM TESTAMENTUM GRÆCE,

E CODICE ALEXANDRINO,

A C. G. WOIDE, OLIM DESCRIPTUM.

This volume will be a faithful and accurate reproduction, in modern type, of the New-Testament Text of the above-named celebrated Ms. It will be printed uniformly with the recently-published edition of the Codex Vaticanus.

Prospectuses are now ready, and may be obtained of the Publishers.

LONDON: DAVID NUTT ; AND WILLIAMS AND NORGATE.

Price 1s. 6d.

BEN RHYDDING:

THE PRINCIPLES OF HYDROPATHY AND THE COMPRESSED-AIR BATH.

By a Graduate of the Edinburgh University.

CONTENTS:

BEN RHYDDING : its admirable Arrangements as a Residence for Invalids.

HYDROPATHY : its great Curative Power over Disease.

THE COMPRESSED-AIR BATH : its Radical Cure of Chronic Bronchitis and Asthma.

MEDICAL GYMNASTICS.

LETTER FROM MR. MACLEOD, explaining his successful Treatment of Bronchitis and Asthma.

BEN RHYDDING, a Suitable resort for Invalids.

" High open moorlands, easily accessible to even feeble pedestrians ; pleasant home walks ; and an admirably regulated household, make Ben Rhydding a delicious abode."—*Page 82 of Professor Philips' " Rivers, Mountains, and Sea-Coast of Yorkshire."*

LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW ;
AND WEBB, MILLINGTON, AND CO., 1 WINE-OFFICE COURT, FLEET STREET.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. 59, PRICE 6s., WILL BE PUBLISHED JULY 1.

CONTENTS:

1. Correspondence of Marquis Cornwallis.
2. Dr. Doran's Pictures.
3. The Navy—Warfare with Steam.
4. Alpine Life and Scenery.
5. Austria in the Past.
6. Physics of the Sea.
7. Russia and the Russians.
8. Tuscany.
9. Mansel's Limits of Religious Thought.
10. Prospects of Italy.
11. Our Epilogue on Affairs and Books.

LONDON: JACKSON AND WALFORD, 18 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD ;
AND SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

Contents of No. I.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Administrative Problem. 2. William Cowper. 3. The Planets. 4. Ewald's Life of Christ. 5. Novels and Poems by the Rev. C. Kingsley. 6. Romanism, Protestantism, and Anglicanism. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. Goethe und Werther. 8. International Duties and the present Crisis. 9. Summary of Theology and Mental Philosophy. 10. Summary of Political Philosophy and Economy. 11. Books of the Quarter. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. II.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The First Edinburgh Reviewers. 2. Decimal Coinage. 3. Sir G. C. Lewis on Early Roman History. 4. A Novel or two. 5. The Civil Service and the Competitive Principle. 6. Tennyson's "Maud." 7. The Statesmen of the Day. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 8. St. Paul. 9. The Fall of Sebastopol. 10. Summary of Theology and Mental Philosophy. 11. Summary of Political Philosophy and Economy. 12. A List of Books suitable for Reading-Societies. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. III.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Edward Gibbon. 2. The Spanish Conquest in America. 3. The Life and Writings of Dr. Thomas Young. 4. Atheism. 5. The Present State of France. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. Phœnicia. 7. W. M. Thackeray, Artist and Moralist. 8. Foreign Policy and the next Campaign. 9. Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. IV.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Characteristics of Goethe. 2. Early English Explorers. 3. University Reform:—Cambridge. 4. Mr. Macaulay. 5. Conversation and Poetry of Rogers. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. The English Stage. 7. The Political Tendencies of America. 8. The Austrian Peace. 9. Mediatorial Religion. 10. Books of the Quarter. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. V.

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Thomas Moore. 2. Grote on Alexander the Great. 3. Pictures and Picture-Criticism. 4. Mr. Froude's History of England. 5. The Hard-Church Novel. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. The Character of Sir Robert Peel. 7. The Noctes Ambrosianæ. 8. The Past and Future of Christianity. 9. American Anxieties. 10. Books of the Quarter. |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. VI.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Gowrie Conspiracy. 2. Crime in England, and its Treatment. 3. Victor Cousin on Madame de Hautefort and her Contemporaries. 4. Percy Bysshe Shelley. 5. De Foe as a Novelist. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. Italy. 7. Sydney Dobell's Poems on the War. 8. Personal Influences on our present Theology: Newman—Coleridge—Carlyle. 9. Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. VII.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. William Wordsworth. 2. The Relations of Art to Religion. 3. Balzac en Pantoufles, By Léon Gozlan. 4. Mr. Spurgeon and his Popularity. 5. Latham and Grimm on the Ethnology of Germany. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. The Literature of Spirit-Rapping. 7. The Crédit Mobilier and Banking Companies in France. 8. Strauss and German Hellenism. 9. The Slave-Empire of the West. 10. Books of the Quarter. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. VIII.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Aurora Leigh. 2. Secondary Punishments. 3. The Clubs of London. 4. Ancient India. 5. The Phasia of Force. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. The Mutual Relation of History and Religion. 7. Memoirs of St. Simon. 8. The Foreign Policy of the English Ministry. 9. Books of the Quarter. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

Contents of No. IX.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Mr. Lever's Novels. 2. Recent Researches in Central Africa. 3. London Street Architecture. 4. The Alleged Non-existence of Shakespeare. 5. Critical Theories of Baur, and others, on the Fourth Gospel. 6. Miss Brontë. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. Lord Brougham. 8. The Manchester Exhibition. 9. The University of London and Middle-Class Education. 10. The New Parliament. 11. Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. X.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Reform of the Army. 2. The Autobiography of a Mohammedan Gentleman. 3. Charles Waterton. 4. The ultimate Laws of Physiology. 5. Unspiritual Religion: Professor Rogers. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. Alexander Smith's Poetry. 7. Popular Legends and Fairy Tales. 8. Béranger. 9. The Military Revolt in India. 10. Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. XI.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Principles of Indian Government. 2. George Sand. 3. Colonel Mure and the Attic Historians. 4. Hashish. 5. Ben Jonson. 6. The Czar Nicholas. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. The World of Mind by Isaac Taylor. 8. Mr. Coventry Patmore's Poems. 9. Civilisation and Faith. 10. The Monetary Crisis. 11. Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. XII.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Merope: a Tragedy. By Matthew Arnold. 2. Strauss's Life of Ulrich von Hutten. 3. Recent Contributions to the Study of Latin Literature. 4. Swedenborgiana. 5. The Old English Nobility. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. Religion and Society: Paley and Channing. 7. Lord Grey on Reform. 8. The Waverley Novels. 9. Louis Napoleon at Home and Abroad. 10. Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. XIII.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Ghosts of the Old and New School. 2. Mr. Gladstone's Homer and the Homeric Age. 3. The Troubadours. 4. Hegel's Philosophy of History. 5. Mr. Kingsley's Poems. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. Mahomet. 7. Charlatan Poetry: Martin Farquhar Tupper. 8. Comte's Life and Philosophy. 9. The State of Parties. 10. Books of the Quarter. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. XIV. 6s.

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Carlyle's Life of Frederick the Great. 2. The Relations of France and England. 3. The Sculptures from Halicarnassus in the British Museum. 4. Woman. 5. Russian Literature and Alexander Pushkin. 6. The Great Rebellion: Mr. Sanford and Mr. Forster. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. Mr. Trollope's Novels. 8. The Zouave and kindred Languages. 9. Charles Dickens. 10. Professional Religion. 11. Note in answer to Colonel Mure. 12. Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies. |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. XV. 6s.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Crabbe. 2. The Autobiography of Catherine II. 3. The Results of Short Imprisonments. 4. Virgil and his Modern Critics. 5. Count Miot de Melito and the French Revolution. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. False Morality of Lady Novelists. 7. The Religion of the Working Classes. 8. Longfellow. 9. Mansel's Limits of Religious Thought. 10. Parliamentary Reform. 11. Books of the Quarter. |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Contents of No. XVI. 6s.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Sir E. B. Lytton, Novelist, and Poet. 2. Mommsen's History of Rome. 3. Social Innovators and Reformers. 4. The Present State of Photography. 5. Mill on Liberty. 6. Morley's Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. D'Aguesseau and French Jurisprudence. 8. Peasant Life in Russia. 9. The true Difficulties of the Italian Question. 10. Schleiermacher's Life and Times. 11. Present Aspects of Parliamentary Reform. 12. Books of the Quarter. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL ARTICLE EVER KNOWN,

For promoting the GROWTH and IMPROVEMENT of the HUMAN HAIR, is

. ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

Proved beyond question by its successful results for MORE than HALF a CENTURY past, and when other specifics have failed. For CHILDREN it is specially recommended, as forming the basis of a BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR. Its invaluable properties have obtained the patronage of ROYALTY, the NOBILITY, and the ARISTOCRACY throughout Europe; whilst its introduction into the Nursery of ROYALTY, and the high esteem it is universally held in, with numerous Testimonials constantly received of its efficacy, afford the best and surest proofs of its merits. Price 3s. 6d. and 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION and SOFT and FAIR HANDS and ARMS

Are realised by the use of

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR.

This Royally patronised and universally esteemed Specific exerts the most soothing, cooling, and purifying action on the Skin, eradicates *Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Spots, Discolorations*, and other *Cutaneous Visitations*, and renders the SKIN SOFT, CLEAR, and BLOOMING. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH

Are indispensable to PERSONAL ATTRACTION, and to Health and Longevity by the proper mastication of Food.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,

Compounded of Oriental Ingredients, is of inestimable value in Improving and Beautifying the Teeth, strengthening the Gums, and in rendering the Breath sweet and pure. It eradicates Tartar from the Teeth, removes spots of incipient Decay, and polishes and preserves the Enamel, to which it imparts a pearl-like Whiteness. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

Caution.—The name "ROWLANDS" precedes that of the article on the Wrapper or Label of each.

**** Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20 Hatton Garden, and by Chemists and Perfumers.**

Beware of Spurious Imitations!!!

IMPORTANT



ANNOUNCEMENT.

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN,

BY ROYAL COMMAND.

JOSEPH GILLOTT

Begs most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the Public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a NEW SERIES of his useful productions, which, for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, he believes will insure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his

WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS,

which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens.—Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham Street; 96 New Street, Birmingham;

91 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; AND AT 37 GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

WATCHES
FREE&

SAFE PER
POST.

**BENNETT'S
MODEL WATCH
65, CHEAPSIDE
LONDON**

SILVER FROM 5 GUINEAS **GOLD FROM 12 GUINEAS**

**IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION, No. 1. CLASS X.
MANUFACTURER
TO THE ADMIRALTY, THE ORDNANCE,
THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY & THE QUEEN.**

Every Watch in the latest Style, and most carefully finished.

GOLD CASES AND JEWELLED.		QUALITY.			SILVER CASES AND JEWELLED.		QUALITY.		
GENTLEMEN'S.		A	B	C	GENTLEMEN'S.		A	B	C
Horizontal Construction, enamel dial, 4 holes jewelled		Gs. 10	Gs. 8	Gs. 6	Horizontal Construction, sound and serviceable		Gs. 5	Gs. 4	Gs. 3
Ditto, gold dial and strong case...		12	10	7	Superior Lever (Geneva) 10 jewels		7	6	5
Bennett's superior London-made patent Lever, jewelled.....		17	14	12	Bennett's London-made Levers...		8	6	5
LADIES'.		A	B	C	LADIES'.		A	B	C
Horizontal Construction, gold dial		10	8	6	Horizontal Construction, neat and flat beautifully engraved cases		5	4	3
Patent Lever (Geneva).....		12	10	8	Superior Geneva Lever		6	5	4
Ditto (English) highly finished...		16	14	12	Elegant Silver Dials 10s. 6d. extra		7	6	5
					Small London-made Levers		7	6	5

Every Watch skilfully Examined, Timed, and its Performance Guaranteed.

Post-Office Orders, payable as under, will receive prompt attention.

JOHN BENNETT, 65 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

Now ready, price 6s.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES OF THE OLD COVENANT, IN A REVISED TRANSLATION.

By the late Rev. CHARLES WELLBELOVED, the Rev. GEO. VANCE SMITH, B.A.,
and the Rev. JOHN SCOTT PORTER.

Volume I., containing GENESIS to RUTH. By the late Rev. CHARLES WELLBELOVED.

LONDON: LONGMAN AND CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

ARGUS LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

39 THROGMORTON STREET, BANK.

Chairman.

WILLIAM LEAF, Esq.

Deputy-Chairman.

JOHN HUMPHERY, Esq., Alderman.

Accumulated Fund, £470,000; Income, £85,000 per Annum.

Subscribed Capital, £300,000.

Age.	Premium to Assure £100.		Whole Term.	
	One Year.	Seven Years.	With Profits.	Without Profits.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	0 17 8	0 19 9	1 15 10	1 11 10
30	1 1 3	1 2 7	2 5 5	2 0 7
40	1 5 0	1 6 9	3 0 7	2 14 10
50	1 14 1	1 19 10	4 6 8	4 0 11
60	3 2 4	3 17 0	6 12 9	6 0 10

ADVANTAGES OF ASSURING WITH THIS COMPANY.

Advances on Policies when their value exceeds 50l.

Half or one-third credit allowed on whole-life Policies.

Residence, in time of peace, in any part of Europe.

Claims paid one month after proof of death has been admitted.

Medical attendants remunerated for their reports.

The medical officers attend every day, at a quarter before 2 o'clock.

E. BATES, Resident Director.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

BANK OF DEPOSIT,

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1844,

3 PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

The WARRANTS for the HALF-YEARLY INTEREST, at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, on Deposit Accounts, to the 30th instant, will be ready for delivery on and after the 11th July, and payable daily between the hours of 10 and 4.

June 1859.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

Prospectuses and Forms sent free on application.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

JULY 1859.

ART. I.—GLACIERS AND GLACIER THEORIES.

Travels through the Alps of Savoy and other parts of the Pennine Chain, with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers. By James D. Forbes, F.R.S. Second Edition, revised. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1845.

On the Structure and Motion of Glaciers. By John Tyndall, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Royal Institution; and Thomas H. Huxley, F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Physiology, Royal Institution. (Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, Jan. 15th, 1857.)

Observations on Glaciers. By Professor John Tyndall, F.R.S. (Royal Institution of Great Britain, Jan. 23, 1857.)

On the Plasticity of Ice, as manifested in Glaciers. By James Thomson, A.M., C.E. Belfast, May 7, 1857. (London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Philosophical Magazine, London, 1857.)

Observations on the Structure of Glacier-Ice. By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S., &c. (Philosophical Magazine, Oct. 1857.)

On some Physical Properties of Ice. By John Tyndall, F.R.S. (Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, Dec. 17, 1857.)

On the Mer-de-Glace. By John Tyndall, Esq. F.R.S. (Royal Institution of Great Britain, June 4, 1858.)

Remarks on Ice and Glaciers. By John Tyndall, F.R.S., &c. (Philosophical Magazine, Feb. 1859.)

Remarks on a Paper, "On Ice and Glaciers," in a Letter to Professor Tyndall. By Professor J. D. Forbes. (Philosophical Magazine, March 1859.)

Occasional Papers on the Theory of Glaciers, now first collected and chronologically arranged. By James D. Forbes, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1859.

On the Veined Structure of Glacier-Ice. By John Tyndall, F.R.S. (Royal Institution of Great Britain, March 4, 1859.)

OF all the apparent anomalies of nature, none is more striking than a glacier. We stand in the midst of verdure and fertility, and behold face to face with us a gigantic structure of ice, vast enough to withstand for weeks and months, with a diminution comparatively insignificant, the continued action of an almost tropical sun. Blooming in contact with it we find the most brilliant and delicate flowers, while its most advanced point touches, perhaps, the borders of a fir-wood. Can we imagine a more solemn and appropriate emblem of silent inactivity? We gaze awhile, and the genius of the ice-world rouses himself—a loud crack bespeaks our attention, and we see huge masses of the solid wall hurled from their “pride of place,” tossed headlong down a steep abyss, and ground to fragments in the fall, while a noise like thunder proclaims the ruin that is being made; or perhaps a volley of stones, discharged with too precise an aim at the spot where we have established ourselves, warns us that all is not dead that slumbers. Are we tempted to return after an interval to the station so rudely assailed before? A change may have taken place which the most careless observer could not fail to notice. The fir wood has been attacked, and the lifeless mass has already laid low the stoutest trees that formed the outlying pickets of the forest, while the solid earth has been wrinkled up in front of its icy antagonist; or perchance the glacier has receded, and left in its place an accumulation of desolate *débris*. Do we approach, and seek by a nearer inspection to comprehend the cause of this apparent and perplexing power of motion? Nothing but rigidity, hardness, inflexibility, meets the eye, or makes itself known to the senses. The substance that gives such seeming indications of ductility flies in pieces beneath the blow of a hammer, turns the edge of an axe, cuts the flesh like a knife, and, as far as we can discern, is fixed as the everlasting rocks which tower above its flanks. Nor does this strange condition of anomaly disappear on a closer acquaintance with the physiognomy of the glacier. All that looks most solid and permanent, turns out to be most treacherous and unstable. The great blocks of stone, perhaps tens of tons in weight, to which we so gladly betake ourselves as offering the relief of a firm though rugged footing

after the smooth and slippery surface of the ice, give way to the lightest touch; and well is it if we escape from among them with no more serious injury than a bruise. The pleasant undulating surfaces of unbroken snow which succeed to the shattered structure of the lower parts, and cheer us by the prospect of escape from the dangerous chasms amongst which we have threaded our devious way, we soon learn to recognise as the scenes of our most serious peril. Should we visit the same spots repeatedly, we shall be not less amazed at the subtler mysteries which mark the deportment of the glacier. We shall see rocks by the dozen daily lifted higher, each on a slender pyramid of ice, the largest boulders rising the fastest; till the whimsical fancy which has raised them on pinnacles, ten, twelve, fifteen feet above the surface of the surrounding ice, seems to take a pleasure in exhibiting its caprice by thrusting them over again, when the columns which have supported them disappear as gently as they rose. We shall see hollows in the general surface, lined with grit and mud, gradually transformed into conical mounds, while larger stones are daily sinking deeper in their frozen bed. In short, there is no end to the curious and quaint conceptions of glacier habits which a superficial observation of their phenomena might suggest, and for which it is the business of the philosopher to find some more rational and satisfactory substitute.

The task was not an easy one, and the tendency to anomaly was hardly less marked in the course of glacier theorising than it is in the outward manifestations of glacier action. Long after the sure though tardy processes of laborious observation and careful induction had been recognised as the only safe guides to scientific truth in almost every other branch of inquiry, they were so entirely disregarded by the earlier investigators of the phenomena of glaciers, that ingenious theories were constructed and supported, to account for their motion, founded on assumptions of fact not only groundless, but absolutely false. The theory commonly called De Saussure's—now more than a century old—was based upon the supposed immobility of glaciers during winter. De Charpentier and Agassiz, in our own day, have supported the Dilatation theory by an appeal to the equally erroneous notion that glaciers move faster at the sides than at the centre. It needs but this statement to show how little, till a very recent period, direct observation had been brought to bear upon the determination of the simplest elements of the problem to be solved; and when we consider how, in such a state of things, speculation invariably fills up the vacuum left by the absence of facts, we shall hardly be astonished even at the fanciful conceit of a philosopher of the present century, who

was driven to the hypothesis that glaciers are endowed with some kind of animal life.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the progress of accurate investigation was so slow, or rather that its commencement was so long delayed. The first recorded visit to Chamouni took place scarcely more than a century ago. In the days of De Saussure travelling among the Alps was no easy matter; a protracted sojourn in any one spot would have been regarded by most men as a banishment too dreary even to be thought of; and where everything is strange and unfamiliar, the most philosophical mind will be engrossed with the novelty of ideas and impressions, rather than occupied in that minute attention to matters of detail which is generally essential to the elaboration of scientific truth. The long wars of Napoleon for many years not only excluded the Alps from the area of philosophical inquiry, but diverted attention from the peaceful pursuits of science, and prevented the growth of that general taste for beautiful scenery which characterises the present generation, and has undoubtedly given a great impulse to Alpine research, both of a scientific and of a less definite character. It was perhaps natural that the earlier inquirers should have taken for granted the accuracy of statements vouched for by persons who lived in constant contact with the phenomena to which they related, and should have constructed theories as baseless as the supposed facts on which they rested. It is not, however, uninteresting to cast one glance at the now abandoned theories, as it will show, at all events, how much misconception the great man to whom we owe our first accurate notions on the subject had to begin by clearing away.

The "gravitation" theory, commonly known as De Saussure's, was that glaciers moved as rigid bodies, sliding over the inclined beds on which they rest, to which they were frozen by the cold of winter, and from which they were released by the thaws of spring and summer. It has been demonstrated, however, by subsequent observation, that glaciers move in winter as well as in summer, though with a retarded pace; and that the different points of a line drawn across the glacier perpendicular to the direction of its course, move with varying velocities depending upon their distances from the side of the glacier. These are only specimens of facts which afford a conclusive refutation of the theory; and although it has been ably advocated within the last few years, it may be regarded as no longer a subject of serious consideration with scientific men.

After many years, however, a notion grew up, exactly how or when it is difficult to trace, that the rate of motion in different parts of a glacier varied; though, singularly enough, the

true relation between the different rates of motion was inverted, and a more rapid motion was ascribed to the lateral than to the central portions. Partly to get rid of this difficulty, partly in consequence of other objections which pressed strongly against the sliding, or gravitation, theory of De Saussure, an old surmise as to the cause of glacier motion was resuscitated by M. de Charpentier of Bex, and more fully elaborated by M. Agassiz. According to these observers, the ice of glaciers is full of capillary fissures, which during the days of spring and summer become saturated with ice-cold water, the meltings of those parts of the glacier exposed to the warmth of the external air. During the night, and in colder weather, the water in these countless minute receptacles is frozen into ice; and as water when passing into ice receives a considerable addition to its bulk, an enormous expansive force is created, sufficient to thrust the glacier out in the direction of least resistance—that is, of course, downwards, towards the valley in which it terminates. Ingenious and artificial as this notion was, it scarcely deserves to rank higher than a conjecture. Like its predecessor, it assumed, and needed to assume, that the glacier stood still in winter, when the supplies of water are of course cut off, and the alternate processes of melting and freezing arrested; and it is inconsistent with the most elementary principles of the doctrine of latent heat, as applied to the freezing of water. The simplest calculations suffice to show that the degree of cold required to freeze the quantity of water in question would be something so prodigious, that it needs only to be mentioned to show the absurdity of the supposition.

The state of our knowledge of the phenomena and constitution of glaciers, as the subject was left by De Saussure, Hugi, Charpentier, and Agassiz, may therefore be summed up by saying, that while some few facts, not unimportant in themselves had been established by observation, others were currently believed in, which had no existence save in the brains of theorists and philosophers, of such a nature as to lead those who accepted them into hopeless error.

It is to a countryman of our own that the credit of putting an end to this empirical condition of glacier science belongs. Profoundly impressed with the unsatisfactory character of existing theories, and with the narrowness of the foundation of well-established facts on which they rested, Professor Forbes of Edinburgh began in 1842 the long series of minute and laborious observations which led to the demolition, not only of existing theories, but also of the cardinal facts of glacier motion as then universally accepted. Nothing can be more curious or instructive than to trace in the writings of Professor Forbes the

gradual process by which the new theory proposed by him, and now commonly known as the Viscous Theory, grew, rather than was constructed, under the combined influence of observation and induction. This might, indeed, be expected from an inquirer who, as he tells us, "commenced his researches in 1842 in equal distrust of all theories proposed to account for the motion of glaciers, and in ignorance of any theory worthy of the name which should account for their structure" (*Travels*, p. 158). We shall see in the following pages that his first conclusions were of a purely negative character; and that it was not till the great bulk of the facts on which his theory rests had been industriously collected, that he was able to form any conception of their cause.

A few careful experiments, repeated day by day, established the fact that the glacier moved, not by fits and starts, but with a gradual and nearly uniform motion, capable of definite measurement, even within the limits of an hour or two; and that what difference existed between the rates of diurnal and nocturnal progress was in favour of the hours of sunshine. Here, then, was almost conclusive evidence against the theory which then commanded most attention—that of dilatation by the freezing of infiltrated water. A few more experiments showed with equal clearness that, so far from the sides of the glacier moving, as was generally supposed, faster than the centre, the motion was gradually retarded as the sides were approached, until at length a very large proportion of the motion at the centre was obliterated; a startling discovery, totally at variance with existing theories. As the rate of motion of the lateral was less than that of the central portions, it seemed a fair deduction that the same law would prevail with regard to the relative motions of the superficial and internal portions, or, so to speak, *layers* of the glacier; a fact, or supposed fact, not, like its analogue, easily capable of proof by direct experiment, but the probability of which every subsequent investigation confirmed.*

The observations on the rate of motion of the glacier were carefully continued, being made sometimes daily, sometimes at longer intervals; and they soon revealed the not less significant fact, that in cold and dry weather the motion is sensibly retarded, while it is accelerated both by heat and rain. What effect was there, common alike to heat and rain? Obviously, a copious supply of water. Experiments previously made upon the glacier of the Aar had proved that the mass of a glacier is

* It has since been established by an experiment of Dr. Tyndall, who measured the actual motion of stakes fixed in the side of a lofty wall of ice, at different distances from its base.

penetrated by countless capillary fissures or conduits, by means of which a considerable quantity of fluid may be conveyed into the interior of the glacier. The conclusion seemed irresistible, that the substance of which the glacier is composed is capable of being modified, so far as respects its facility of motion, by being largely fed with water.

There were phenomena, however, to be considered of a far more subtle and delicate nature, though not less important in their revelations as to the nature and causes of glacier motion, which will require a somewhat more elaborate explanation than the simple and intelligible facts already referred to. Professor Forbes had noticed in 1841, when experimenting in company with M. Agassiz on the glacier of the Aar, a peculiar appearance in the ice, which he could not "more accurately describe than by calling it a *ribboned structure*, formed by thin and delicate blue and bluish-white bands or strata, which appeared to traverse the ice in a vertical direction, or rather, by their apposition formed the entire mass of the ice." Subsequent explorations satisfied the party that this "*ribboned*," or "*veined*," structure pervaded the whole mass of the glacier, from its termination up to the region where the *névé*, or granular and less compact half-snow-half-ice of the upper portions becomes moulded into the ice proper of the middle and lower parts; it extended from side to side, and, as far as could be ascertained, from the surface to the bottom. The blue bands consisted of a hard, dense, and transparent, the white of a granular, opaque, and loosely compacted, ice. The structure appeared to take a direction of general parallelism with the walls of the glacier; but on the front of the steep declivity in which the glacier of the Aar ends, the out-cropping layers appeared to have changed their direction, "being transverse instead of longitudinal, and leaning forwards, in the direction in which the glacier moves, at a very considerable angle." The observations of that year led to no conclusion as to the nature or origin of this peculiar structure, which was described by Professor Forbes, in a paper read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh in December 1841, as mysterious and inexplicable. One main object, therefore, of the important series of observations on the Mer-de-Glace projected during that winter and carried out in the summer of 1842, was to examine narrowly the veined structure, and while establishing by actual measurement the cardinal facts of glacier motion, to combine with the direct evidence thus obtained "the statical or permanent evidence which the forms of the ribboned structure bear to some change operated or operating in its interior." The first result of observation was to show so many departures from the arrangement of structure visible in the Aar glacier,

so many apparent anomalies, as to indicate that the problem was one of extreme complexity and difficulty. Let Professor Forbes tell, in his own words, how an unexpected circumstance lightened the labour he anticipated.

"I determined, by patient observation, and laying down on a sketch the bearing of the veins or bands and their dip at a great number of points, to obtain an empirical representation of the structure in question over as large a portion of the surface as possible. The labour would have been great, without some better clue to guide so extensive an inquiry; fortunately, it had hardly commenced before I obtained one.

On the evening of the 24th of July, the day following my descent from the Col du Géant, I walked up the hill of Charmoz to a height of 600 or 700 feet above the Montanvert, or about 1000 feet above the level of the glacier. The tints of sunset were cast in a glorious manner over the distant mountains, whilst the glacier was thrown into comparative shadow. This condition of half illumination is far more proper for distinguishing feeble shades of colour on a very white surface like that of a glacier, than the broad day. Accordingly, whilst revolving in my mind, during this evening's stroll, the singular problems of the ice-world, my eye was caught by a very peculiar appearance of the surface of the ice, which I was certain that I now saw for the first time. It consisted of a series of nearly hyperbolic brownish bands on the glacier, the curves pointing downwards, and the two branches mingling indiscriminately with the moraines; presenting an appearance of a succession of waves some hundred feet apart, and having, opposite to the Montanvert, the peculiar form which I have attempted to show upon the map, where they are represented in the exact figure and number in which they occur. They were evidently distinguished from the general mass of the glacier by discoloration of some kind, and, indeed, they had the appearance of being supernumerary moraines of a curvilinear form, detached from the principal moraines, and uniting in the centre of the glacier. Although this was my first idea, I was satisfied, from the general knowledge which I then had of the direction of the 'veined structure' of the ice, that these discoloured bands probably followed that direction; and accordingly next day I carefully examined the surface of the ice, with the view of determining, if possible, their connection and cause, being well satisfied that this new appearance was one of great importance, although, from the two circumstances of being best seen at a distance or considerable height, and in a feeble or slanting light, it had very naturally been hitherto overlooked, both by myself and others. * * * *

The cause of discoloration was the next point; and my examination satisfied me that it was not, properly speaking, a diversion of the moraine, but that the particles of earth and sand, or disintegrated rock, which the winds and avalanches and water-runs spread over the entire breadth of the ice, found a lodgment in those portions of the glacier where the ice was most porous, and that consequently the 'dirt-bands' were merely indices of a peculiarly porous veined structure traversing

the mass of the glacier in these directions. A most patient examination of the structure of the ice opposite to the Montanvert satisfied me completely of the parallelism of the 'veined structure' to the 'dirt-bands;' the former was the cause of the latter; and some more general cause, yet to be explained, caused the alternation of the porous veins at certain intervals along the glacier" (*Travels*, pp. 161, 162).

The labour of investigation was now materially lightened; for the position of the dirt-bands told the explorer along what lines of the great glacier-record the history of the structure would be found most clearly written. It was found that the frequent parallelism of the structure to the moraines and to the sides of the glacier was "only because the curves representing their real forms had branches which merged into parallelism; and that there really was a tendency, in the direction of the veins on the two sides of the glacier, to converge to a point in the centre." It was found, further, that in the middle of the glacier, towards which the directions of structural arrangement converge from either side, "the normal structure (though often obscured or annihilated) turned round and formed a loop, the *direction* of the structure being, for a short space, directly across the strata." One more, and perhaps the most important, fact relating to structure remained to be ascertained: careful measurements throughout the length of the glacier, from the points where structure first began to be developed to the lowest extremity, showed that the structure, especially near the centre, had a varying *dip*; that high up the glacier, the frontal dip *inwards*, that is to say, the angle formed between a horizontal plane and the plane of any one of the bands composing the laminated structure at the centre of the glacier, was nearly, if not quite, a right angle; that, as the glacier moved on, the dip gradually diminished, till, if not in the Mer-de-Glace, in many glaciers of steeper slope, it is reduced to zero, or, passing beyond that point, is turned into a dip *outwards*; the planes of structure being horizontal, or even falling forward towards the unsupported extremity of the glacier.

Now the dirt-bands served, in the first instance, two purposes: first, they diverted the investigator from his purpose of making countless observations and measurements in every part of the glacier, by which he might perhaps be enabled to trace out the law of arrangement of the blue and white structural bands, and indicated to him certain definite lines along which his researches might be most profitably carried out. Secondly, they afforded ocular confirmation of what had been already established by direct measurement,—that the different parts of the glacier moved with varying velocities, according to their proximity to, or distance from, the centre; for each dirt-band

formed a longer and more pointed curve than its predecessor, and, arranged as they were at regular intervals, it was hardly possible to doubt that they fairly illustrated the kind of motion that was taking place along the surface of the glacier. When examination had shown that the structural planes at any portion of the surface were disposed in an arrangement of general parallelism to the direction of the dirt-bands, but with an ever-varying dip, it seemed not unlikely that a similar curve to that which represented the combination of their changing directions on the surface of the glacier, from the centre to the side, would equally represent the combination of their changing directions proceeding from the surface to the bottom of the ice-flow, and that the true arrangement of the internal structure of glaciers was in a series of conoidal surfaces, of varying curvature, shaped "somewhat like the mouth of a coal-scuttle or of a sugar-scoop," starting from the sides and bottom of the glacier-bed, and converging towards points on the surface of the glacier ranged along its line of swiftest motion.

Still, though facts accumulated, no plausible explanation of them suggested itself; and Professor Forbes began to doubt whether all this labour would lead to any result.

"I had spent," he tells us, "some weeks among the glaciers, in June and July 1842, without even approximating to a theory, either of motion or of structure; until at length, I began to fear that days and months of incessant observation or patient thought would leave me no wiser about this great problem than when I commenced. But, as is often the process of discovery in complicated questions, when the confusion seems greatest, and the mind is so imbued with the subject that the very multitude of details confounds, and the antagonism of conflicting speculations sets order at defiance, then from some unsuspected corner springs up a light unsought, and seemingly casual, but which struggles into more perfect evidence by being dwelt upon, and at last throws a complete illumination over the scattered elements, which appeared undecipherable and unmeaning only because they were dimly seen" (*Travels*, p. 158).

The "seemingly casual" light which enabled Professor Forbes to throw into order the chaotic mass of details collected by the labour of the previous weeks, was again afforded by the useful dirt-bands. Seated on the hill of the Charmoz, on the evening of the 7th of August 1842, gazing over the scene of his anxious and unremitting investigations, the long, sweeping curves of discoloration, which he had first observed a fortnight before, assumed a new significance. They "recalled almost involuntarily the idea of *fluid motion*; they resembled perfectly the lines into which the froth or scum on the surface of a viscous fluid would form themselves, if that fluid were propelled along

an inclined trough, or basin" (*Travels*, p. 177). The gradual, continuous motion of the glacier by day and night, its increased velocity at the centre, the presumably retarded motion of the internal layers as the bottom was approached, were thus brought into harmony, and now pointed in a common direction with the accelerating action of unusual surface melting. A mind familiarised by repeated experiments with the truth that, even where apparent continuity is preserved, contiguous parts do actually move with different velocities, had less difficulty than has been sometimes since experienced, in applying to a glacier one of the fundamental characteristics of fluidity, namely the possibility of motion *inter se* by adjacent particles without their being severed from the general mass; and the thought thus called up by the suggestive analogies of the dirt-bands soon grew into what is now known as the Viscous Theory, thus enunciated by its author: "A glacier is an imperfect fluid, or a viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts."

What, however, is the cause of the veined structure; and how does it result from the motion of a glacier as a viscous body? The various portions of a glacier, answered Professor Forbes, move with velocities depending on their distance from the centre and the sides; consequently, one strip must move past another; and as ice, even of glaciers, possesses a very limited power of stretching, tears must take place in the direction in which one part moves past its neighbour, that is, in the direction of motion for the time being of the particular portion of the glacier. This is precisely the direction in which the planes of blue and white ice lie, whether on the surface, or, as far as we can trace them, in the interior of the glacier. The crevices or fissures formed by these *tears* will in due time be filled with water and frozen, and thus will be produced a structure consisting of alternate plates of the real glacier-ice and of that which has been frozen into the interstices between them.

Thus stood the theory of Professor Forbes, as announced by him at the close of 1842, as repeated in the second edition of his *Travels* in 1843, and as contended for by him in several controversial publications contained in the volume of *Occasional Papers* lately published. Upon one important point, however, it was destined still to undergo a considerable modification. The hypothesis which ascribes the formation of the veined structure to the infiltration of water into the fissures opened by the sliding of one strip of ice past another, was undoubtedly open to many serious objections. In the first place, as has lately been pointed out by another acute and persevering investigator, to whose researches we shall presently refer at some

length, the cracks or crevices, which should be the matrices of these bands, before freezing has taken place, are nowhere to be found, filled, as they should be, with clear blue water; in the second, the theory which supposes that they are frozen by the cold of winter is open to objections almost as great and as patent as those which beset the Dilatation Theory, on the principles of the doctrine of latent heat. There is abundant evidence that the enormous cold required by this hypothesis has no existence in the glacier economy. Still, Professor Forbes appears to have entertained no doubt of its truth for some time after the publication of his *Travels*, and in 1844 we find him speaking of the blue bands as being "undoubtedly infiltrated crevices."* This is the last occasion, however, in which we find any direct assertion of this kind; and we trace in subsequent papers, extending over a period of two years, a growing conviction that in the conversion of the loose and granular *névé* into hard and compact ice, and in the formation of the banded structure, a common principle was at work. In 1846 he repaired again to Chamouni, and resumed a searching inquiry into the process by which the conversion of *névé* into ice takes place; and we find him, in the result, formally abandoning the appeal to infiltration and congelation as the cause of either. As the infiltration hypothesis has, within the last two or three years, been formally assailed as part of the Viscous Theory, we prefer to give the record of the change of opinion in Professor Forbes's own words, as they appear in a paper read at Edinburgh, in December 1846. From certain stated facts, he draws, amongst others, the following deductions:

"2dly. That when the vertical bands are not developed in the higher glacier, the structure remains snowy and undefined. 3dly. That the conversion into ice is simultaneous, and in this instance identical, with the formation of the blue bands.

I am satisfied, then (and it is only after long doubt that I venture this confident expression), that the conversion of snow into ice is due to the effects of pressure upon the loose and porous structure of the former; that the very first effect is to annihilate the annual strata of the *névé*; and that the most rapid glacification is effected by the kneading or working of the parts upon one another, by the differential motion which the semi-fluid law of glacier progression occasions, and which also necessarily takes place under intense pressure.

The belief which I formerly (in common, probably, with most other persons) entertained, that snow could not pass into pellucid ice without being first melted and then frozen, was part of the chemical prejudice that molecular actions cannot take place except in the liquid state; a prejudice now disappearing. The crystalline forces

* Occasional Papers, p. 66.

act on the snowy granules when brought into close contact by pressure; and the imprisoned air is then distributed in the direction of the lines of tearing, in the form of layers of regular globules, just as in the case of the banded lavas which have been so well described by Mr. Darwin. Bishop Rendu, whom I had the pleasure of visiting at Annecy, remarked a familiar circumstance which illustrates the same thing. We often see, in the coldest weather, that opaque snow is converted into translucent ice by the sliding of boys on its surface; friction and pressure alone, without the slightest thaw, effect the change, which must take place still more readily in the glacier, where the mass is, during a great part of the year, kept on the very border of thawing by the ice-cold water which infiltrates it. In this condition, molecular attachment amongst the granules must be comparatively easy, and the opacity disappears in proportion as optical contact is attained. Most evidently also the icy structure is first induced near the sides of the glacier, where the pressure and working of the interior of the ice, accompanied with intense friction, comes into play, and the multitudinous incipient fissures occasioned by the intense strain are reunited by the simple effects of time and cohesion.

We are therefore relieved from the difficulty of accounting for the cold which would be necessary to freeze the infiltrated water, which was at one time believed necessary to explain the conversion of the *névé* into proper ice. This would be liable to most of the objections urged against the Dilatation Theory" (*Occasional Papers*, pp. 200-202, 12th December 1846).

Had the writer of the above passage been replying to the direct attack of an antagonist, it is possible that his renunciation of his former views might have been more explicit and emphatic: but we cannot understand how any other conclusion can be drawn from it, than that the conversion of the *névé* into ice, and the formation of the banded structure in the converted substance, are parts of one and the same operation; and that neither the one nor the other is due to the congelation of infiltrated water, but that both are consequences of pressure, combined, in the case of the veined structure, with the differential motion of adjacent parts. Curiously enough, this is the last time that the veined structure is touched upon in Professor Forbes's writings. From 1846 to 1858 he appears to have published three or four papers only on glacial subjects—none of them elaborate, and none upon subjects connected with the veined structure. In truth, controversy had almost ceased, and the ingenious and beautiful theory we have thus imperfectly sketched from its origin to its full development, appeared to have passed victoriously through the ordeal of philosophical criticism, and to have taken rank as a recognised geological truth, when its pretensions were again called in question, and somewhat sharply challenged, by a new accuser, in the person

of no less distinguished a champion than Dr. Tyndall, of the Royal Institution.

Ice, according to Dr. Tyndall, is *not* viscous; to call it so, is to fly in the face of common and obvious experience. It is eminently brittle and fragile, and totally incapable of stretching in any appreciable degree. The change of relative positions between the different portions, involved in the unquestioned *fact* of glacier motion, takes place by virtue of no property fairly to be called viscous, but through fracture and a special kind of reunion of particles, peculiar to ice, to which he has given the name of *regelation*. This property was discovered by Mr. Faraday in 1850, and it sufficiently and satisfactorily explains the *modus operandi* of the forces which produce motion in the glacier. The veined structure, of which so much has already been said, is due to no such causes as those assigned by Professor Forbes, but is the direct effect of pressure exerted in a direction perpendicular to the planes of structural formation. It is, in fact, a true cleavage, produced, — as Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Sorby had already shown strong reasons for believing that cleavage is produced, wherever that phenomenon occurs, — by pressure applied perpendicularly to the direction in which structure is developed. Such, at least, we take to be the theory announced by Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley, in a paper read to the Royal Society on the 15th of January 1857, and brought forward again by Dr. Tyndall at the Royal Institution on the 23d of the same month. We express ourselves with some hesitation, both because Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley have published their views only in the fragmentary form of occasional papers, in which it is not easy fully to develop a theory, and because in the paper to which we have referred there is a certain want of definiteness on this point, which renders it difficult to say exactly what is the aim of the writers. The section which deals with the veined structure is headed, "On the Relation of Slaty Cleavage to the Veined Structure," and the expressions generally used rather point to "the analogy of slaty cleavage to the laminar structure" than assert their identity. We believe, however, that the view we have expressed in definite language was that intended, and universally understood, to be propounded. It is obvious, indeed, that Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley meant to do much more than simply to call attention to analogies which had been pointed out by their predecessors; and in one passage they distinctly refer to "the theory of compression." Indeed, the journey of investigation which led to the paper in question appears, by the opening paragraph, to have had its origin in "a surmise that the same explanation might apply to the veined or laminar structure as to slaty

cleavage;" and as the results of observation appear, very naturally, to have tallied entirely, in the view of the authors, with their previous conception, we think we can hardly be mistaken in supposing that the "theory of compression" is, in fact, that the veined structure is a true cleavage. Both parts of the new theory—that of fracture and regelation, and that of compression as the origin of the veined structure—have been illustrated and, according to the authors, confirmed, by very beautiful and ingenious laboratory experiments. Amorphous pieces of ice were squeezed by a Bramah's press into the forms of definite moulds, or pieces of one definite form were pressed into others having a different curvature. In either case, the original disposition of the particles was completely changed. The first result of pressure was undoubtedly fracture. If the pieces of wood which formed the two portions of the mould were separated, the solid block was found shattered into a score of pieces; yet the result of severer pressure was, that the fractured pieces were reunited, and came out as "a transparent semi-ring of solid ice." This experiment was appealed to as affording conclusive evidence of the non-viscosity of ice; in fact, the change took place, we are told, "not by a viscous movement of the particles, but *through fracture and regelation*." So also, with regard to the formation of the veined structure by lateral pressure (lateral, that is, to the direction of the veins), experiment has again been called into requisition; and Dr. Tyndall has succeeded in producing masses of snow compressed into ice, which "exhibited, in a feeble but distinct manner, an appearance the same in kind as that of the veined structure of glacier ice." We cannot state his conclusions better than in his own words:

"The case, then, as regards slaty cleavage and the structure of glacier-ice, stands thus: the testimony of independent observers proves that both ice and slate are laminated at right angles to the direction of pressure; and the question occurs, Is this pressure sufficient to produce the lamination? Experiment replies in the affirmative. I have reduced slate-rock to an almost impalpable powder, and reproduced from it the lamination by pressure. The experiments above referred to prove the sufficiency of the pressure to produce the cleaved structure of the glacier-ice. By combining the conditions of nature, we have produced her results" (*Proceedings of the Royal Institution*, Dr. Tyndall's Lecture of Jan. 23d, 1857, p. 7).

It has been said, that nothing is so false as figures except facts; it might with perhaps less of sarcasm be said, that nothing is so fallacious as an experiment except the conclusion drawn from it. In the experiment just described, *has* Dr. Tyndall "combined the conditions of nature"? Scarcely so, we

think, when the most important element in the action of the great glacier-press of nature is wanting, viz. the existence of a differential rate of motion in adjacent particles or strips. We are dealing here, be it observed, not with supposition, but with fact. If a straight line could be drawn on the surface of a glacier to-day, from side to side, it would be a curved line to-morrow, with its lowest point in the centre of the glacier. This is only saying, in other words, that each portion of the transverse line moves at a different rate from that of its next neighbour. Let it be remembered also how slow is the action of the glacier-press. The descending ice of the cataract of the Talèfre is marked with the structure which belongs to its earlier course. At the base of the fall, it is welded together again in a compact mass. It has passed through some hundreds of feet before it reappears with a banded structure, lying in new planes, and proper to the new forces by which that structure has been developed. It has thus been for months subjected to the action of the great press of nature; and during the whole of that time, no particle has moved with the same velocity as its neighbour.

We are far from denying that the lateral pressure is largely concerned in the development of the structure,—indeed, we have no doubt that the structure could not be developed without it; and we think great service has been rendered by Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley in pointing out, with distinctness and precision, the analogies illustrative of the manner in which the lateral pressure acts upon the structure, and the nature of the results which might be expected, if lateral pressure alone were at work. But so far from differential motion having nothing to do with the banded structure, we believe with Professor Forbes that it is absolutely essential to the generation of that structure as observed in glaciers; a structure, as we believe, quite different from that involved by a mere property of cleavage. Cleavage may exist—perhaps it would not be too much to say that it most commonly does exist—in strictly homogeneous bodies, as in crystals, for instance. Calcareous spar may be split any number of times in certain definite directions; yet it would be impossible to dissect out of it layers or veins, differing in consistency, density, and hardness. Even schistose lamination is not necessarily dependent upon, or accompanied with, any want of homogeneity in the substance which exhibits it. Cleavage, in fact, depends upon, and is uniformly treated by Dr. Tyndall as depending upon, the existence of “surfaces of weak cohesion.” But the banded structure involves something much more than cleavage merely. It consists in the alternation of bands of definite and sensible thickness (often amounting to several inches) of ice of

two very different kinds, or rather of ice in two very different states. A cubic foot of the blue ice and a cubic foot of the white ice would neither weigh the same, nor exhibit the same degree of many other qualities depending upon the degree of consolidation. If the lateral pressure alone were at work in producing the banded structure, it is difficult to see any satisfactory reason why the result of that pressure should not be—just what the *veined structure* is not—a true cleavage, impressed on a substance strictly homogeneous. The glacier does exhibit, where pressure is most intense, a true parallel to that slaty cleavage of rocks and other substances on which Dr. Tyndall has thrown much light; but it is to be sought within the limits of each blue band, not in the composite structure of the alternating bands. Professor Forbes has even told us where to find it on the Mer-de-Glace, and has described a “vertical slaty cleavage, so distinct, that the ice broken into hand-specimens may be split parallel to it like any slaty rock,” with the fine hard laminæ permitting “the blade of a knife to be thrust between them to a depth of several inches, although they are rarely more than a quarter of an inch thick” (*Occasional Papers*, p. 105, 1845).

The fact is, that a structure produced by the compound action of forces which vary in magnitude and direction for every portion of the glacier, cannot be fairly compared with the structure experimentally produced by the action of only one set of the composite forces, acting constantly in the same direction. Professor Forbes, before he had got rid of what he himself calls “the chemical prejudice,” which led him to suppose that the conversion of the *névé* into ice, and the formation of the veined structure, required alike to be performed through the medium of melting and congelation,—supposing that the blue bands were fissures, once filled with clear water, but now frozen up by a winter’s cold,—speaks of the *blue* veins as “occasioned by, and the mechanism of, the plastic motion of the ice” (*Occasional Papers*, January 1846, p. 116); but we venture to suggest that the truer view is, that through the *white* bands of less densely-compacted ice the differential motion takes place, and that it is by *them* that one band of hard blue ice is *permitted* to outstrip its fellow in the race, their granular and less coherent composition allowing a play between adjacent particles which could not otherwise be secured.

So, again, with respect to the experiments by which ice has been broken and remoulded under pressure,—the experiment is beautiful, and all honour to the thought which suggested it; but is it conclusive against the viscous theory? or is it an illustration of it? That ice breaks to pieces under the requisite

pressure applied in one direction, not counteracted by pressure in the opposite direction, it needs only common experience to tell us, with regard to small specimens; it needs only to look at the end of any glacier to tell us, of the great masses on which Nature operates. It is not easy to draw a sharp line across the debatable ground between what in popular language would be called perfect fluidity, and what in the same vocabulary would be called absolute rigidity, and to say that on one side of it lies the domain in which rigid properties predominate, while on the other side fluid qualities have it all their own way. One of the qualities which marks a fluid is facility of molecular union among detached portions; but *some* pressure is always necessary to cause that union to take place. Two globules of mercury may be placed side by side, touching one another, and will stand so for a week if not brought together by pressure beyond that of the atmosphere. Illustrations of this kind might easily be multiplied, tending to show the difficulty of safely predicating, from the obvious qualities of a substance, that it does not possess others which entitle it to be classed with substances apparently of a very different and even antagonistic character.

"I certainly never should have expected," says Professor Forbes, in 1846, "when promulgating the viscous theory, that it would have met with so much opposition on the ground that the more familiar properties of ice are opposed to the admission of its plasticity, and that the fragility of hand-specimens should be considered as conclusive against the plastic effect of most intense forces, acting on the most stupendous scale upon the body placed in circumstances which subject it to a trial beneath which the most massive constructions of the pyramid-building ages would sway, totter, and crumble. In an age when generalisations of the more obvious kinds are no longer proofs of genius and perspicacity, and when popular writers on science delight to startle their readers by showing how bodies the most dissimilar possess properties in common; in an age in which gradations of properties and organs have been studied with such persevering sagacity, and in which so many unexpected qualities have been discovered; when iron is classed as a combustible, when metals are found which float on water and which catch fire on touching ice, when a pneumatic vacuum is formed and maintained in vessels five miles long, and whose sides are ripped open twenty times a day; when, moreover, the simpler abstractions of former times are being daily overset, when no body seems to possess any one property in perfection, and all seem to possess imperfectly every quality admitting of degree; when adamant is rejected from our vocabulary, and softness means only less hardness, and the definition of a perfect fluid is as imaginary as that of a solid without weight; when a vacuum and a plenum are alike scoffed at, and even the heavenly bodies toil through media more or less resisting;

when no substance is admitted to expand uniformly by heat, when glass may be considered a conductor of electricity, and metals as imperfect insulators ;—in these days, when the barriers of the categories are so completely beaten down, I had not expected to meet with so determined an opposition to the proposition that the stupendous aggregation of freezing water and thawing ice called a glacier, subjected to the pressure of thousands of vertical feet of its own substance, might not under these circumstances possess a degree of yielding, moulding, self-adapting power sufficient to admit of slight changes of figure in long periods of time. Still less could I have anticipated that when the plastic changes of form had been measured and compared, and calculated and mapped, and confirmed by independent observers, we should still have had men of science appealing to the fragility of an icicle as an unanswerable argument ! More philosophical surely was the appeal of the Bishop of Annecy from what we already know to what we may one day learn, if willing to be taught : ‘ Quand on agit sur un morceau de glace, qu’on le frappe, on lui trouve une rigidité qui est en opposition directe avec les apparences dont nous venons de parler. Peut-être que les expériences faites sur de plus grandes masses donneraient d’autres résultats ’ ” (*Occasional Papers*, pp. 159-161).

It is a curious fact, that experiments identical in principle with those to which Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley appealed as conclusive of the non-viscosity of ice, but performed under conditions more analogous to those of glacier agency, were many years ago vouched by their author, as well as by Professor Forbes, as the strongest confirmation of the viscous theory. Mr. Christie, the late Secretary to the Royal Society, subjected a strong iron shell filled with water to a slow deliberate freezing process. The spherical layer of water next the iron froze first, of course ; and as water, when it passes into ice, expands considerably, a portion of ice was gradually driven out through the fuse-hole of the shell. The cylinder thus protruded consisted of solid, not of fragmentary, ice. Professor Forbes varied the experiment by substituting for the shell a glass-bottle, the conical portion of which, between the top of the cylindrical body of the bottle and its neck, he smeared with red grease. The protruded cylinder, even when a couple of inches high, was smeared with red grease from a short distance below the top down to the mouth of the bottle, thus showing that the cylinder had not been driven out from the centre, but that the whole of the ice in the bottle, even to its exterior layers, had been forced gradually upwards from the bottom. Had the bottle been cut in half down the middle, and one portion laid on its side, we should not have had a bad representation in miniature of what we often see in nature—a glacier forced down a narrowing valley, and escaping at length through a contracted gorge ; the expansive force of freezing being sub-

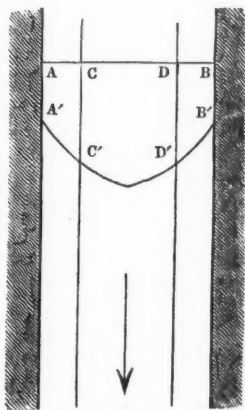
stituted in the experiment for the weight of the upper parts of the glacier.

These experiments, therefore, to say the least, have another bearing besides that on which Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley rely; and Professor Forbes is fairly entitled to contend that the phrases "bruising and reattachment," "incipient fissures reunited by the simple effects of time and cohesion," used by him, are but the vaguer antetypes of the more definite and philosophical terms "fracture and regelation," which the researches of Mr. Faraday and the improved condition of physical science now enable Dr. Tyndall to apply to the phenomena in question; and that both the one and the other indicate the manner in which, and the reason why, the motion of glacier-ice is such as to be most graphically and accurately described by saying that, on the large scale, it exhibits all the leading characteristics of viscous or semifluid motion. That it does so, in fact, seems at times to be almost conceded by Dr. Tyndall. In a recent paper, being an abstract of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution in June 1858, he has shown that in one remarkable respect, namely, as regards the direction of the line of swiftest motion in a glacier of sinuous course, the resemblance to fluid motion is even more perfect than was supposed by Professor Forbes. He has had recourse to the same class of illustrations as his predecessor, and has made mimic glaciers of semifluid substances; but still asserts strenuously that ice cannot stretch, and that to call it *viscous* leads "to erroneous conceptions of the physical properties of glacier-ice." Unfortunately, the language at the disposal of the philosopher, is less definite than his thoughts are, or ought to be. It is precision in thought which leads in time to accuracy of expression, and, where necessary, to the manufacture of new terms; but where the word that is exactly suited to his purpose does not exist, the man of science is often driven to a choice of evils. Professor Forbes was well aware that to call ice a viscous body would startle many an ear; he did not dream of calling it so himself, until a long course of patient investigation had forced upon him the conclusion that the character of its motion was in exact accordance with the laws of semi-fluid motion; and, with great deference to Dr. Tyndall, we think, whatever objections there may be to the phrase "viscous motion" as applied to ice, a far less lively and less accurate conception of the essential characteristics of glacier motion would be conveyed by the term "plastic," which he suggests in substitution for it. Indeed, if Professor Forbes, instead of asserting that a glacier *is* a viscous body, had said that the motion of a glacier so closely resembles the motion of

an imperfect fluid that it was scarcely a stretch of language to call it viscous, it would not have been too much to say that his theory was "a compendious epitome of observed facts rather than a speculation."

But is it quite clear that the ice of glaciers has no power of stretching? Dr. Tyndall says it is absolutely unable to undergo the smallest increase of downward inclination in its bed without breaking across and showing transverse crevasses. But how small, in a glacier like the Mer-de-Glace, for instance, is the depth to which the ice is penetrated by such crevasses as he refers to, compared with the whole thickness of the stratum of glacier! If his argument be sound, every crevasse ought to penetrate almost to the bottom of the ice-current. It certainly requires further observation, to establish the fact that glaciers *cannot* bend over a surface presenting a convex outline without fracture. We can only speak from general, and therefore not trustworthy, recollection; but we are mistaken if such instances are not to be found among the Alps.

Dr. Tyndall draws the same conclusion from the existence of marginal crevasses. Draw a straight line AB across the glacier to-day; to-morrow, he says, it will be a curve A'B'; but the ice cannot stretch into the greater length of the curved line, and so, in order to eke it out, marginal crevasses are necessary, and the ice breaks into fissures at the edges of the glacier. Granting, for the sake of argument, what we think needs proof, that marginal crevasses are always found in such a case, what, if ice have no power of stretching, becomes of Dr. Tyndall's denial,* on both mechanical and experimental grounds, of the *drag* towards the centre, asserted by Professor Forbes to be a characteristic of glacier motion, and to be indicated by the direction of the banded structure near the margin of the glacier, which by Dr. Tyndall himself is described as oblique to the sides?† Draw two lines, each inside the region of marginal crevasses, parallel to the sides of the glacier, and cutting AB at C and D. We need not go further than the Gorner Glacier or the Mer-de-Glace for strips like that lying between our two longitudinal lines, many hundreds of yards in length and breadth, where not the shadow of



* Lecture of 23d January 1857, pp. 5, 6.

† Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, vol. cxlvii. p. 340 (15th Jan. 1857).

a crevasse can be found. If, as Dr. Tyndall says, each particle of a uniform canal-shaped glacier moves parallel to the sides, when AB has been bent by the progress of the glacier into A'B', C will have moved to C' and D to D', and C'D' will be a curve, and therefore longer than the straight line from which it was originally bent. Yet there is no break of continuity along C'D'. Either, therefore, the ice *can* stretch, or there must be a drag towards the centre in the motion of C to C' and D to D', or there is both stretch and drag. There is no escape from one of these three propositions. Whether there is the drag as well as the stretching, we do not here care to discuss; but as Dr. Tyndall says the drag is not to be experimentally produced, we wish to say that we have a model now before us, very carefully prepared, in which a distinct and well-marked drag towards the centre is exhibited by the flow of a viscous body. A mass of the substance being confined in a box, was dusted over with a coloured powder; one side of the box being removed, and gently carried along the channel of an inclined trough, the viscid substance was free to flow after it. Distinct alternate lines of thickly-sown and thinly-scattered powder are shown on each side of the medial line, each having a well-marked inclination towards the centre of the trough.

With Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley's refutation of the theory which ascribes the formation of the blue bands to the freezing of infiltrated water in definite crevices we have already dealt. The objections they have urged are undoubtedly valid, and the refutation complete; but it was, as we have pointed out, scarcely necessary, since the author of the theory had himself abandoned it. We observe that, in a late communication to the *Philosophical Magazine* (February 1859), Dr. Tyndall objects that it was inconceivable that "convictions so strongly uttered, based upon years of observation, and established [according to Professor Forbes] by the testimony of the senses themselves, are meant to be reversed by a single observation, which, after all, is essentially defective, involving in reality not a *fact* but an *opinion*." We have already set the passage in question before the reader, and we therefore leave him to judge for himself of the extent of the abandonment, and the sufficiency of the terms in which it is conveyed. It is satisfactory to know that we are not the only persons who have put the construction in question on Professor Forbes's words. The *Westminster Review* for April 1857 contains an elaborate review of the paper by Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley, which must have been written within a very few days after the publication of that paper in the Royal Society's *Transactions*. It is the work of a most strenuous opponent of the Viscous Theory and every thing connected with

it, and a warm advocate of the new doctrines; supporting them apparently by the results of his own observation, as well as by reasonings founded on the facts adduced by others. "The authors of the *Observations on Glaciers*," it is remarked, "have endeavoured to prove that, upon Professor Forbes' own showing, and taking his own data, it is physically impossible the veins should be formed in the way supposed; but their exertions in this direction are rendered superfluous by the circumstance that Professor Forbes has renounced his own view in the following passage, contained in his *Thirteenth Letter on Glaciers*" (p. 432): and then follow the very words we have already quoted.

Want of space forbids us to pursue the subject into the interesting disquisitions that have arisen as to the effects of pressure in unfreezing ice without any increase of temperature. Mr. James Thomson of Belfast suggested long ago,* on purely theoretical considerations, that pressure would be found to lower the freezing point of water in a certain definite proportion to the amount of pressure applied. This theoretical deduction was afterwards (1850) confirmed by direct experiments by his brother, Professor William Thomson of Edinburgh, and at a still later period by Dr. Tyndall. In 1857, his attention probably having been called to the subject by the publication of the first observations of Dr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley, Mr. James Thomson applied the principle in question to explain the plasticity of glacier-ice. Curiously enough, it was shortly afterwards established by some experiments of Dr. Tyndall, that the presence of moisture between two contiguous particles was a necessary condition of "regelation." Whether pressure is the only, or the chief, source of the supply of moisture to the interior of a glacier, may well be doubted. Professor Forbes details, in his *Travels* (p. 176), some very careful experiments, which satisfied him that glacier-ice, where not exposed, as at the surface, to the modifying action of sun and weather, was essentially porous, and capable of exhibiting traces of the absorption of coloured fluid matter to a considerable depth. Mr. Huxley, on the other hand, in an elaborate paper directed against the *Système Glaciaire* of Agassiz, details numerous experiments which equally satisfied him that, except at the surface, nothing of the kind takes place. Between two directly contradictory assertions like these, nothing short of actual experiment can determine. The only light we can throw upon the subject is in the shape of a statement lately made to us by the veracious and accurate man, equally respected by the advocates of every theory, who was Professor Forbes's assistant in all his long glacier researches, and whose humbler

* *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vol. xiv. (1849).

labours in the cause of science have lately procured for him, mainly, we believe, through Dr. Tyndall's influence, the distinguished honour of a handsome testimonial from the Royal Society. We give the very words of Auguste Balmat: "Cependant, nous avons eu bien soin d'enlever la glace superficielle."

It is certainly a little remarkable to find Mr. Huxley labouring so hard to demolish the theory to which Agassiz lent the countenance of his name. Unless we are greatly in error, it has long ceased to be regarded as having any serious claim on the attention of scientific men. Professor Forbes assailed it in his *Travels* with arguments to which, so far as we know, no answer has been attempted. It was, in fact, completely driven out of the field, not so much by the Viscous Theory, as by the indisputable *facts* on which that theory rests; for that reason, we have felt that any thing beyond the merest sketch of the exploded theory would have been out of place in an article on the *present* state of glacier science.*

It is worth while to remark, however, that if the glacier is incapable of infiltration, it is very difficult to account for the established fact, that a state of weather which adds greatly to the superficial supply of water, whether by heat or by mild rain, adds greatly to the plasticity of the ice and accelerates its motion. There is another significant phenomenon which points strongly in the same direction. During the winter, the longitudinal motion is sensibly retarded, and the energies which produced it appear to be turned in a different direction. During the summer the surface of the glacier has been much wasted, partly by superficial melting, partly, it is presumed, by internal subsidence. Be the causes what they may, the effect is certain. In winter this surface wasting is repaired, and the glacier rises again to its usual level. The augmentation in bulk is not due to the fall of the winter's snow on the surface of the glacier. That snow is never amalgamated with the ice on which it rests. At the first heats of spring it disappears, and discloses the old familiar lineaments of the glacier proper, now restored to the portly dimensions it is destined again to lose before the summer be past. Now if the glacier be, as is said, porous, and capable of taking up a large quantity of water into its substance, it will follow, that when the cold of winter has arrested the sources of supply from the surface, the glacier will cease to be saturated with water, and its substance will become thicker

* It is for the same reason that we have forborne to enter into any discussion of the "stratification theory:" a theory of structure, not of motion, now universally abandoned. It asserted that the veined structure is the stratification which appears high up in the *névé* of the glacier, twisted in various directions by the motion of the glacier.

and less mobile. The pressure from behind still continuing, and the escape of the slowly flowing mass being rendered more difficult by its increased rigidity, the result will be to make it swell up, so that the surface will rise, as compared with the surrounding rocks. The exact counterpart of what takes place with the glacier, is to be found in the flow of a model of plaster-of-Paris and glue down an inclined trough. As the substance begins to *set*, while still continuing to flow, the mimic glacier swells, and, as it were, repairs the superficial waste it underwent when in a more fluid state. This, indeed, is but one instance out of many of the singular fidelity with which the leading phenomena of glacier motion are illustrated by the flow of substances which no man on earth would deny to be properly called viscous.

Want of space, again, forbids us to discuss at any length the curious and interesting phenomenon of *dirt-bands*, with respect to which little, as it seems to us, is yet accurately known. There is certainly the strongest possible reason to believe that they are connected with the distribution of the veined structure; for a close and patient examination has established that the veined structure, where developed at all along the line of a dirt-band, is always parallel to its direction in that particular place; and the dirt-bands would seem to have their *origin*, at least, in a condition of the surface favourable to the accumulation and detention of the small pebbles and particles of dust which form them. That a very considerable quantity of dust is blown over the surface of even the highest glaciers, is well known to every Alpine explorer: we have seen, after a violent hurricane of wind, the whole of the Glacier des Bossons present quite a pink appearance from the quantity of dust deposited upon it; and have noticed abundance of fine earthy particles scattered over the Calotte of Mont Blanc and the highest snows of Monte Rosa. Much of this deposit, however, is washed off by rain and superficial runlets; and it is only where they find the glacier softer than usual that the dust and *débris* are enabled to make any permanent lodgment on the Mer-de-Glace. They do find permanent resting-places in some score of bands, more or less curved, which begin near the foot of the ice-cascade of the Glacier du Géant, and the lowest of which descends very nearly to the end of the glacier. The higher dirt-bands stretch from side to side of the Glacier du Géant, where the phenomenon commences. But before long, the Glacier du Géant unites with two other tributaries of the Mer-de-Glace. From its point of junction with its nearer co-affluent springs a long line of stones and boulders, brought from the rocky mass lying between the two streams, which, down to the very foot of the glacier,

marks the contracted limits of each tributary. At first the banded structure appropriate to each of the confluent is preserved; but as the two ice-streams merge more completely into one, the two sets of structures lose their individual characters; and instead of forming from side to side of the compounded glacier two separate sets of curves, each starting from the medial moraine, and bulging out downwards towards the centre of its own glacier, the common point of junction at the medial moraine becomes gradually drawn downwards, till all indication of the double origin is lost, and the structure is developed in single curves stretching from side to side of the glacier. The dirt-bands follow the same law: they have once been peculiar to the Glacier du Géant; but long before the Montanvert is reached, they are developed right across the glacier, sweeping in one curve through the four moraines which descend respectively from the Jardin, the Aiguille de l'Echaud, the Tacul, and the Aiguille Noire.*

The inference seems reasonable, that the law of their deposition is in some way connected with the law regulating the arrangement of the veined structure. But it does not seem to us at all a necessary inference that they indicate a peculiarly soft state of the veined structure, either actual or existing at some previous time. If the state of the surface were such, at definite intervals along the Mer-de-Glace, as to allow of the *débris* being accumulated so as to form a dirt-band, it would perpetuate itself, whether that original state of the surface arose from a peculiarly soft state of the veined structure, or from a particularly deep deposit of snow, or from any other cause; for the dust and dirt would absorb the sun's rays better than the ice, and each particle would continually melt itself a socket, which would prevent its being carried away although the ice beneath it had been brought into the utmost state of

* We believe this to be the fact, though we speak with some little hesitation. Curiously enough, it is not expressly stated in Professor Forbes's works whether the dirt-bands reach all the way across the Mer-de-Glace, or only to the moraine of the Glacier du Géant. It is an illustration of the small value of general impressions as to facts to which the attention has not been specifically directed, that although there are probably few Englishmen more familiar than ourselves with almost every corner of the Mer-de-Glace, we are unable to say confidently how far they reach. Our impression is, certainly, that they stretch from side to side, as stated in the text. We imagine, also, from several passages in his works, that Professor Forbes considers them to reach all the way across. In the elaborate map of the Mer-de-Glace accompanying his *Travels*, some of them are certainly figured as extending to the moraine de l'Echaud at all events; but the copy before us is so much worn, from frequent reference, that some of the very light markings are effaced. We can almost venture to pledge our recollection that on the Glacier de Ferpêche they reach entirely across the glacier; though in that instance, also, our attention was not specifically directed to this point, when we were looking at the dirt-bands.

compression and consolidation. It may be, therefore, that the dirt-band tells us simply that it had its origin in a state of surface softer along the primary line of deposit than in the neighbouring parts, without conveying any intimation that it is still, or ever was, couched upon a bed of unusually porous veined ice. It would seem also that the lower dirt-bands cannot be mere continuations of the higher; else why should they not cease with the portions of their curves into which the higher bands have been drawn out—that is, at the medial moraine? instead of which, they stretch right across the glacier. Professor Forbes's earlier writings hardly attempted a philosophical explanation of them; he seems to have been led, by the apparent concurrence of their intervals with the annual distance travelled over by different portions of the glacier, into some half-fanciful notion of an analogy between them and certain rings of annual growth on trees and on the horns of animals. In his *Fifteenth Letter on Glaciers*, however, published in 1848, he makes a more serious effort to account for them. He considers that, as ridges are formed by the flow of viscous substances, as they spread from a centre upon which a supply is poured, so a wave-like series of wrinkles and creases, each bounded by a ridge at either extremity, will be formed in the glacier by the flow of the ice-stream, and that each dirt-band corresponds to one of these wrinkles. In confirmation of this view, he points to the fact that such wrinkles were actually observed by him below the *séracs* of the Col du Géant; and Dr. Tyndall has noticed them not only there, but below the ice-fall of the Talèfre, where Professor Forbes has marked some feeble dirt-bands on his map. We apprehend—though it is hardly stated very definitely—that he considers the dirt-bands to correspond to the *hollows* of the undulations, not to their ridges. The annual supply to the upper snow-basins, which is afforded chiefly by the snows of autumn and winter, he compares to a fresh addition of material to the viscous mass already described as spreading in waves from the centre of supply. Fresh waves will be generated, and the cradles of new dirt-bands will be formed in the intervals between the hollows.

It seems to us that a great deal of additional research is needed to clear up the mystery of these remarkable appearances. We are not at present prepared to accept any theory which refers the whole family of dirt-bands to one birthplace. As we have said already, they ought, in that case, when the composite glacier is reached, to stop at the moraine which forms the line of demarcation of the glacier on which they were originally cradled; whereas, in fact, they stretch across the composite glacier. This is true not only of the Mer-de-Glace, but of other

glaciers on which they occur. The dirt-bands of the Glacier de Ferpêche are first exhibited,—if our recollection does not greatly mislead us,—on the arm of the glacier to the west of the remarkable rock called the Motta Rotta. Lower down they are strongly developed right across the whole glacier; and the manner in which they run down the steep face of its eastern side, and exhibit a continually increasing “frontal dip,” is calculated strongly to impress the mind with the notion that they are connected in some way with the veined structure. But they are so numerous, and lie so close,—sometimes not more than a few dozen yards apart,—as almost to scare away the notion of any connection between their intervals and the annual amount of motion of the glacier; unless, indeed, the motion of the Glacier de Ferpêche be very much slower than that of any great glacier whose motion has been measured. We do not know yet the first facts which ought to be determined in order to construct a satisfactory theory of dirt-bands. We do not know what is the contour of the glacier in early spring; whether its ridges and hollows exist along its whole length, or only beneath some tremendous ice-fall; whether the dirt-bands are constant in number,* and are found at the same time of the year in the same part of the glacier. Indeed, we know very little about them, except that they afford a graphic and lively illustration of the semi-fluid character, on the large scale, of glacier motion. Certain possibilities and surmises naturally present themselves to the mind; but it is better to wait till observation has stored up *facts*, than to indulge in speculation which may be baseless.

We should be doing as much injustice to ourselves as to the distinguished man whose views we have ventured freely to criticise, did we not say that glacier science is greatly indebted to Dr. Tyndall. It is not because we have been compelled to think that, so far from establishing a new and conflicting theory of glaciers, he has at once supplemented and built up the theory of his predecessor, that we the less rejoice to bear testimony to the unquestionable merit and value of his labours. Gifted at once with an active frame, a fearless temperament, and an acute mind, he has been indefatigable in observation, unflinching in argument, and lucid in expression; while the vigorous and animated descriptions of scenery and incident to which crowded audiences justly delight to listen,

* Professor Forbes counted, in 1842, *thirty* dirt-bands on the Glacier de Ferpêche; last year (1858), we counted *forty-three* on the same glacier. Perhaps this circumstance may explain—what we could not help being struck with at the time—how it was that an observer so acute and so *catholic* as Professor Forbes does not appear to have noticed their remarkable proximity to one another.

stamp him as instinct with a poetry of spirit whose lightest touch makes us feel how much more precious, after all, is humanity than philosophy, and without which the highest scientific attainments fail to command general sympathy, or to exercise the widest and most enviable influence. Dr. Tyndall's researches, both in the laboratory and under the blue canopy of heaven, have thrown great additional light on the properties of ice in general, and on the peculiarities of glacier-ice in particular; and, as we have already intimated, have given a more definite and philosophical character to our conceptions of the compressing action to which glacier-ice is subjected, and of the mechanical means through which the semi-fluid character is impressed upon its motion. Nor is it at all to be regretted that, approaching the subject from a different point of view from Professor Forbes, and with a preconception which had not operated on his predecessor, he should have entered upon the investigation prepared to contest every received fact and conclusion not established by the closest observation or by indisputable reasoning. Truth is never so well evolved as by the conflict of opposing views; and an amount of interest in glacier subjects has been excited which cannot fail to augment and purify our knowledge of their nature and phenomena. Dr. Tyndall is in no degree responsible for the very unfair attempts that have been made in certain quarters to represent him as the author of a new theory, at variance with, and destructive of, that of Professor Forbes. If the views of Dr. Tyndall be taken as attributing the formation of the veined structure to pressure *alone*, we believe, and we think we have shown some reason for believing, that they are substantially incorrect, in so far as they omit that tearing action of differential motion which is an essential condition of the formation of the veined structure. If, on the other hand, they do not leave out of consideration the most important feature in glacier motion, what are they but a confirmation and a development—arrived at, it is true, from an opposite point of view, and therefore so much the more important—of the leading principles of the Viscous Theory? Yet, with a strange mixture of ignorance and bad taste, a newspaper which professes to enlighten the public on scientific matters has actually represented Professor Forbes as “an unwilling attendant at the obsequies of his own theory” (*Athenæum*, April 9, 1859). Such statements are as unjust to Dr. Tyndall as they are ungenerous to Professor Forbes; for the natural inference to which they lead is, that Dr. Tyndall has put forward claims of a kind which he would be the first to repudiate. One of the most noble, generous, and affecting tributes of admiration ever ren-

dered by one eminent man to another, was paid by Dr. Tyndall to Professor Forbes, in his lecture at the Royal Institution, delivered in June 1858; and it was impossible to listen to it without feeling proud of the spirit which men of true genius and worth can exhibit, even in the ardour of scientific controversy.

The publication before referred to goes on to attribute to Professor Forbes an unworthy suspicion that personal animosity has directed the assault levelled against his views. What supposed authority for such a statement the writer may have had, we cannot tell. Professor Forbes's writings contain no trace of such a feeling; and we have the strongest possible grounds for asserting that the insinuation is utterly without a foundation. We cannot say much for the justice or the generosity of attempting to snatch from a great man's brow the laurels earned by weeks and months of incessant and anxious toil, by physical exertions so severe as to have shattered a constitution which once seemed as firm as adamant, and by the unremitting mental application which was necessary to turn those labours to account, and to expand and develop the theory constructed upon them and upon them alone. Let it never be forgotten that, when Professor Forbes began his investigations, scarcely a fact was supposed to be known with respect to the constitution and motion of glaciers which he has not demonstrated to be false; scarcely a conclusion had been arrived at which it was not necessary for him to begin by sweeping away. It could not be expected—it could scarcely be desired—that it should be given to any one man at once to originate and to perfect a theory of so novel and important a character; but we confidently predict, that the verdict of his own time and of posterity will be unanimous in affirming that Professor Forbes may justly claim "to have laid just and solid foundations for a Plastic or Viscous Theory of Glaciers, without the desire or pretension to have credit for exhausting the subject in such a manner that future discoveries in physics can throw no more light upon it."*

* Preface to *Occasional Papers*. "I utterly disclaim," adds the writer, "so unworthy a pretension; and I appeal to every passage of my writings in which I have referred to the more obscure questions of physics and mechanics, as bearing on the Glacier Theory, in corroboration of this statement."

ART. II.—PEASANT LIFE IN HUNGARY.

The Village Notary. Translated from the Hungarian of Baron Eötvös.
London: Longmans. 1850.

THE memorable year 1848 will, in the eyes of the future historian of European civilisation, appear in a different light to that in which it appears to us. For him the overthrow of Louis Philippe's throne,—founded as it was on the material well-being of the middle classes, without regard to the moral requirements of the nation; the spasmodic fits of the second French republic; the theoretical attempts of German professors for reconstructing the unity of Germany by hair-splitting discussions in the church of St. Paul at Frankfort; and even the heroic struggle of Italy and Hungary for national independence,—will certainly seem far less important than the emancipation of the peasants throughout the Austrian empire. All over the Continent, this chief feature of the revolutions of 1848 has been thrown into shadow by more stirring events, though they were poor in lasting results. And still it is this emancipation of the peasants, this sweeping away of the system of feudalism, in the Austrian empire, which has already increased, and cannot fail still more to increase, the importance of the nations inhabiting the basin of the Danube, and to put them on an equal footing with the more advanced states of Central and Western Europe. The success of this grand and bold measure alone gave courage to the Emperor of Russia to adapt its benefits to the gigantic realm of the North, and to give his empire, up to the present day founded exclusively on an immense army of soldiers and disciplined civil officials, the more solid basis of the freedom of every individual in the state.

This greatest though silent revolution of Eastern Europe was achieved exclusively by the Hungarian gentry, combined with a fraction of the aristocracy, led by the eloquence and statesmanship of Louis Kossuth, and opposed by the majority of the great landowners, and by all the influence of the Austrian government. The equality of rights and duties for every inhabitant of Hungary was the leading idea of the parliamentary opposition ever since the Diet of 1832. About 1841, Kossuth, though himself not a member of the legislature, became the *de facto* leader of the Liberals, and the emancipation of the peasants was brought into the foreground; it became the great question to the solution of which the future of Hungary was bound. Still, as it implied the complete change of the social and financial conditions of the state, many well-meaning but

nervous patriots shrank back from its difficulties, though they acknowledged its importance and justice; others found Kossuth's propositions and agitation premature, because the peasants themselves did not claim their equality in the state, and dangerous, as exciting the most numerous class to hopes opposed to the reputed interests of the government and of the great landholders. In 1847 Kossuth was at last elected member for the metropolitan county of Pesth, though all the patronage of the government and the grossest bribery were brought to bear against him, and the Liberal party could rely on a majority in the Lower House. In December a bill for the emancipation of the peasants was brought in by Gabriel Lonyay, a wealthy commoner; it had passed already several stages, after the hottest contest with the conservative government party, who saw clearly that they could not prevent its final adoption, but relied upon its rejection by the Upper House, when suddenly the revolution of Paris in February, and the revolution of Vienna, accompanied by the flight of Prince Metternich, on March 13th, burst upon the astonished Hungarians. They certainly took advantage of these circumstances; but maintaining all the formalities prescribed by the constitution, the Diet carried legally a complete reform, and the court of Vienna dared not to refuse it. The equality of rights and duties was acknowledged by law; the aristocracy and gentry subjected themselves to taxation and military service; the peasants got their land as a freehold, their labour-rent being abolished and an indemnity granted to the landlords for two-thirds of the value of the lost services, computed at sixteen years' purchase, and paid to them in public securities, with the understanding that the liberated peasants would have for a number of years to pay a higher land-tax for paying off one half of the debt the state had incurred by the indemnity to the landholders. If we consider that this measure was carried by a parliament consisting almost exclusively of the representatives of the landed gentry and aristocracy, without being urged on by any popular movement or pressure from without, we must confess that no aristocracy in the world has ever left a more glorious monument of disinterestedness and magnanimity than the Hungarian. The Austrian government, however, though yielding to all the other claims of the Diet, even to the establishment of a national independent ministry, and a separation of the Hungarian finances and army from the strictly Austrian administration, refused to sanction the emancipation of the peasantry. The Diet once more insisted energetically upon the Bill; the city of Pesth assumed a threatening aspect; and the Emperor Ferdinand, accompanied by his youthful nephew,

Francis Joseph, who was soon to dethrone him, came down in person to the Diet at Presburg (Posony), and gave his royal assent to all the bills presented to him on the 13th of April 1848.

The sudden transition of the peasantry from servitude to civil and political liberty was nowhere stained in Hungary by riots or disorder, as was feared, or perhaps hoped, by the court party; on the contrary, on most estates the peasants continued by their own free-will to do the work of the landlord during the time of mowing and harvesting, that the crops might not be damaged through any difficulty in securing hired labour for those agricultural operations. The government intrigues, the Servian troubles, and the invasion of Hungary by the Croatian army of Ban Jellachich, soon gave greater anxiety to the Hungarian nation and government; and scarcely had they overcome these first dangers, when the Emperor Ferdinand was dethroned, on the 2d of December 1848, by a palace revolution at Olmütz, and Francis Joseph abolished the Hungarian constitution, dissolved the legislative bodies, put the country, against which he was to begin an internecine war, under martial law before he had occupied it, and threw into prison the commissioners sent by the Diet to the camp of the invading general, Prince Windischgrätz, in order to negotiate a peace. The events of the war, of the Russian intervention, sanctioned in Parliament by Lord Palmerston, and of Görgey's treason, are sufficiently known. Austria became the mistress of Hungary; but whilst all the old institutions of the country,—her municipal freedom, her elections, county meetings, diet, and the religious convocations and synods of the Protestants,—were abolished, and the Austrian code superseded the common and statute law of Hungary, one exception was still made in favour of the emancipation of the peasantry. The Austrian ministers saw that it was impossible to reintroduce servitude and villeinage, and therefore they carried Kossuth's plan, as accepted by the Diet of 1848, into complete execution; but, aware of the ignorance of the European public about the domestic affairs of the Austrian empire, they tried to appropriate all the credit of the measure to themselves. It is their stalking-horse; if foreigners inquire what Austria has done since 1849, they parade the emancipation of the peasants. At home, however, in his humble hut, the peasant never forgets the man to whom he owes his independence; and this is the secret of Kossuth's unbounded popularity in Hungary. Thus the Hungarian revolution, though unsuccessful as regards the independence of the country, bequeathed greater results to the world than any successful movement of this century; and though its

principal actors perished on the gallows, or pine away in dreary exile, their work survives them not only in their own country, but even in those Austrian provinces which were either indifferent or hostile to their rising. For, as soon as the Hungarian Diet had passed the bill which gave a freehold title to the peasant, the Galician landed proprietors, moved by the example, petitioned the Emperor to allow them to treat their peasantry in the same way, and to receive the same consideration from the state. Jellachich, preparing already his invasion into Hungary, saw the necessity of freeing all the Croatian peasants by a short decree couched in military language, in which he forgot to mention the indemnity due to the landlords; and the Diet of the other Austrian provinces at Vienna passed, early in August 1848, a bill analogous in its features to the Hungarian law, for the hereditary provinces, and for Bohemia and Galicia. This law too remained undisturbed in the ruin of liberty which characterised the victory of Francis Joseph; but Jellachich's omission was remedied by the Austrian government, much to the discontent of the Croatian peasant, who grumbles at the higher amount of his land-tax.

The social, political, and financial position of the peasantry having thus been altered in 1848 throughout the Austrian empire, and its former relation to the landlord having altogether been changed, it may be interesting to record some salient features of a state of society which has vanished in these latter years, and can never more recur in history.

In Hungary, as in all the countries inhabited originally by populations of the Slavonian stock, though they lost their nationality by subsequent immigrations and conquests, the peasant always had a title to one portion of the territory of every village. It seems originally to have been one-third, though in our days no constant proportion could be shown, the part of the peasants commonly equalling or exceeding the arable portion of the proprietor in the village, who, in most cases possessed landed property close to the village which did not belong to its territory, and was called (in law "*prædium*") in Hungarian "*puszta*," that is to say, waste land, in so far as it was uncultivated by farmers. The portion of the peasant community was divided into holdings (*sessiones urbariales*) from about twenty-two to thirty-six acres each; though, exceptionally, peasant holdings consisted even of sixty acres, for instance, in the less inhabited south-eastern counties. The peasant held, besides, a garden of one acre adjoining his house, which he had to build and repair himself, the proprietor being obliged to furnish him with the timber for the roof and for his stable. He had likewise to provide the tenant with some firewood, in pro-

portion to the extent of his woods. For all this he received as rent by common law two days' manual labour a week, or one day's labour with the cart or plough. In winter the peasant had to fell for him one cord of wood and carry it to the castle, but got in return the branches of the felled trees. Some small dues of eggs and fowls were likewise included in the rent, and besides these, the more important item of the ninth part of all corn-crops, the tithe having been set aside for the church. Thus the peasant received only four-fifths of his wheat, barley, rye, or oats; all other crops being free from dues, provided he had one-third of his fields in wheat or rye, and one-third in barley and oats. The meadows were likewise exempt from the priest's and landowner's claims. In return, the tenant had such a firm title to his holding, that the proprietor could not evict him under any pretence as long as he paid his labour-rent; and even if he neglected this duty for two years, or became unfit for it by having no cattle, the master, taking away the holding by the formal intervention of the county judge, could not annex it to his own property, but had to let it under the same conditions to any other tenant. Besides, it was his duty to represent his peasants at law,—since the tenant could not sue a freeman (*nobilis*) in his own person,—and to assemble, if necessary, the manorial court (*sedes dominalis*), in which he was represented only by the chairman, whom he had the right to appoint, for the decision of any controversy between the peasantry and himself, or between the peasants among themselves. For smaller offences the proprietor exercised the functions of a justice of peace, and was invested with the power of inflicting corporal punishment; but the tenant had an appeal to the county. Such were the legal relations between the peasants and their masters for about eight hundred years; since, though in 1515 the peasants had risen in rebellion against the privileged classes, and after their defeat were legally handed over to perpetual bondage to their masters, the common law stepped by and by into its old place; and we find already, fifty years after the rebellion, a law passed by the Diet implying that the labour-rent could not exceed two days a week.

As regards the state, the peasants had no taxes to pay, nor to defend the country; the latter duty lying exclusively on the shoulders of the freemen, whilst the administration was defrayed by the salt monopoly, the crown estates, the export and import duties, and the mines. The peasants had, however, to build the fortresses,—to which the burgesses furnished the artillery,—and to provide the commissariat. This simple mode of defence and taxation could not, of course, be maintained as soon as standing armies came into use. In 1715, therefore,

a law was passed establishing a standing army, and providing for its pay; but this new burden was not laid, as it ought to have been, on the landed gentry and aristocracy; it fell exclusively upon the peasant. Henceforward the landed interest had no more duties to fulfil towards the state, which was defended by an army of peasants paid by the taxes of the peasant; whilst the landowners retained all their political power for themselves, even their immunity from taxation. Many abuses of the manorial power and lordly exactions having crept into the relations between the tenant and proprietor, the Empress Maria-Theresa called the attention of the Diet to them. Still, the plans of the government being ill-digested, the representatives could not come to any agreement about them in 1757; upon which the Empress dissolved the Diet, not to call it together during her lifetime. She was bent upon fixing for ever the relations between landowner and tenant by a distinct law; but her advisers, themselves belonging to the privileged classes, thwarted her designs, until at last a Mr. Izdenczy, a clever poor official, undertook to fulfil the desires of the Empress. During the years 1770-5, he had prepared a kind of Doomsday Book, in which the holdings of the peasants all over Hungary were described, with their boundaries, and all the rights and duties of the peasants duly expounded, and all other regulations, whether based on the old usage of the place or on private agreements, between the tenants and proprietors were abolished. Having thus consolidated, and often modified, the common and statute law regarding the peasants, and restored to them the right of free migration,—of which they had been deprived in consequence of their rebellion in 1515,—Maria-Theresa rewarded Izdenczy with the title of a Baron and considerable landed estates, and carried his measures with a high hand, without heeding the reclamations of the aristocracy. It was not until 1790 that a new Diet was called together; and this, though strongly protesting against the way in which the so-called "Urbarium" had been introduced, fully recognised its beneficent action, and legalised it provisionally, since, under the influence of the doctrines of the French revolution, Maria-Theresa's regulations seemed no longer liberal enough for the peasants. A parliamentary committee was sent out to revise Izdenczy's work; but the subsequent French wars, and the attempt of Francis I. to supersede the Hungarian constitution, prevented the Diet from treating this important question till 1832. Great was, in this and the following four years, the struggle between the Liberals and Conservatives; the latter being, in a spirit opposite to that of Maria-Theresa, supported by the government. The former at last succeeded in abolishing the power of punishment usurped

by the landowners; they gave the peasant permission to sell his holding, or to dispose of it by will, provided it should not be divided without the assent of the proprietor, and not diminished beyond a quarter even with his assent; but they failed to carry the full emancipation even if proprietor and tenant should both agree about the terms. This last point was conceded by law in 1843; still it had but partial results, and was in 1848 superseded by the sweeping measure of complete emancipation.

If we add one economical feature more,—that according to the common law about one-third of the territory of every village, whether belonging to the peasants or to the landowner, had to lie fallow, to be used for the pasturage of the cattle; and that, again, there were commons attached to the villages for the same purpose,—we have mentioned all the most important facts concerning the condition of the peasant. Since 1836, however, a lengthy form of trial was established by law for enclosing the commons as well as the fields of the proprietors and tenants.

Next to the peasants, there were likewise cotters (*inquilini*) in every village, who held only a house and a garden, but no fields, and worked eighteen days a year for the landlord. It is from among these that the proprietors got their hired labourers. As far as they were mentioned in the Domesday Book of Maria-Theresa, they could likewise not be removed by the lord of the manor.

However advantageously or oppressively legislation may regulate the mutual relations of classes so intimately connected as the peasants and landowners, it is always the traditional customs of the less protected, and the character of the privileged classes, which give life to the letter of the law and expound it practically. Let us, therefore, consider the working of these laws, as they appeared in the last twenty-five years preceding the epochal year of 1848.

The first impression made by the view of a Hungarian village was rarely favourable. Neither artistic taste, nor economy in the use of materials, nor the comfort of the inhabitants, seem to have been consulted in the construction of the houses. Built of wood-logs or sun-baked bricks, low, with small windows, unadorned by flowers, they raise their gables on both sides of the muddy road, from which the entrance into the house invariably leads through a courtyard enlivened by fowls and pigs seeking their food on a large dunghill opposite to the house-door. The common room, however, carefully whitewashed every week, is clean but ill-ventilated, and in winter overheated. The large feather-bed in the corner is destined for the head of the family and his wife; the younger

members of the household sleep on narrow wooden benches running along the walls, and round the brick oven, which serves for baking bread, cooking the meals, and warming and ventilating the room. A loom is often seen in the houses of the German peasants, gaudy rude pictures of saints cover the walls of the Wallachian and Sclavonian, whilst the Magyar likes to display his earthenware plates and dishes, uniformly coloured and well glazed. The head of the family rules with patriarchal power his younger brothers, children, and servants, who live with him; since his household must be numerous to suffice for the demands of the master, the culture of his own holding, for tending his cattle, for road-making to the county, and earning money by incidental jobs to pay the taxes to the state. He is proud of his position, which, unless he has committed a crime, gives him exemption from corporal punishment; but he occasionally uses his fists or his cane to enforce his own commands. He is not pleased if his daughter should fall in love with a cotter; she ought to be married to a peasant, even if his holding should be smaller; there dwells considerable pride of caste in his heart. Though he has long ago forgotten, if he ever knew it, the great arts of reading, writing, and ciphering, he keeps his accounts in a primitive way by chalking them on the door, or on the beams of the ceiling. His meals are, bread and bacon for breakfast; at noon a pot of porridge is brought to him in the field by some of the females of the household; but his principal meal is in the evening, consisting of milk, bread, some pastry, and often, but not regularly, meat,—in winter pork, in autumn mutton. His time of need is in spring, when he has often miscalculated his resources, and lives on short allowances. In the evening he frequently goes to the inn, regularly kept by a Jew, who rents it from the landlord, since the right of selling intoxicating beverages is the exclusive monopoly of the landlords. The Jew is always sober; we never remember having seen one of his race intoxicated; but the peasant drinks freely, in the lower country wine, usually avoiding drunkenness,—in the upper country spirits distilled from potatoes, and here intoxication is a common vice. Many attempts have been made to check this bad propensity; by-laws were often passed by the counties on the slope of the Carpathians, to the effect, that debts incurred for the sale of spirits to peasants should not be recoverable at law. Still, all these endeavours remained fruitless. Temperance societies have likewise periodically been established, and had for some time a great run. We yet remember the ludicrous embarrassment of the amiable United Greek Bishop of Eperies, himself a friend of temperance, when the peasants living in the villages

where he had the monopoly of selling spirits—his chief source of income—suddenly vowed total abstinence, and so much curtailed the income of the worthy ecclesiastic, that he had to go down to their churches to preach the moderate use of wine, making allowance even for an occasional glass of spirits. Complete reform, however, cannot be hoped for, before the peasants become alive by education to nobler pleasures and excitements than those created by inebriating drinks.

The Sunday was always the most important day for the peasant. He changed his linen, shaved, and made his appearance at the castle-yard, there to receive the outline of his work for the master during the next week from the bailiff, who had settled the programme, weather permitting, with the steward, agent, or the master himself. Thence he went to church, and returned again to the castle, meeting the lord of the manor, or his representative, seated under the porch, listening to the quarrels, claims, and grievances of his subjects in a patriarchal way, and deciding the difficulties by his award. Often, in cases of a complicated nature, he relegated the parties to the county judge; but the peasant had seldom much confidence in any body else than his master. He distrusted especially the lawyer, who, as well as the physician of the neighbouring town, expected to be paid. The county elected, indeed paid, attorneys and physicians for the benefit of the peasantry; still, on account of the distance of the country-seat, it was only in cases of unusual importance that they were resorted to; the landowner was the peasant's natural legal adviser and judge, and the lady his physician. The afternoon was spent at the inn, close to some meadow, where the youth of the village often indulged in dance and song, accompanied by the fiddle of the gipsy; since every village had its *gipsy* as well as its *Jew*, the former acting generally as smith and as fiddler. Villages of greater pretensions had likewise their *Greek*, mostly from the Macedonian stock, and always a shopkeeper. Slavonic pedlars and tinkers from the counties Arva, Liptó, Thurocz, and Trencsin, came occasionally to the village, and displayed their cottons, knives, and trinkets at the inn, praising them with a glib eloquence equalled only by that of the southern nations of Europe. In the evening, the elders of the village met at the village-house, designated as such by a pair of dilapidated stocks, the emblem of the police power; but we do not remember ever to have seen them tenanted. Here the village notary used to display his superior education by explaining to the community all the orders received during the week from the county courts, or courts of administration; and often read them the newspapers. During the time we are describing, censorship in Hungary was

lenient; more rigorous, however, as to home affairs than regarding foreign intelligence; and the papers often contained long extracts from the proceedings of the English police and criminal courts. The Hungarian peasant was often horrified by these accounts, and felt great commiseration for the poor English; for, judging by the silence of the Hungarian newspapers about the abuses he best knew, he said: "What must be the state of public security and morals where so many crimes are reported in the papers! how many more must have been committed every day, which are not mentioned! With us it is bad enough; still, we never read any thing about them in the news."

The market-day in the neighbouring town had likewise its great importance to him; but the annual fair was the great event in the monotonous life of the peasant. Usually it was connected with some great festival of the Romish church. Crowds of villagers, with religious banners and songs, thronged in procession to the town, led by the schoolmaster, beadle, or sexton. They went first to church, deposited there the banners, dispersed to the market-place, bought and sold their commodities, and in the afternoon usually got drunk. Scenes of riot and debauchery nearly always happened on these days, and the police-courts were never more busy than on the day following the feast and fair; while the village beadle, with his banner, made his departure in silence, and without display.

Though the condition of the peasant was comfortable enough with an intelligent or kind master or land-agent, still a spiteful, eccentric, or cruel master had sufficient means to embitter the life of his subjects, and either to evade or to neutralise the interference of the county, which in such cases remained the only feeble safeguard of the peasant. Even a negligent lord of the manor was a source of continuous vexation, on account of the uncertainty about the time when the peasant was called upon to perform his weekly labour-rent. Often when he had prepared his tools and arranged his plans for taking advantage of the variable climate of Hungary to till his own ground, he was suddenly roused from sleep by the knock of the bailiff on the window, informing him that he had under a fine to appear at daybreak in the castle for some trifling business, or to work in the field of the master. Of course such labour was done in a slovenly shuffling way, with the worst tools; the peasant worked unwillingly and acquired habits of idleness, especially among the Slavonic population, which is lazy by nature. It has been ascertained that the work of a Slavonic or Wallachian peasant was worth only half as much a day as that of a Magyar; while the German, again, worked with greater industry,

though with less physical strength, than his Hungarian neighbour. Besides, the German was always occupied day by day; but the Hungarian, less careful for the coming year, liked to enjoy a good harvest by keeping many feasts and holidays.

The municipal organisation of the village contained the germs of freedom. On the 1st of November every year, a mayor and six aldermen were elected by the peasants; but since the local police power was held by the landowner, the mayor had scarcely more to do than to apportion the county taxes laid upon the village, and to collect them. Since he was responsible for the collection, the office was not much coveted in the villages. He had besides to give a *posse comitatus* to the county officials and police, to look after the prisoners on bail, and to fulfil the orders of the county. At his side stood the village notary, during good behaviour, who was in fact the soul of the village administration; not a peasant himself, but often the son of a peasant who had been to school: he directed the mayor, kept the village accounts, and acted as spokesman to the community.

The position of the cottager was more precarious than that of the peasant. He was, in fact, a labourer for wages, had no influence in the administration of the village, and had to rely on the skill and industry of his arms, not on the returns of the soil; for though he usually farmed some smaller plots from the landowner, he could not live through the year by his own crops. In Lower Hungary, therefore, on the rich alluvial plain of the Theiss and Danube, he looked to tobacco-culture, which requires much manual labour; in the midland counties he worked in the vineyards; on the slopes of the Carpathians he produced flax and hemp, and the loom of his wife assisted him in eking out his livelihood. The bleaching of linen, the cultivation of the poppy and of oil-plants, were likewise in many places resorted to by the cottagers; but his principal source of income in the upper counties was the mowing, harvesting, and thrashing for the landlord,—these three great agricultural operations requiring within a very short time an unusually great number of hands. Gangs of cottagers came every year in summer to the great Hungarian plain to get in the harvest, for which they received a part of the crops varying between one-eleventh and one-fifteenth. The thrashing was again done for one-ninth. It may be taken for granted that all these conditions are to some extent, and will be still more, reversed by the introduction of mowing, reaping, and thrashing machines.

The education of the villagers was very rudimentary. The Protestant communities had, indeed, not only schools, but often even efficient schoolmasters; still the children went only in

winter to school, nominally from Michaelmas to Candlemas; but even then the parents interrupted the studies of the children whenever they thought they might earn or save something by the help of the urchins. They rarely learnt more than the catechism, and the hymns sung at church; very few mastered reading, writing, and ciphering so thoroughly as not to forget it in their manhood. The mind of the peasant was not sufficiently alive to the advantages of education; and as there existed no compulsion for the parents to send their children to school, they remained mostly uneducated.

The dress of the Hungarian peasant varied according to nationality. The great majority, however, were clad in broad linen trousers, a short shirt, scarcely reaching to the loins, and the *bunda*, that heavy, loose, sheepskin cloak well known to the Crimean soldiers; strong leather boots and a broad felt hat completed the usual attire of the Magyar. On Sunday, however, his dress was more showy; the tight-fitting Hungarian trousers and jacket, mostly of a blue colour, with red lining, and beset with glittering buttons, a red waistcoat, a long black neckerchief, often fringed with gold, a gaudy printed cotton handkerchief, and spurs on his boots, gave him a soldier-like appearance. Married women never uncovered their hair,—it was always hidden, either under a black cap or a cotton handkerchief; but the girls always displayed their hair plaited and adorned with ribbons and with a kind of gilt diadem. The bodice, laced with gold in front, and showing a shirt of fine linen, was commonly red and black; the skirt, ample and falling in many folds to the feet, of a dark colour; the boots on Sunday were red. They liked to display their finery, especially at church; and where this lay at some distance, and the road was muddy, they often went barefooted in order not to soil their red boots, and put them on only under the porch of the church.

The emancipation of the peasants, the increase of their wealth due to this measure, and the introduction of labour-saving machinery, has of course within the last few years entirely changed this state of society.

The greatest catastrophe in the life of every peasant was at the time of the levy of soldiers; not that the sturdy agriculturist would have objected to the military career, but because it implied a long exile for the recruit torn from the bosom of his family. In older times, as already remarked, the duty of defending the country devolved exclusively upon the landed gentry and aristocracy; their retainers who followed them to the field were volunteers. In the beginning of the last century, however, a standing army was established by act of parliament, which was to be under the exclusive control of the

German government as regards the way in which it was commanded and officered, and the places where it had to fight the battles of the Emperor. From a defensive militia it had become a tool of aggression; accordingly the nobility and gentry thought themselves dispensed from serving in it, and threw the whole burden on the peasantry. Since, however, this army might easily have been used as a weapon against the constitutional liberties of Hungary, the Hungarians refrained from introducing regular conscription, and reserved the right of voting any levy of soldiers exclusively to the Diet. The government, on the other hand, avoiding as far as possible the necessity of asking soldiers from the Diet, kept the army voted in 1715 for life. Every recruit becoming a soldier knew that he was to remain a soldier for ever, and had to bear arms until wounds or infirmity should make him unfit to serve; but then he not only got his discharge, but was provided for by a pension as long as he lived. To fill the ranks thinned in the natural course of events, government resorted during peace to the system of bounties, and regularly found sufficient volunteers to keep the army complete. In warlike times, however, the ministers had to ask levies from the Diet, which they uniformly got without serious struggle, upon condition that, after the war, all the grievances of the nation would be removed, and reform taken into consideration. But when, in 1815, peace was proclaimed throughout Europe, and the time of fulfilling the promises made during the French war had arrived, the Emperor Francis I. backed out, and attempted to overthrow the constitution. He refused to call Parliament together, and trying to break down the last barriers against Austrian despotism, he raised the amount of taxes, and ordered a levy of soldiers without any vote of the Diet, in 1823. All the municipalities of the country protested against this *coup-d'état*; some of them yielded, however, to the threats of the government, the majority defied them, and military execution had to be resorted to. The agitation rose at last to such a height, that the Emperor had to yield; accordingly he assembled the Diet once more in 1825. Frightened by the conspiracy in Russia, he made ample apology to the nation in 1826, and by a declaratory statute once more confirmed the liberties and constitution. In 1830 a new levy was demanded by the government, and the Diet now introduced a kind of regular conscription, limiting the term of service to ten years, which expired in 1840; therefore in 1839 a new vote had to be asked from the legislature. The levy of soldiers, coming thus at long intervals, frightened the peasantry like a great impending calamity. The drawing of the lots in the villages by the assembled youth, in presence of the magistrates

and of course of all the peasantry, the subsequent examination of those who had drawn the fatal numbers by the army surgeon, and lastly the cutting of the long flowing hair of the recruit, was accompanied by universal wailing; every body knew that the young soldier would not come back to his village for ten years, which he had commonly to spend in some distant country, in Italy or Bohemia. The idea of becoming a soldier, not by free-will, but by drawing a lot, was so repugnant to the Hungarian ideas of freedom, that in many Magyar villages, and nearly in all the towns, it was dispensed with, either the community or the parties interested clubbing together sufficient funds for a handsome bounty, and offering it to volunteers. This course was nearly always successful, and scarcely ever failed to furnish the required number of recruits, who were, with bands of music and amid the rejoicings of the village, escorted to the principal town of the district. When again, in 1848, the war of independence began, and the Hungarians knew that they fought for their own country and not for the German, that they would be officered by Hungarians, and have every chance to become officers themselves, there was no need to draw lots, every young man presented himself voluntarily; and the only check on all the inhabitants of military age leaving their villages and entering the army was the difficulty of arming them. Thus the military spirit of the nation waits only for the right cause to shine out with the same splendour as when Hungary bore the proud name of the barrier of Christendom against the Crescent. Nothing but Austrian misrule could make the army unpopular.

ART. III.—THE PEOPLE OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

The Thousand and One Nights. By Edward William Lane. A new edition, from a copy annotated by the Translator. Edited by his Nephew, Edward Stanley Poole. In 3 vols. London: John Murray, 1859.

THE imaginative literature of a past time and a distant country has varied interests for various observers. To some it is a storehouse of etymological materials, others find their delight in inquiries into the allied forms of national fictions, and their connection with mythology and bearing upon the remote history of races; some seek in it a study of manners, others illustrations of the truth of their own theology, or excuse for moral disquisition. A limited number there are, however, who read works

of this class for their own sake, and not for the sake of the incidental lessons they embody, and who discover in them that which they were intended to contain—entertainment.

Of all such works the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* has enjoyed the largest number of this class of readers, and few books have contributed more largely to uninstructional enjoyment and idleness *pur et simple*. Galland first made the work familiar to Western readers, and stamped on his translation an ineffaceable character of uselessness. He wrote it neither to throw light on history, morals, nor manners; but to be read and to be found good reading. He concerned himself not with accurately representing Arab customs or habits of thought. His notion was, that as the Arabs had found these tales amusing, his French countrymen would probably do the same. They did so; and still more so probably did we English, who were for many years the contented readers of a translation of the French translation, which, whatever may be its other defects, sacrificed nothing of the liveliness and spirit of its original. Galland, indeed, speaks as if his book were a faithful image even in detail of the picture of Eastern manners presented by his Ms. The only question open, however, is what he meant by saying this; as his version conveys just about as exact an idea of the *Thousand and One Nights* as they exist for Arabian readers, as Pope's translation of Homer does of the Greek *Iliad*. But as in the case of Pope so in that of Galland, there was a *vis* in the translator himself which gave a life to his work independent of that of the parent from which it sprang. Southey boldly asserted that Galland had improved on his original; and we doubt not that for Western readers Southey was right, and that wherever the question simply is how to derive the greatest enjoyment from the stories, the old version will have the preference. To the end of time probably schoolboys will read Galland in preference to Lane, as they read Pope in preference to Cowper. Still one has a degree of compunction in sanctioning an unnecessary departure from the original in any literature, and perhaps there is not a more fertile source of false impressions, important or unimportant as the case may be, than a translation which is unfaithful but widely popular. Mr. Lane's ambition has been to represent his original as accurately as possible; not merely to make a correct verbal translation, though he has done this too, but more especially to derive from it an exact and lively picture of the manners and customs of the people with whom it originated. It is true, he has been a good deal hampered in his object by the exigency of making a drawing-room book, and adapting the Arab to the English tests of propriety; but he can boast that he has made no wilful departures from his original, that those thus

required are in the main matters of omission only, and that their absence detracts only in a single respect from the faithfulness of the general picture.

It is not easy to imagine a mature reader of the *Arabian Nights* for the first time, or to conceive what impression they would produce under such circumstances; but to return to them in after life, after having been familiar with them in boyhood, is a somewhat melancholy task. If we look at them with pleasure, it is mostly through a vista of old remembrances: we enjoy the revival of faded sensations rather than the excitement of new ones. The thing itself has lost the charm which once held us enchained. How dwarfed are the proportions which used to strike us with awe, how dimmed the splendour of the fancy, how tamed the startling incidents! The great Haroun Alraschid himself, with his honoured confidants Giafar and Mesroor, holds not the place he did, nor seems to sit with a leonine mixture of hasty passion and good-humoured generosity at the summit of human grandeur. To see these things as they were to us, we must turn back in imagination to the gates of life, and recall the freshness of our youth. Later on in life, the most unlimited accumulation of precious stones loses its power of producing an effect, and no reverses of fortune are extraordinary enough to startle us. The suddenly-revealed treasures; the gorgeous palaces with doors of sandal-wood, fretted ceilings, and jewelled couches; the high-bosomed virgins, the obedience of genii, and the state of kings,—these things come not near us. We have lost the sublime egotism of our early years, and acknowledge that such splendid possessions are too good for us. Fate has already assigned us our moderate share, and set with some sufficient definiteness the limits of our ambition and our hopes. Who are we between thirty and forty, that we should pull up a flat stone with a ring in it, and find steps leading to a cavern stored with the precious rarities of an Eastern fancy; or wake in the night and tremble with sweet amazement to behold the fair paragon of China sleeping by our side? Enough for us if we sold out before the fall of Consols, and if the single partner to whom we limit our admiration of female beauty preserve a moderate share of those fair proportions and serene disposition with which she adorned the early days of courtship.

But there was a time with us when the *Arabian Nights* were not so much a story as a dream, when, with the same dim mingling of identities which we sometimes have in sleep, it is not Aladdin but ourselves, and yet not ourselves but Aladdin, who gazes on the jewel-bearing fruit-trees, marries the Vizier's daughter, and controls the resources of the lamp; we suffer and

triumph with Sindbad, taste vicissitude with Cameralzaman, enjoy the shrinking fondness of Zutulbe, travel upon the enchanted carpet, or mount the flying horse. But when we have arrived at years of discretion, and find these things alleged of other people, we perceive at once that they are in the highest degree extravagant and impossible.

To read of these things was a sort of intellectual "hasheesh," an intoxicating stimulant to that early imagination which does not consciously subdue other things into its own forms, but delights to lose itself in suggestions from without. He who has not read when young the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* and *Robinson Crusoe*, has lost two of the greatest pleasures of which his age was capable; and the opportunity has gone from him for ever. The schoolboy has many points in common with the Arab; and it is curious enough to see the matured literary taste of the one reflected in the unformed capacities of the other.

As it is impossible to revive the old feelings in their old force, it is pleasant, if we wish to reperuse the Eastern stories, to have them in a form like that given to them by Mr. Lane; sufficiently different to leave our minds tolerably free from old distractions, and faithful enough to give play to a new set of interests. We ask ourselves what intrinsic value they have as literary productions, and what sort of information they afford as to the people among whom and for whom they were written. For the imaginative literature of a people, in as far as it is genuine, is the most trustworthy testimony possible to their characteristic life and real nature: it is their own conception of themselves, and contains, moreover, a thousand incidental evidences of a fineness and delicacy which can never be obtained by foreign observation, however acute and persevering. The difficulty is, to say how much of the imaginative literature we find extant at any time is of real home growth, or moulded into native forms; and how far a mere transplanted growth, accepted but not assimilated.

The origin of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* is, to a certain extent, matter of controversy; and on this we are not competent to enter. So much, however, seems to be pretty well established, that in the form in which we possess them they are of comparatively modern date, and of Arab, probably Egyptian Arab, authorship. Mr. Lane thinks, from internal evidence, they were very likely written in Cairo, about the commencement of the sixteenth century; and though many of them are doubtless originally of Hindoo and Persian extraction, they have been crusted over with modern accessories, and sometimes in essence, as always in form, remodelled and suited

to the tastes, the habits, and the manners of the city Arabs, among whom they assumed the shape which has become so permanent and so widely popular.

They are not the disintegrated mythology or traditional history of a nation; they are simply part of the light literature of a people of active, bright, and, in some respects, highly-cultivated intellect. The Western admiration and perpetuation of the work by printing has given it a position it would probably never have acquired among those for whom it was written. The stories are popular, but the book itself would scarcely have won any very high reputation. A learned Sheyk looks at it with some mild contempt, such as Dr. Milman might feel in beguiling a leisure-hour with James's novels. The style is not the colloquial style, but a somewhat debased literary style; as if it were as good and as fine as the author could make it; but which is yet such as highly-educated Arabs can scarcely condescend to read.

If we turn to the matter, the most marked and pervading defect to the mature mind is a certain superficiality. It is all brilliant surface-work without depth. If we were asked to illustrate the old distinction between fancy and imagination, could we do so better than by contrasting the Eastern Tales with the Northern Edda? From how deep a sense of humour spring the grotesque fancies of the latter, how close the intermingling of the passions with the deeper affections, how lasting the effect of any profound stirring of the emotions, how individual the characters displayed, how wide the sweep of their influence! Imagination is stirred by the realities of things; it shoots its piercing glances after the truths which surround us, and grasps at them with an eager passionate hand. Fancy requires beauty, but is satisfied with surface beauty; it plays with the realities of life, and gathers up its decorations, its picturesquenesses, its outward shows. Imagination will always be found exhausting the matter in hand; fancy roving and selecting over a wide range. The one plucks the heart out of a mystery, the other makes captive every flying grace. In little space the one lays bare the secrets of all hearts, and claims not only the deepest but the most universal sympathies; the other dilates upon trifles, and makes playthings of the feelings and ideas of men. Read Homer. How deeply the story lies founded in the characteristics of a few individuals! It is not the tale of Troy, it is the wrath of Achilles, that is sung. It is not what befell men, but what certain men did and were, that forms the matter upon which imagination works. Even the Greek Tragedy, fateful as it is, and leaning on some great event rather than on the development of character, yet deals

always with individual life and the far-reaching consequence of human action. The old stories of Greece, and the home-grown epics and middle-age romances of Europe, are occupied not so much with the adventures as with the acts of heroes, and the consequences they involved; and our own highest and most characteristic imaginative literature, from the drama of Elizabeth's time to the last lady's novel, deals with special single embodiments of human character, and depicts in the lives and actions of particular men and women the intertangled play of will and circumstance. And it is in this respect that the Arabian stories present the most remarkable contrast. All the profounder differences between the literature they represent and ours may be said to spring from a single root, and the imaginative growths are the expression of fundamental social distinctions. A deep feeling of the profound reality of life, of how much that is awful lies in existence and action and death; an eye to the infinite circle of consequence, which widens outwards from every centre of living force; an assurance of the importance of individual conviction, an active sense of personal responsibility,—these express themselves in Western, and especially in English, history and literature. These lit the fires of Smithfield, fought the fights of Marston and Dunbar; these make us Puseyites, Evangelicals, Methodists, Independents, Unitarians; these too make us free men.

English fiction is like paintings of persons, the *Arabian Nights* like landscapes with figures introduced. There is no such thing in them as a sustained interest developed out of individual character or influence; men and women are woven like embroidery into the tissue of the story, they are a sort of puppets whereby strange occurrences can be represented. Death is a common theme for the imagination of every age and country. It appears of course commonly enough in these Arabian stories; but the contemplation of it in some single instance is never made the mainspring of imaginative movement. It occurs only as an element or a break in adventure; the story hurries past it to new varieties of change. The interests never lead up to and culminate in death. There is no such thing as real tragedy. The more we look at that fact, the more we shall see that it constitutes a vital distinction between the imaginative literature of the Egyptian Arabs and our own.

The interest of these Eastern Tales is exclusively, or all but exclusively, based upon the vicissitudes of external fortune; and such changes are not displayed in their bearing upon any peculiarly constituted mind. Lear, or Coriolanus, or Timon undergo the extremes of prosperity and adversity: but our interest is never in the change, it is in the mode in which the

men are affected by it; and in all the higher forms of Western imaginative fiction we are introduced to the deeper realities of experience within some individual man. But in the Eastern stories you are never asked to sympathise with the man, but always with what happens to him. The reader's excitement depends on his facile power of self-identification with the subject of the adventures; and the writer appeals to a faculty, which, as we have said, our modern mind finds it impossible to carry beyond the time of boyhood.

That which does happen to a man is also of a peculiar character. The possession of enormous riches and of a beautiful wife are assumed as the certain and unfailing constituents of human felicity. Power itself is only valuable as a means of commanding them. It would be difficult to find a single instance in which any one in possession of these elements of enjoyment is represented as the prey to any of those hidden sources of discontent so familiar to the Western mind.

As happiness consists in possession, so misery consists in the being deprived of external blessings; and the complex elements of pathos which are common in our literature find their simpler representatives in these tales in the sudden dispersion of riches, or the loss of a mistress.

Pathos, indeed, in its true sense, can scarcely be said to find a place in them; and the present editor reads with very different eyes from ours when he speaks of this quality as forming their special excellence, and cites the story of Shems-en-Nahâr and that of 'Azeez and 'Azeezeh as containing the highest instances of it. Doubtless they contain the elements of tenderness and suffering, yet they can scarcely in any true sense be said to be pathetic. The former is the story of a young man who falls in love with a concubine of the Caliph, and describes the hazardous interviews he enjoys with her, till, overpowered by difficulties which place insurmountable barriers in the way of their meeting, he takes to his bed and dies, with much weeping and fainting and reciting of verses; and his mistress, hearing of his fate, dies of the blow. This is a tale of passion rather than of pathos, and the whole handling inspires a European mind, at least, with the impression that it is an extravagant picture of the weakness of indulged passion. Where contempt mingles with compassion pathos can scarcely find a place, and here the prostration of the sufferer is much more prominent than the strength of the feeling. The story may be said to be in a certain sense tragic in its conclusion, but it wants all the nobler elements of tragedy. There is nothing to pity but personal beauty, and nothing to sympathise with but despondency. Contrast the story with its European parallel, *Romeo and Juliet*. Juliet is

caught in the net of fate after an "arduous struggle, and welcomes death as the only means by which she can continue true; her strength is in her passion; it is her force, her energy, by which she faces difficulty and subdues terror, and cuts life itself asunder when it becomes a separation. Our dejected young Eastern friend suffers from a disease he cannot struggle against; he simply lies down and dies of desire. We are sorry when a pale young lady of weak constitution dies in a decline; but it is tragedy,—pathos,—when the bloom, the beauty, and above all, the strength and nobleness of youth goes forth into the battle of life and is shorn down in the contest,—when suffering wrings tears from the strong endurance of manhood, or when age is stripped of its dues of reverence and tender care,—when Hector lies trailing in the dust, when Othello weeps, when Lear recalls his scattered senses, and his cheek is wetted with the tears of Cordelia.

"Was this a face

To be exposed against the warring winds?"

That is pathos.

"And 'Alee the son of Bekkár sighed and said to me, O my brother, know that I am inevitably perishing, and I desire to give thee a charge, which is this: that when thou seest me to have died, thou repair to my mother, and acquaint her, that she may come to this place for the sake of receiving the visits of condolence for me, and be present at the washing of my corpse; and exhort her to bear my loss with patience. He then fell down in a fit; and when he recovered he heard a damsel singing at a distance, and reciting verses: and he listened to her and heard her voice; one moment becoming insensible; and another, recovering; and another, weeping in his anguish and grief at that which had befallen him: and he heard the damsel sing, with charming modulations, these verses:

Separation hath quickly intervened between us, after intimate intercourse and friendship and concord.

The vicissitudes of fortune have disunited us. Would that I knew when would be our meeting!

How bitter is separation after union! Would that it never gave pain unto lovers!

The strangulation of death is short, and ceaseth; but the disjunction of the beloved ever tortureth the heart.

And as soon as 'Alee the son of Bekkár had heard her song, he uttered a groan, and his soul quitted his body."

That may be called pathos; but taken in conjunction with the whole story, it is not only inferior, it involves narrower elements. We cannot help thinking that all the stories are so treated as to excite the fancy and the intellect rather than the emotions. There is a certain coldness and *insouciance* in the tone of the narrator, and it lurks in his very exaggerations.

Thus we are told, in the meeting of Shems-en-Nahár and her lover, that

"As soon as she beheld 'Alee the son of Bekkár and he beheld her, they both fell down fainting upon the floor, and remained so for an hour; and when they recovered, they drew near to each other, and sat conversing tenderly; and after this, they made use of some perfumes, and began to thank me for my conduct to them."

It is the same where incidents of sorrow or anguish are narrated. The Eastern constitution has, we know, little sympathy with suffering. It inflicts it with less compunction, it incurs it more lightly than we do. When the hero of one of these Arab stories falls into misfortune, we find him shut up in a dark prison, and beaten night and morning, or otherwise tortured. Amine's sides and bosom bear the record of savage cruelty, the infliction of which requires but slight extenuation. When the princess Budoor goes mad from disappointed attachment, she is chained to the wall by the neck. This may be ordinary treatment for lunatics; but the curious thing is the indifference with which it is recorded. Another lady is extended on a ladder, tied by her hair, and lacerated with blows of a whip; and all this in the presence of her passionately attached lover. He regrets it, indeed, but no more. Such things come and go lightly. The pangs of unrequited passion are represented as very acute to him who suffers; but this is obviously a conventional sort of misery, and mainly drawn from Persian sources. It is only when a man has had a great deal of money and has lost it all, that others are expected to be really sorry for him; and the point of the story turns on how he got more again. The uncertainty of riches has, indeed, been made the subject of comment in other than Arab literature, and their absence has always been deemed a subject of regret; but in no other literature have they been made the subject of so much imaginative interest. Doubtless this is based upon a profound experience of their practical value, joined to social conditions which gave a romantic uncertainty to possession. We in England have a confirmed impression that a man can only get rid of his property by spending or losing it; in Egypt there is the additional and very interesting contingency of its being taken from you. There are only three modes of gaining wealth indicated in these stories—happy mercantile ventures, the discovery of hidden or supernatural treasures, and the gifts of princes. They are all in the highest degree uncertain, and independent of steady exertion. The combined importance of possession and the precariousness of acquisition and tenure go far to account for that mixture of covetousness and generosity which is so common a trait in these

tales. The sultan who scatters his thousand pieces of gold recruits his finances at the expense of the nearest wealthy subject who has incurred his anger or given a pretext for the robbery; and he who knows his turn to be stripped may at any moment arrive is willing to taste the pleasures and gain the benefits of a lavish expenditure.

Saleh did well to write these two verses:

“Hasten to accomplish any kind intention: for it is not always that generosity can be exercised.

How many a man, when able, hath withheld himself from an act of generosity, till death prevented him!”

Such a man, however, when he has been squeezed dry by the exigencies of a superior, is not scrupulous in the means he employs to recruit his resources. The social value of wealth is not very different there from what it is here. The advantages of riches and the disadvantages of poverty are cosmopolitan enough in their character, and we can very thoroughly enter into the keen observations on the subject with which some of the verses scattered through Mr. Lane’s version are filled. Thus we read:

“Whoso possesseth two dirhems, his lips have learned varieties of speech which he uttereth:

His brethren draw near and listen to him, and thou seest him haughty among mankind.

Were it not for his money in which he glorieth, thou wouldst find him in a most ignominious state.

When the rich man erreth in speech, they reply: Thou hast spoken truly, and not uttered vanity.

But when the poor man speaketh truly, they reply: Thou hast lied,—and make void what he hath asserted.

Verily money in every habitation investeth men with dignity and with comeliness:

It is the tongue for him who would be eloquent, and the weapon for him who would fight.”

And again of poverty:

“Poverty causeth the lustre of a man to grow dim, like the yellowness of the setting sun.

When absent he is not remembered among mankind, and when present he sharest not their pleasures.

In the market-streets he shunneth notice, and in desert places he poureth forth his tears.

By Allah! a man among his own relations, when afflicted with poverty, is a stranger.”

These experiences are by no means exclusively Eastern.

The confined channels of enterprise described in these tales, and the absence of all influence by direct effort of the hero on his own fortunes, are another marked feature closely connected with those already alluded to. The motive power which springs

from a man himself, the whole circle both of self-originating action and suffering, is at a minimum. All that is required of a hero is to accept with expressions of reliance on Providence whatever may be done for him. No trial of self-restraint is required greater than that of not pronouncing the name of Allah when borne near heaven by an evil spirit, or of not opening an interdicted door; and even such as these prove too severe for those who are exposed to them. In the excellent tale of Hasan of El-Basrah, where the hero is perhaps more prominent than in any other, he goes through the most wonderful places, and encounters deadly perils; but his only personal virtue is that of holding steadily to his object. He will go to the Wak-Wak Islands and recover his wife, though assured at each stage of his journey that he undertakes the next at the peril of his life: still he never does a single thing for himself. The wondrous ladies with whom he has formed a fast and sisterly friendship hand him over to their uncle, a venerable sheyk on a fast-trotting elephant, on whom he makes an impression by weeping and moaning and reciting verses. This sheyk sends him on by a preternatural horse to another old sheyk, who keeps people waiting five days; he and his fellows again forward the traveller by a flying "Jinn" to the King of the Land of Camphor, who manages to introduce him into the wished-for islands. There by chance he finds a protectress, and ultimately attains his object; but not a single action or stratagem is of his own invention, except the very simple one by which he cheats two little boys of an enchanted cap and rod. There is something in this and many stories of the same kind beyond that chance lighting on great advantages which is common to all fiction. We none of us feel very easy under the idea of a distribution of the gifts of Providence exactly proportioned to our deserts, and the secret cherishing of the notion of some more fortuitous dispensal, in which we have the chance of gaining a prize to which our personal merit gives us no claim, has always found its expression in romance; but Western fiction, where it conceives an object to be attained by effort, almost invariably represents the person who is to be benefited as contributing something at least to the exertion necessary to secure the end, and even chance advantages are generally assigned to some degree of merit, though it be only that of clever wickedness or humorous stupidity. But the hero of an Eastern tale is never any body who in himself interests us. Personal beauty is the grand commendation in both sexes; and next to it comes a power of reciting verses and making elegant compliments, assigned to heroes as a sort of natural gift, much as skill and strength are in the middle-age romances. Courage is not

wanting in these Eastern heroes, but it does not claim attention as an eminent virtue. It is very quietly assumed as an ingredient; men in difficulties are not represented as betraying any want of it; but, on the other hand, they suffer from sudden frights, and give free play to the natural emotions of fear when it does affect them, and their having done so does not seem to cause any acute sensation of shame. Indeed, the whole personal feeling of shame is marvellously blunt as compared with our experience, and the feeling of high self-estimation is in the same category. There is far less personal self debiting and crediting. Every where we have indications of moral feeling existing more as a social and less as an individual characteristic than amongst us. Each person melts more softly into the community, insensibly is moulded by its tone; personal responsibility weighs on him but lightly; he has little temptation and little opportunity to rise high above, or sink far below, those around him. The social bonds themselves are quite different from those to which we are accustomed. A sense of common duties, national and theological, are the real grounds of common social existence with us, subdivided by a thousand narrower alliances of party, parishes, and sects. We have never attained with any reality to the life in the Church Universal which is the ideal of Christianity. When we do reach it, no doubt it will be of the more value in proportion as it was difficult of attainment, because it will bind together strong wills and informed consciences, and rest on deliberate personal convictions. In the mean time, the Mahomedans on their lower ground have attained to a higher degree of religious unity than we have, and find in it much more the element of their common life. The distinctions of country are very faintly marked in these tales; partly, no doubt, because they are of very mixed origin, but partly also because to be a good Muslim among Muslims forms a bond at once deeper and more extensive than any national peculiarities. The possession of a theology and a religion whose main dogmas and principles admit of no question, standing immovable upon a book which is not the record of a revelation, but itself the revelation; the pressure of a political system which opens a minimum of play for the faculties, in which genius and industry are no stepping-stones to advancement, and incapacity and negligence no bar to favour,—these conditions inevitably place what some bold namegiver has styled “the individuality of the individual” at a discount.

The completest type of that which Mr. Mill so much dreads, a public opinion stifling the growth of individual energies and sapping the strength of personal convictions, is to be found far less complete in those countries where public opinion comes

into collision with private action, and acts by sudden tyrannical gusts or a general atmosphere of restraint, than in those where, instead of opposing, it merges the private will. In America public opinion crushes and constrains, in Egypt it absorbs. Both are bad, but the latter far more deep-reaching an evil. The one is but a chain, the other an opiate. The one chafes men most in small things, and leaves essentials free; the other gives ease in externals, and preys upon the vital forces. In Boston you must do as your neighbours do, or be exposed to all manner of unpleasant observations: you must say "Sir," and be solemn, get tea at the right time, dine at the common table, furnish large suppers and stewed oysters, shake hands and show no signs of exclusiveness; but you may think what you will, and you may square all your real life according to your own most peculiar convictions: you are chafed in details, but in essentials you are free; for we are not now speaking of gusts of popular opinion, which while they last may exercise any degree of tyranny, but only of the regular working of public opinion in the United States. In the East etiquette is carried further than even in Boston. Every man who enters into a room must make formal salutations and utter formal phrases exactly adapted to the relative social station of himself and his host, and no less strict observances regulate his sitting down, his departure, and all his intercourse. The master of a house sends to announce himself before he enters his mother's or even his wife's apartments, and is received with the regular and unvaried forms and salutations. All this at first sight conveys to us the idea of intolerable restraint, we cannot imagine it to be other than an embarrassing life of ceremonies: but to the Eastern it is not so; he is just as much at ease as the Yankee is stiff and hampered. For these observances are naturally developed out of his whole mental and moral condition; he is bred up in them from infancy, they are part of his religion, assumed conditions of life to him. It does not even occur to him that there is any thing else to be done; they become as spontaneous as his digestion, and no more encumber him than do his flowing robes compared to the Transatlantic swallow-tail and trousers. Within all these formal restrictions he has far more play for personal peculiarities, or even eccentricities, than perhaps most Europeans; but below this lies a mass of entirely unstirred common life—beliefs never questioned and responsibilities never lifted. Mahommed potted the roots of his disciples, and thenceforward there was no danger in letting the foliage have free play. You see great variety of personal traits among Mahommedans, but a Muslim of original mind would be a strange curiosity.

From the same cause, we find in these stories little evidence of any delicacy and force of moral feeling. Wickedness, however monstrous, excites no strong feeling of indignation, often not even in him who suffers from it; the commission of it is, like good or evil fortune, rather something that has happened to a man than something which has originated in himself and makes him detestable. Cruelty and treachery, and every form of injury, are often cheerfully condoned; a thing which is noted as indicating generosity in him who exercises forgiveness, but which never seems to excite any uneasy sentiment of crime left unpunished and unrepented. When, in the story of Aboo-Seer and Aboo-Keer, the wicked dyer, finding his companion raised to prosperity, comes to proffer his lying excuse for the monstrous and barbarous ingratitude of which he had been guilty, Aboo-Seer says to him, "May God pardon thee, O my companion! This event was secretly predestined, and reparation is God's affair. Enter; pull off thy clothes, and bathe and enjoy thyself." Aboo-Keer rejoined, "By Allah, I conjure thee that thou pardon me, O my brother!" And Aboo-Seer said to him, "May God acquit thee of responsibility, and pardon thee! for it was an event predestined from eternity to befall me."

This greater degree of social fusion is not without its good side. The Eastern life helps us in some degree to see a thing which we want. The deepest and best natures have always been impressed with the idea of a corporate as well as an individual life for man,—one in which self shall be more lost, humility fostered, and sympathies find a wider field. In practice, ours is the cultivation of the distinct but by no means incompatible excellence of strict and profoundly felt personal responsibility, and its concomitant advantages of personal effort, convictions firmly grasped and courageously defended, and play for the highest minds to advance themselves and draw others after them. In the perhaps too exclusive attachment to these things we have almost lost sight of any true social life. We see it in a low form, perhaps, but still not without many recommendations, in these illustrations of Mahommedan life. There is something often very charming in the picture of universal brotherly intercommunication, the ready sympathy, the easy trust, the free compassion, the unquestioning hospitality. The absence of any of that jealous distrust of every stranger, which we carry so far, is very remarkable. There is none of that process of mutual sounding and judicious reserve, that parrying of question and answer, which in the meeting of two Englishmen somewhat reminds us of the sniffing of a couple of strange terriers. Where a stranger in distress, the knowledge of which involves his life or fortunes, claims help, or becomes a guest,

you find him frankly telling all his story, and meeting with ready belief. This is not truthfulness, but a high degree of confidence in the habit of mutual good offices; where any thing is to be gained by lying, there is no scrupulousness exhibited. In the same way, a merchant thinks nothing of leaving his shop and goods in charge of a chance comer. Men mix together much more freely than with us, and the various classes have an unrestrained intercourse of which we have no idea. Distinctions of rank are accurately marked and universally respected. Partly from this very reason, they offer no barriers to free intercourse. A common slavery in matters of opinion, and an education little varied, makes the intellectual ground tolerably level and common to all. The laws and prejudices respecting the other sex tend also to make the social intercourse of men less hampered. Social demarcations of class are more created and upheld by women than by men; and Mr. Lane seems even to think that the freer and more varied intercourse their absence allows among men is cheaply purchased by the system of female seclusion and the custom of polygamy which he derives as a necessary sequence from it. He must be an enthusiastic Orientalist indeed who leans to the opinion that any gain from men can compensate for those advantages which the free intermixture of educated, or even uneducated, women brings into social companionship; yet it is not the less true that an easy and ready interchange of thought and feeling among men of various classes, and a wider area of common life, are in themselves valuable things.

The display of character never forms a direct object of these tales, though special traits are sometimes the subject of the anecdotes with which they are intermingled. Indeed, the great marked feature of the moral conduct of the stories, the absence of any idea of a man working out his own fortunes, is inconsistent with any detailed development of personal character. You can scarcely in a tale of incident display what a man really is, unless you give him something to do in shaping the incident. He must have somewhat to show himself in. Besides, there do not exist under the control of the Mahommedan religion those great distinctions of personal character which are based in, and display themselves in, varieties of intellectual constitutions working to varied ideas and varied practical rules of life and action. The real prevalence of a certain uniformity, alike of convictions, endowment, and education, goes far to account for the fact that personal character occupies so small a space. A few broad moral contrasts are the only ones that are consciously set forth, and there is an entire absence of those distinctions, at once minute and far-reaching, in which the Western imagina-

tion loves so much to dwell. Fluency of speech, clemency, generosity, good faith, occupy one side of the picture; ingratitude, treachery, cruelty, the other. One man is only represented as distinguished from others by an excess or failure in certain obvious qualities which show on the surface of all men. Even when you think you have got something out of the common wheel-mark, you are disappointed to find how quickly it fades into commonplace. Thus, in one of the stories we hear of the Virgin Queen, of unsurpassable beauty, who professes a hatred of men, prides herself on her own preëminence, and isolates herself with her damsels in a wondrous garden of her own. One is curious to see how Tennyson's Princess appears to the Eastern mind: but it soon becomes plain that the lady's disposition is only one of those terrifying obstacles which beset the path of every Arabian adventurer; his presence suffices to overcome it, and the Amazonian maid falls straightway into love and matrimony, without exciting any remark or creating any difficulties. The only spark of her old habits is displayed in her attending the assignation for her elopement in the costume of a warrior, and nearly frightening her lover out of his senses. Still, though there is nothing of what we call in modern writings development of character, and little indication of any refined distinctions, there is abundant evidence that the writers of these stories were sharp-sighted observers of the differences among men. Incidental traits break out, and you constantly feel that the writer has got a distinct and real conception of his hero and other imaginary personages: they all have body and substance, and it is certain that passing allusions, with which we are too little familiar to take note of, must have made the figures much more distinct to the Arabians themselves than they can be to us. The comic and humorous characters are often very well sustained; the loquacious barber is the best among them: but it is not easy to say that the stories show any very deep or subtle sense of humour; the faculty wants breadth, and shows itself either in sly half-veiled allusions, or in somewhat noisy farce. Ludicrous situations are not uncommon, though the reader scarcely feels inclined to laugh till he falls backward, as the spectators are described doing, and the point of the jesting lies too often in hard blows. No doubt the comedy, like the evidence of character, loses much when laid before a Western mind. On the other hand, Eastern forms of expression often, to our apprehensions, carry a quaintness in their application probably not intended in the original, as when the fox tells the wolf who had hung by his tail, "*Thou pulledst me in such a manner that I thought my soul had departed.*" Throughout there is a sprightly and genial way of handling

subjects of jest which could only have arisen among a people with a taste for wit and fun, and glad to take occasion for mirth and laughter.

One or two figures, indeed, stand distinct from the rest, not only in conventional prominence, but in the fullness and consistency with which they are drawn. First among these are the great Haroun Alraschid and his two satellites; and for this reason, more perhaps than any other, the interest of every reader centres in the tales in which they are concerned. Giafar and Mesroor leave independent impressions on us. The latter is the model of a chief executioner. He is not cruel, but perfectly remorseless, and goes about with his master like some great bloodhound; makes him sport in a rude tumbling sort of manner; licks and fawns on the hand that feeds him; and, though harmless enough in a grim way, is ready to be hounded on at a moment's notice. Giafar, on the contrary, is the pleasantest and noblest picture in all the pages. His nature is far above his master's, and he preserves a dignity in his most prostrate humility, as if he bowed from affection and duty, not from selfish considerations. His voice is always on the side of mercy; his interpositions, respectful but earnest, come in often to save his great ruler from acts unworthy of him. Gracious, courteous, and generous, he softens and adorns the scene. In history, he and his race have won a name for the splendour of their carriage and the lavishness of their gifts, and some of the anecdotes translated in Mr. Lane's edition tell of signal instances of their bounty and delicacy. The following may be cited, though not so good an instance of the latter quality as some others:

"Sa'eed the son of Sálím El-Báhlíee saith, My circumstances became difficult in the time of Hároon Er-Rasheed; many debts were accumulated upon me, burdening my back, and I was unable to discharge them. My means were contracted, and I became perplexed, not knowing what to do; for payment was vehemently urged upon me, the persons to whom I was indebted surrounded my door, those who had demands to make crowded upon me, and the creditors constantly importuned me. Thus my invention of expedients was straitened, and my trouble of mind was excessive. So when I saw my affairs involved in difficulty, and my circumstances changed, I repaired to 'Abd-Allah the son of Málik El-Khuzá'ee, and besought him to aid me by his advice, and direct me to the door of relief by his good counsel; and he said, No one can save thee from thy trouble and anxiety and straitness and grief, except the Barmekes. I replied, And who can bear their pride, and endure their haughtiness?—Thou wilt bear that, he rejoined, for the sake of amending thy circumstances. I therefore rose from his presence and went to El-Fadl and Jaafar, the sons of Yahyà the son of Káhlid, related to them my case, and showed them my con-

dition. And they said, May God give thee his aid, and render thee independent of his creatures by his beneficence, and liberally bestow on thee abundant prosperity, and grant thee sufficiency above any being beside Him; for He is able to do whatsoever He willeth, and is gracious unto his servants and acquainted with their wants.

So I departed from them, and returned to 'Abd-Allah the son of Málík with contracted bosom, perplexed mind, and broken heart, and repeated to him what they had said; and he replied, It is expedient that thou remain to-day with us, that we may see what God (whose name be exalted!) will decree. I therefore sat with him a while; and, lo, my young man approached and said, O my master, at our door are many mules, with their loads; and with them is a man who saith, I am the agent of El-Fadl the son of Yahyà, and Jaafar the son of Yahyà. Upon this, 'Abd-Allah the son of Málík said, I hope that relief hath approached thee: rise, then, and see what is the affair. Accordingly I rose from his presence, and hastened running to my house, and saw at my door a man with a note, in which was written,—

When thou hadst been with us, and we had heard thy words, we repaired, after thy departure, to the Khaleefeh, and informed him that thou hadst been reduced to the ignominious necessity of begging; whereupon he commanded us to convey to thee, from the government-treasury, a million pieces of silver. But we said to him, This money he will disburse to his creditors, and he will pay with it his debts; and whence is he to sustain himself? So he gave orders to present thee with three hundred thousand pieces of silver besides. And each of us also hath sent to thee, of his proper wealth, a million pieces of silver. The whole sum, therefore, is three millions and three hundred thousand pieces of silver, wherewith thou shalt amend thy circumstances and affairs.

See, then, this generosity evinced by these noble persons. May God (whose name be exalted!) have mercy on them!"

The following verses contain a compliment to the father of these two which it would be difficult to surpass in its metaphorical elegance of flattery:

"I asked Liberality, Art thou free? He answered, No; but I am the slave of Yahyà the son of Khálid.

By purchase? said I.—God forbid! he answered; for he had me by inheritance from father after father."

The family fell at last, however, under the fell stroke of Nemesis, and experienced all the danger of companionship with kings, especially Eastern ones. The noble Giafar's end was a sad one—so sad that Mr. Lane fears that to know it would destroy half our pleasure in reading the tales in which he figures, and with a quaint simplicity he begs us to pass over unread the passage in which he records it. He was crucified by the great Caliph he had so long served. Of the latter we are not to speak as he appears in history, but in fable. The

lion is his emblem: mighty, magnificent, princely in his gifts, generous in his spirit, but with a certain moody vein, and a lurking fierceness that breaks out into ferocity sometimes. He plays with living men like a wanton child among his toys; sets this one up, breaks that one down; rewards what pleases him, and destroys what offends him. He loves to set wrongs right, not as a duty due from him, but because it is a royal exercise of power, and because it is pleasant to his nature to see justice done. He loves rather to redress the wrongs done by others than himself to preserve the even way. He obeys the impulse of the moment, and does not scruple to remove a servant who has nothing alleged against him, in order to make room for the favourite of an hour—one who has pleased him by some buffoonery, or the romantic story of his life. Even in his griefs he loves his jests; but they take a bitter savour sometimes from the disturbance in his own breast. The way in which he deals with the fisherman Kaleefeh, when he is mourning the loss of his favourite mistress, has in it something very characteristic both of the general disposition and the special mood assigned him. It relieves his mind to see and hear the buffoonery of the rude and half-witted fisherman, who had made him partner in his trade; but he seasons the jest of his reception in such a way as to show that he is in rather a dangerous mood for playing with. He takes a piece of paper and cuts it in pieces, and bids Giafar write on them twenty sums from one piece of gold to a thousand; and the posts of Walee and Emeer, from the least office to that of Wezeer; and twenty kinds of punishment, from the slightest punishment up to death; and then he swears that whichever of these papers the fisherman draws, he will give him that which is written upon it,—whether money, or office, or beating, or amputation, or death. Nor is the fisherman allowed any option as to drawing in this hazardous lottery. His first venture brings him a hundred blows, his second nothing, and his third a piece of gold, which in his estimation amply compensates him for the consequences of the first. The two latter drawings are, indeed, made at the instance of Giafar, but with different motives from those under which the Caliph acts. Haroun is great in his generosity. It is a certain never-jarred magnanimity which makes him so great a figure in romance. This attribute never shows so well as in his frolics among the lower classes. He is always willing to take the consequences of his disguises; and all indignities, down to hard blows, are powerless to tempt him to play the game unfairly. He never attempts, as other princes have done, to combine the immunities of royalty with the freedom of private intercourse. He has an interior sense of vast superiority

of station, and is free from any personal littleness; so that he can tell the tale against himself, and laugh freely with his courtiers over the rough tricks that he is sometimes exposed to. His anger is fierce and hasty; it lights on the first object at hand, and is indulged without compunction. It is easily appeased, however; he is as placable as he is passionate. He loves the amenities of life and all social enjoyments; makes noble requital for small services; and can even, on occasion, when his passions are not too deeply interested, submit to a sacrifice for the welfare of an inferior. The presence of this defined and imposing character, wielding irresponsible power and commanding unlimited resources, decked out, when he drops the veil and appears in his native splendour, with all that gorgeous display in which the Eastern imagination loves to revel,—this stately, magnificent centrepiece gives a certain unity and substance to this collection of tales, which even with its aid they too much want: for this book is, in many respects, a jumbled gathering; sets of incident serve, in more than one story, with but little variation, and many of the tales are insipid and prolix. It must be remembered we have not, either in Galland or Lane, any thing like the whole of these stories, but only the best of them; and even of those we have, there are a select few which are far more familiar to our memories than the others.

The position of Eastern women has been made the subject of much controversy. There is no doubt that the popular idea of the utter listlessness and slavish seclusion of the harem life is greatly overcharged, and that utterly wrong notions prevail as to the extent and workings of the Mahomedan polygamy. Many attempts have been made by better-informed men to give correcter and broader views on these subjects, but without much success. It is still the received idea that the Mussulman has a set of apartments in which he keeps two or three wives and a number of slave concubines, all in suppliant expectation of the handkerchief; and that all Eastern women are practically slaves, systematically contemned, and definitively excluded from Paradise. That our familiarity with the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* has not done more to create truer impressions, is probably due to the fact, that they in great measure describe the private lives of princes, of whom the former part of this description is in great measure true; and that these are just the parts which make the greatest impression on the imagination and memory. But a more dispassionate examination tells a different story, and leads to a juster appreciation of the position held by an Eastern lady, the influence she exercises, and the life she leads.

The polygamy sanctioned by Mahommed is no more like the coarse license of the Mormonites, than Eastern slavery is to be put on a level with the enormities and degradations of the American "domestic institution." Cairo, indeed, whose inhabitants may be taken as the modern representatives of those among whom, and for whom, these tales were written, is as full of vice as a town can well be, and the Egyptian Arabs are one of the most licentious races. But their license finds its scope in illicit intercourse and in the facilities of divorce, not in the practice of polygamy. It is odd, but there seems to be a fixed persuasion among Englishmen, that any man who has liberty to take four wives will avail himself of the privilege. Practically, however, this is not so. The proportion of the sexes; the friction of greatly-increased expense, each wife being entitled to separate apartments; the rivalries of women; and the very nature of the passion of love, which, however it may change, is exclusive while it lasts,—these things have raised barriers of expediency and custom which control the laxness of the prophet's indulgence. We know all this; but we do not bring it home to our minds for the correction of those undefined impressions which often remain, though we have learned them to be false, the active part of our knowledge. Monogamy is the normal form of domestic life in the East; polygamy, even bigamy, the exception. Where it obtains, it is among the very highest and the lower classes,—where in the one case expense is no object, and where in the other a wife can be made to earn her own expenses and something more.

The Arabian tales point probably to a less corrupt state of manners than now prevails in the capital of Egypt; but in this respect we must not judge them by our translations. Mr. Lane's version is sedulously weeded of all that can offend the fastidiousness of modern taste in respectable writings. His book is intended to be safe and proper reading. Galland's version has, indeed, a certain coarseness, but it is that of the translator's time, and was meant to be for that time what Lane's is for ours; so that the ordinary reader can form no true impression of the ingrained licentiousness of many omitted stories, and the loose tone of others. "He who is unacquainted with the original," says Mr. Lane in one of his notes, "should be informed that it contains many passages which seem as if they were introduced for the gratification of the taste of the lowest class of the auditors of a public reciter at a coffee-shop. These passages exhibit to us persons of high rank, both men and women, as characterised by a grossness which is certainly not uncommon among Arabs of the inferior orders; but this is all that I can venture to assert; for although there are numerous

anecdotes which might be adduced with a view of justifying our original in the cases here alluded to, they are obviously of suspicious authority."

Witty or tragic stories of the cunning devices and wickednesses of women have occupied a place in the literature of nearly all nations. The Hindoo collections are almost made up of them; they abound in the middle-age stories of Europe, of which even such parts as may be borrowed from the East bear evidence to native tastes in their selection, their popularity, and their treatment. Little weight, therefore, is to be placed on the presence of this class of anecdotes in the *Arabian Nights*, and no sensible man would take them as an indication of female character in general. It is because they are exceptional that they attract so much attention. They represent only the universally recognised fact, that women, living for the most part in a higher moral atmosphere than men, sink, when they do sink, more suddenly and irretrievably; and that such lapses, and the extraordinary display of resource and energy with which wicked women pursue wicked courses, have an irresistible attraction for the imaginations of men. It is in the assumptions of the general run of narratives that the truest evidence as to social conditions and ideas is to be found. Prominent among these is the entire absence of the Western idea of some conformity of tastes, disposition, and character, as necessary to attachment and matrimonial compacts. Perhaps we have little enough of it; but there is no sign whatever of it in these stories. No man ever dreams of selecting a woman for any thing beyond her personal charms and one or two superficial accomplishments. When the two Calenders are offered in marriage to the two ladies whose crimes had so justly incurred the transformation to which they were subjected, they accept them without any misgivings: man and wife have no common life to lead together; the latter is always really looked on as a sort of possession to minister to her husband in his hours of ease and enjoyment, and if she makes herself disagreeable she can easily be got rid of. Indeed, any marriages commenced in individual selection and attachment are the romance, not the reality, of Arab life. Still, in romance such marriages are represented as bringing permanent happiness: the lovers live happily till they die, as with us; and no doubt in actual life love grows up, and habit and common love of children rivet close the domestic alliance, however inauspiciously commenced. Though secluded from the sight of men, the women enjoy more liberty than we are apt to suppose, and those who are unmarried seem to have considerable control over their own actions and property. We constantly have the incident of a lady, living in a house of her own, fixing

her affections on some fortunate youth whom she has seen by chance, inviting him to her home, and marrying him ; often, too, dying opportunely, and leaving him in possession of her wealth.

Though debarred from the society of men, the women have plenty of intercourse one with another, and visit freely at one another's houses. We are too apt also to think of every Eastern woman as either a wife or a concubine, to forget that a man is often in daily intercourse with his near female relations, and that a mother especially, who seems always to continue in the house of her married son, is treated with much respect, and exercises a high degree of influence. The peculiarity of the social state is, that there are two worlds,—one of men associating among themselves, and another of women doing the same ; and these two worlds scarcely touch except at points of individual connection. Love is little more than passion, and, if permanent, habit. There are, indeed, some stories of long and faithful attachments preserved under difficulties ; but these, wherever such a virtue is assigned to a man at least, seem to have mostly a foreign origin. The tales of adventure, in which the hero pursues through a long course of difficulties the object of his affection, seem to be of Persian birth, and to represent to a great extent ideas derived from a religious system and social conditions very different from those of Mahommedanism. In most of the tales love is represented either as a fancy which toys elegantly with its object, or as a sharp gusty storm which overwhelms the victim of it ; the Arab always expresses great suffering when deeply in love. All the forms of emotion want that element of steadiness, depth, and softness, which we express in the word 'feelings.' They are dispersed, fleeting, sensuous, violent. When lovers meet, they faint with emotion, and have to be restored with rose-water ; when separated, they take to their beds and shed floods of tears. No words can picture the anguish of a disappointed attachment, no tears give vent to desires delayed in their fruition ; the beauty and the sweetness of the beloved can only find expression in the utmost extravagance of metaphor. The lover attains his end, marries the object of his ardent passion, lives in a state of divine enjoyment ; and when death, so characteristically termed the Terminator of Delights, deprives him of her, he all but perishes of grief. Sometimes he does perish ; but if not, an indulgent sultan always has it in his power to restore him to happiness by presenting him with a slave-girl even more beautiful and accomplished than the wife he had lost. It is not only the emotion of love which is thus transient and violent ; grief, joy, fear, envy, amazement, any strong excitement

of these passions in man or woman, is described as being attended with fainting fits, scarcely to be distinguished from death. There is one sensitive Emeer, indeed, who is thus affected by even the records of past grandeur inscribed in the City of Brass; every tablet deprives him of his senses, and only by frequent resuscitations is he enabled to complete his antiquarian researches.

The love of ease and of sensual enjoyment are deeply impressed in every line of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, most deeply in those which are most clearly of Arab and Mahomedan origin. The sensual promises of their religion were adapted to the constitutions of those among whom it originated, and have deeply reacted on their imaginations and habits. Their highest ideal of enjoyment is represented in the often-recurring incident of some happy man who, by fortunate accident, arrives at an enchanted palace, where forty beautiful damsels receive him with open arms, serve him with delicious viands, perfumed baths, and wine, and in whose society he is described as passing a year or years in unsatiated enjoyment. This is the bliss supreme, the highest fancy can conceive; and to be cast out from it warrants all the depths of dejection, or even of despair. But these enjoyments, sensual though they be, cover a wide range, and indicate no despicable degree of refinement and delicacy. The arts, indeed, are made ministers to the senses; but a love of beauty always accompanies and gives a grace to their indulgence. The Arabian idea of female loveliness is a high one, and in the main a true and natural one; and the object of his affections must be not only beautiful in person, she must be graceful in action, sweet-voiced, and accomplished of speech; and the narrator places his lovers among scenes which shall be in keeping with themselves,—in noble gardens or adorned palaces, amid the play of fountains and the song of birds; wine must have music to attend it, and wit and eloquence give a charm to convivial intercourse. There is always something highly artificial in the taste displayed. Adornment is essential to the Arabian idea of beauty. The women must use kohl and henna, and be odorous with perfumes, and both they and the men be clad in rich and jewelled garments; the houses must be adorned with gilding, bright colouring, and intricate ornamentation of form; the gardens contain beautiful buildings, the birds be confined in golden cages, the water play in fountains, the drinking-cups be gold, and the attendants young and graceful. Neatness, grace, and a cleanliness which, though it may differ from some of our ideas in its requisites, is most precise and scrupulous, are every where shown as habitual, almost instinctive, qualities. The sphere of indulgence is widened in every possible direction; but though

it is refined, it is never elevated. Wit and narrative power contribute to amusement, and intellectual qualities are highly respected; but their simple exercise is rarely, if ever, represented as a source of enjoyment. Indeed, it is rarely that enjoyment is described as being found in exertion of any kind. One would have expected that war, predatory excursions, the triumphs of arms, would have found a place in the imaginative literature of the Arabs. But it is not so in these tales; even hunting is not mentioned with much zest. This shows, we think conclusively, that the form in which we possess the book is, as Mr. Lane supposes, of city origin; and those tales are infinitely the best and the most characteristic which deal with city life and city intrigues and adventures. These have a distincter human interest than the others; they are better written, the details are more sharp, the characters more life-like, the tone more dramatic; and every thing indicates that the writer is at home on his own ground, and dealing with scenes and habits familiar to him. Moreover there do exist one or two romances independent of the *Arabian Nights* which represent the real Arab desert life, and are occupied with the wars of tribes and the prowess of particular Bedouin chieftains.

It is curious how little prominence is given to slavery. There seems never to have been a society in which its chains pressed so lightly, and in which the slave was so little oppressed, and so nearly on a level, in points of ease and comfort, with the master. No sense of degradation seems to affect their intercourse: it is much more familiar than that of domestic servants in England. This, indeed, is not to be wondered at, for familiarity easily springs up where there is complete dependence and unquestioned authority; but the Eastern slave advises, remonstrates, expostulates with his master, and enjoys a degree of self-respect and free-will utterly opposed to the ideas we have derived from the system of Transatlantic slavery. Among Mahommedans the slave has defined rights and a legal status. The humane provisions of the Koran have been seconded by the disposition of the people. Indulgent to themselves, they are indulgent to others; and though liable to the excesses of sudden passion, they are not guilty of the callous disregard of suffering, and the systematised enforcement of degradation, which obtains where slaves are at once objects of fear and ministers to cupidity. There is, of course, nothing of the antipathy of race, and intermarriages on the part of either sex with slaves are treated as not uncommon; but by the law a person's own slave must be set free before a marriage can be contracted between them.

The practical working of the Mahommedan law, in its religious aspect, is a matter which deserves more attention than it

has hitherto received from Christians. We know something of the rites and institutions established by the Koran, and of its main effects as a system of law and polity; but of what it may be as a religion for individuals we have little or no idea. It is not to be expected that the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* should throw much light on the subject, nor do they. A constant sense of dependence on the Deity, and an exclamatory admiration of his power, are the main evidences of religious feeling. The Egyptian Arabs seem to have a good deal of reliance on the exact observance of ritual and dogma, and vastly to prefer moral phrases to moral practice. They make acute and wise observations, some of which are introduced in poetical forms into the course of the stories. Thus we are told—

“Sow good, even on an unworthy soil; for it will not be fruitless
wherever it is sown.

Verily good, though it remain long buried, none will reap but he
who sowed it.”

And in another place—

“Beware of losing hearts in consequence of injury, for the bringing them
back, after flight, is difficult.

Verily hearts, when affection hath fled from them, are like glass, which,
when broken, cannot be made whole again.”

We have said that the imaginative power displayed in these works is less characterised by firmness of grasp and depth than by quickness and versatility; but it is very remarkable in its kind. The supernatural world of spirits is handled with all the confidence of unshaken conviction, and with an extraordinary reach of fancy. The hideousness of the Efreet, and his snoring so hard that gravel and sand are drawn up by his breath, makes, or once did make, a vast impression on us; and who has not shuddered to the marrow in reading of the man who married the Ghoul, and, astonished at her only picking up grains of rice by day for her sustenance, followed her out at night and spied her horrid orgies in the grave-yard? The breaking of the bottles sealed with Solomon's seal, and the emerging of the “Jinn,” rising like smoke till his stature reaches to the skies, is a scene which has scarcely any rival in picturesqueness of effect. The poetical similes, though sometimes strained, have often a recondite beauty, as when we are told of the daughter of the king of China, than whom “God had created none more beautiful,” that her black hair was “as the nights of emigration and separation, and her face as the days of union.” The too common defect is the tendency to run into extravagance; mere accumulation defeats its end, and crushes the centre point of faith around which fancy builds: accounts of the fights of millions of Jinns, of armies of wild-beasts and crowds of devils, only weary

us, and we are overwhelmed rather than excited by some of the descriptions of impossible wealth and magnificence. The description of the dead damsel sitting in state in the City of Brass is a fine example both of accumulated and artificial splendour :

“ And they found in it a great dome constructed of stones gilded with red gold. The party had not beheld, in all that they had seen, any thing more beautiful than it. And in the midst of that dome was a great dome-crowned structure of alabaster, around which were lattice-windows, decorated, and adorned with oblong emeralds, such as none of the kings could procure. In it was a pavilion of brocade, raised upon columns of red gold, and within this were birds, the feet of which were of emeralds ; beneath each bird was a net of brilliant pearls, spread over a fountain ; and by the brink of the fountain was placed a couch adorned with pearls and jewels and jacinths, whereon was a damsel resembling the shining sun. Eyes had not beheld one more beautiful. Upon her was a garment of brilliant pearls, on her head was a crown of red gold with a fillet of jewels, on her neck was a necklace of jewels in the middle of which were refulgent gems, and upon her forehead were two jewels the light of which was like that of the sun ; and she seemed as though she were looking at the people, and observing them to the right and left. . . . And as to the couch upon which was the damsel, it had steps, and upon the steps were two slaves, one of them white, and the other black ; and in the hand of one of them was a weapon of steel, and in the hand of the other a jewelled sword that blinded the eyes.”

While the fancy in its various and often impassioned flight shows the fervour of the Eastern disposition, the whole style of the narrator is rather in keeping with his quietness and indolence. There is no hurry about it, no skipping from incident to incident ; you must travel over all the intermediate ground, and sometimes at a very slow pace ; no details are omitted if they lie in the way, however unimportant themselves and destitute of bearing on the event. An English novelist tells you that his hero called on a lady, and goes on to what passed at the interview : but the writer of the *Arabian Nights* would tell you how he knocked at the door and rang ; how it was opened to him by a servant clad in black apparel ; how he entered, and having taken off his hat, ascended the stairs and was ushered in. The enormous variety of incident gathered together in these stories is not, of course, the product of a single mind, but accumulated from various sources ; so also probably the framework of the various stories ; but the moulding of them into their present form seems to have been the work of a single hand, and must have required no commonplace powers. When we consider also that those tales which are infinitely the best are those

which, from the internal evidence of their homogeneousness, and their more modern and local character, seem to have been most peculiarly the author's own, we shall feel that no small tribute of admiration is due to the genius of the unknown enchanter, whose magic influence has exercised its charm upon so countless a multitude of readers.

Mr. Lane cannot be said to have been a very profound observer ; but he was a very close and accurate one, and relates his impressions with simplicity and distinctness. His residence in Egypt before Frankish influence had much affected original manners, his command of the language, his observance of native habits, and his personal acquaintance among Mahommedans, —furnished him with opportunities which perhaps no other European has enjoyed in an equal degree, of which no other has, at least, in the same degree availed himself; and his translation of the *Thousand and One Nights*, read in conjunction with the illustrative notes and the same author's *Modern Egyptians*, afford materials for an insight into Mahommedan life, especially as it appears among the Egyptian Arabs, which can be obtained from no other source. The new edition of Mr. Lane's translation, now before us, is furnished with a well-written introduction and some additional notes by the present editor. The beauty of the illustrations, and the care with which they are executed, speak for themselves and require no comment.

ART. IV.—THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW ENGLAND.

History of New England. By John Gorham Palfrey. Vol. I.
Boston, U. S. : Little, Brown, and Co., 1858.

Two hundred and thirty-nine years have elapsed since that great tide of emigration set in upon the shores of New England, which was the precursor and origin of the federal empire of the United States of North America. During the whole of this period the mutual influence of the histories of the colonial offshoot and the country to which the New-England states owed their population, their language, and their laws, has been constant, and at times all-powerful, for good or for evil. New England sprang into existence from a remarkable crisis in English history, in which the future destiny of the old country was also vitally involved. She grew up to a vigorous maturity under the severe discipline of a course of events,

which operated at the same time with her parent as a fiery ordeal by which *her* fidelity to freedom and morality were tested and approved. The material prosperity which ensued on the successful issue and termination of these civil convulsions, was shared in corresponding proportions by Old and New England. Exactly when the colonies began to feel within themselves the vigour sufficient to enable them to maintain an independent existence, they had become so important to the mother-country, as an integral part of her possessions, that she overstrained the bond of allegiance in an anxious attempt to anticipate its possible severance. But though the tie of a common sovereignty was in this manner roughly snapped asunder, the closer ties of a common origin and a common civilisation remained; and though weakened and essentially affected by the inevitable influences of mutual jealousies and estrangements, and the extraneous action of the new elements continually added to the growing empire of the West, they have always retained sufficient strength to ensure the continuance of a life common to both underlying the outward differences of society and government, and throbbing simultaneously in the pulses of both countries at any great crisis in the fortunes of either. In reading the history of New England, an inhabitant of the mother-country is merely observing the career on another soil of those who, in the reign of James I., were his fellow-countrymen, and who have never been able to emancipate themselves entirely from the force of early associations identical with his own. This common lineage is more marked and determinate than would be at first supposed. The author of the work which we have placed at the head of our article has drawn attention to some remarkable facts bearing on this point. The emigration to New England from this country which began in 1620, but was very inconsiderable for the first ten years, came to an end almost entirely with the overthrow of the despotic system of Charles I. on the assembling of the Long Parliament in 1640. It is roughly calculated that twenty-one thousand persons emigrated to this new home during those twenty years; and from these are descended, with scarcely any admixture from other sources, one-third of the present population of the whole United States. "The people of New England are a singularly unmixed race. There is probably not a county in England occupied by a population of purer English blood than theirs." If, then, our American author can assure himself that so large a proportion of his fellow-citizens will, in perusing his work, be reading the history of their "own progenitors," the English reader may feel some interest in the same pages, from the reflection that these ancestors of the citizens

of New England were neighbours or blood-relations of his ancestors in the days which preceded the persecutions of Bancroft and Laud,—that actuating cause of the geographical estrangement of millions of Englishmen.

The story of this emigration, and of the settlement of the western shores of the Atlantic by the Puritan refugees of England, has never up to the present time been fairly told in a full and independent form, and from original sources of information alone. We have had meagre outlines of the leading facts conventionally accepted as correct, prefixed to histories of the United States; we have had also more full and accurate contributions to particular portions of the history of New England and her sister colonies; but we have long waited in vain for an historian who should combine in his qualifications for the task the powers of industrious research essential to the elucidation of facts with real critical acumen and discrimination of principles and character, and who should present us with the results of his studies in an agreeable and well-digested book. Mr. Palfrey has now undertaken to supply us with such a history, and in the volume before us gives us an instalment of his labours. On one point, at least, there will be no difference of opinion among competent judges. He has given us a really valuable and *bonâ-fide* work, very different indeed from the slipshod yet pretentious productions of the many "Pilgrim-Fathers" memorialists. He has gone to the fountain-heads; and seems never wilfully to have taken a second-hand or second-rate authority as his guide where a primary was accessible. He has not limited his researches to the literary treasures of his own country, but has spent some months most industriously in England, completing and disentangling from the most approved but least consulted repositories of information on this side of the Atlantic those threads of the story which his studies in America had left imperfect or perplexed. Although greatly superior in these respects to those who have preceded him in his field of inquiry, he always writes modestly, and with that genial appreciation of the labours of others which is so graceful, yet natural, a feature in the character of the student whose heart is really in his work, and who knows from experience how difficult it is to be effective yet faithful, and how easy it is to be agreeable and incorrect. He has interwoven with his general narrative of the planting of New England, some well-written and usually correct* summaries of the contemporary history of the old coun-

* We may allude, however, to one singular slip which occurs in speaking of Captain John Venn, who is described as "one of the five whom King Charles made the disastrous attempt to arrest for high treason" (p. 305). This is an error so palpable to every student of English history, that it can only have arisen from some momentary confusion in the mind of the writer between the accusation

try, which determined in a large degree the course of events in the new. The literary faults of the book are, that it is written in too unvaried and level a style, and tasks the memory of the general reader rather too much by a want of due proportion between the space allotted to greater and less important events in the history of the colony. Perhaps this last defect was to some extent unavoidable, as it is difficult to give adequately any notion of the real life and feelings of men so situated as the early settlers, without employing largely the words in which they themselves describe their proceedings, and which (as might be conjectured from analogous cases) are altogether wanting in the subordination of detail to its significance. What Mr. Palfrey's narrative, however, loses from this cause in one way, it gains in another in picturesqueness of the best and most legitimate sort. The English reader may perhaps complain of the length of the descriptions of English politics, as possessing for him less freshness and utility; but the work being addressed to a transatlantic "public," the objection (if valid in itself) could hardly be sustained. We are inclined to think, however, that a few more general paragraphs, introducing and resuming the general stream of the story, would have greatly facilitated the progress of the reader through the minuter details of particular events, and might have been easily, and with advantage, connected with that reference to politics in the home country which forms a valuable feature in the work. In speaking of the principal actors in his drama, Mr. Palfrey has brought together pretty well all that can be gathered from contemporary accounts; but he has not made any attempt to combine these elements into distinct and living portraits of the men. Of course this defect in the realisation of character is rather to be regretted as a drawback to the author's natural qualifications as an interpreter of history, than to be brought as an impeachment against the literary execution of his task. He has merely waived the attempt to do that which he probably felt did not lie within his own range of powers; and his want of affectation in so doing is only in strict harmony with the sensible and manly simplicity by which his labours are throughout distinguished. In the discussion of some of the nicer points of political principle and policy which arise incidentally in the course of his narrative, Mr. Palfrey exhibits considerable clearness of appreciation of the real points at issue, and much candour and impartiality in estimating the comparative claims of the two sides of the question. His own

of the five members (Pym, Hampden, Strode, Holles, and Haselrig) and the proclamation of the king during the Civil War, in which Captain John Venn was, with others, specially excepted from pardon.

verdict, at the same time, in such cases, is not a hesitating or indistinct one. On the whole, therefore, it will be perceived that, in our opinion, the work to which he has devoted so much time and research is likely to prove a most valuable contribution to the history of British colonies, and an interesting book of reference for those who are desirous of gaining a just insight into the working of great social and religious impulses under entirely new conditions, and of comparing the different development of identical principles in the bosom of a country in an advanced stage of civilisation, and on the virgin soil of a new world.

Midway between the equator and the pole, on the eastern coast of North America, are clustered, over an area of 65,000 square miles, the group of English colonies which have received the joint name of "New England." In a rough manner they may be described as constituting the southern portion of a peninsula formed by the St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers. The lakes George and Champlain continuing, with scarcely a break, the water-line of the Hudson, discharge their surplus waters through a smaller stream at a point very little above the tidal limit of the St. Lawrence, and render the insulation almost complete. "Of that long depression of nine hundred miles, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Hudson, the tide-waters cover six hundred and fifty miles; while, for the remaining two hundred and fifty, the elevation above the ocean is not so great as is reached by ordinary structures reared by the hand of man." Of this peninsula the northern portion still forms an integral part of the British empire,—as East Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia; while the New-England States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, carry us again to the ocean on the south and east, and to the semi-kindred state of New York on the west. A double mountain-belt stretches across the peninsula, in a direction nearly parallel to the insulating water-line. "The mountains have a regular increase in elevation from south to north;" but the rise of the valley is less regular; while along the coast-line extends a wide beach of sand. The soil generally is not fertile; Massachusetts being the least fruitful of the six states, and the lands bordering on the larger rivers, the Penobscot, Kennebec, and Connecticut, being (through alluvial deposits) the most productive. The interior of Maine contributes the largest proportion of good arable soil; New Hampshire and Vermont take the lead as grazing grounds. Every part of the country is well provided with fresh water; but the great and sudden variations of temperature—quite unprecedented in the experience of the old country—impair the

healthiness of the climate ; and while the configuration of the surface secures New England from a prevalence of the fevers of marshy districts, pulmonary consumption claims a large proportion of victims. That remarkable neck of land, one point of which is Cape Cod, and into which Massachusetts tapers at its eastern extremity, makes a broad line of demarcation between the climate to the north and south of its protecting barrier. While the northern highlands have to endure long winters and dry north-west winds, and the eastern coast-lands suffer from the influence of the tides of icy waters which descend upon them, Rhode Island and Connecticut, sheltered by this natural defence, rejoice in the warmer tides and softer gales of the south. The rivers of New England, though of considerable length, are navigable only for short distances, and, beyond their supply of fresh water, are chiefly important for the serviceable basins which are formed by their outlets to the sea. "Winter lasts through nearly half the year, and no verdure but that of evergreens resists the annual cold ; and an unmelted mass of snow often covers the ground for months. The late and sudden bursting forth of the spring severely tasks the labourer ; while the rapid growth which follows surprises the traveller from a lower latitude. Some of the aspects of nature are of rare beauty. No other country presents a more gorgeous appearance of the sky than that of the New-England summer sunset, none a more brilliant painting of the forests than that with which the sudden maturity of the foliage transfigures the landscape of autumn. No air is more delicious than that of the warm but bracing October and November breezes of the Indian summer of New England." Such as the climate now is, so was it, probably, at the time of the first European settlements.

The moderate attractions of such a country, requiring the constant addition of the labour of man to the free munificence of nature, would not easily have secured any large accession of settlers, even had its existence not been shrouded for centuries from the Old World by a mandate of Providence, which

"bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."

The rovers of Norway and Iceland may have penetrated at an early period to the northernmost portion of the American continent, and have gained some indistinct and transient impressions of the existence of what is the civilised America of the present day. The Welsh Madoc might or might not have found his way, at a somewhat later period, to the shores of Florida. But these traditional visits, if they ever took place, had no lasting or important results ; and the stream of intercourse between the eastern and western boundaries of the At-

lantic commences properly with those expeditions which led Columbus to the discovery of the West-India Islands and of the mainland of America at one point, and which, much about the same time, brought John and Sebastian Cabot, the Venetian merchants of Bristol, to the coast of Labrador or Newfoundland, giving them perhaps a passing glimpse of the headlands and bays of New England. The discovery of North America by the Cabots was in June 1497; and from that time down to the year 1620, the adventurous spirits of Europe, of nearly every nation, in turn visited and aimed at some settlement of the newly-discovered land. Bartholomew Gosnold, a mariner of the West of England, was (as far as we know) the first, with four of his companions, to set foot on the soil of Massachusetts, in the year 1602. Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert first conceived a scheme of systematic colonisation. A French community maintained a feeble and precarious existence to the north in the colony of *Acadie*. The Pophams, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and, not least, the extraordinary adventurer Captain John Smith (founder of Virginia), and his associate Dermer, all hoped and schemed and struggled, with varying success, but in every instance with ultimate disappointment, to secure a satisfactory footing for Englishmen on this American ground. Two companies—*colonies*, as they were called, of *Virginia*—formed at London and Plymouth, were incorporated with the express purpose of carrying out this cherished project. But *North Virginia*, or, as Captain John Smith first christened it, *New England*, remained at the close of this period uncolonised, and with the disheartening tradition of continuous and disastrous failure in its attempted settlement. "A religious impulse," however, "accomplished what commercial enterprise, commanding money and court favour, had attempted without success." Tudors and Stuarts vainly sanctioned and promoted the establishment of a new English state; but the sturdy English spirit of resistance to the tyranny of the latter found its congenial work in subduing to the use of man the only soil on which God could be freely worshipped.

The colony of *Plymouth* was the first fruit of this religious movement; and with the origin of that settlement is connected the story of the men who crossed the Atlantic in the ship *Mayflower*. The germ of their company was a small Separatist congregation which at the commencement of the reign of James I. assembled for worship in the village of Scrooby in Nottinghamshire. Richard Clifton, previously the rector of the adjoining parish of Babworth, was the pastor of this little church. *John Robinson* was its teacher; William Brewster, a former protégé of Secretary Davison (of Mary Queen of Scots notoriety),

was its principal lay member, and under his influence the congregation received an accession in the person of *William Bradford*, then "a young man of decent condition and some little estate," who, "being of a feeble constitution and left doubly an orphan in early childhood, became precociously reflecting and wise," and has connected his name imperishably with the history of New England by his governorship of the colony during some of the most critical periods of its early struggles for existence. Harassed by the persecuting spirit of Archbishop Bancroft, this Scrooby congregation resolved to seek shelter in the Low Countries. Their emigration thither had all the character of a hasty and intercepted flight; for Bancroft not only persecuted, but forbade by a royal proclamation the escape of his victims from the scene of their trials. At Amsterdam, where they reassembled, they met with fresh misfortunes in dissensions with two congregations from London and Gainsborough, who had sought the same retreat. To avoid these complications, Robinson and the rest of Mr. Clifton's companions removed to Leyden. The old pastor himself remained till his death at Amsterdam. The trials and discouragements of this period are vividly portrayed in the recently-recovered journal of Bradford himself. At Leyden, in a land of strangers, they "fell to such trades and employments as they best could, valuing peace and their spiritual comfort above any other riches whatsoever; and at last they came to raise a competent and comfortable living, but with hard and continual labour. Enjoying much sweet and delightful society and spiritual comfort together, they grew in knowledge and other gifts and graces of the Spirit of God, and lived together in peace and love and holiness. And many came unto them from divers parts of England, so as they grew a great congregation." But their numbers at the largest did not reach beyond from two to three hundred individuals. The magistrates of Leyden testified to their blameless conduct; and for this and the harmony which reigned within their body, his contemporaries bestow the chief praise on the calm wisdom and gentle disposition of Robinson, which also gradually imparted a softer and more tolerant character to his Calvinistic teachings. But the continued toil and privations of their hard life produced, as age came on, the natural desire to seek for themselves and their children "a better and an easier place of living," and one which would afford greater attraction to their suffering brethren in England. "They pondered, debated, fasted, and prayed, and came to the conclusion to remove." But whither they should remove was a more difficult question. The Dutch proffered an asylum in Zealand, or the protection of their government in the settle-

ments which they were attempting on Hudson's river. Some spoke of Raleigh's favourite "Guiana;" others, and these prevailed, urged them to go out under the wing of the English Virginia Corporation. It was resolved, however, to establish a colony independent of the feeble community in Virginia, which was the sole memorial of the labours of Captain John Smith. But, as a preliminary, they had to guard against a reimposition of the ecclesiastical chains from which they had escaped; and two of their number, Robert Cushman and *John Carver* (afterwards the first governor of the new colony), were sent on a mission to England with this purpose. "They were the bearers of 'Seven Articles which the church of Leyden sent to the Council of England to be considered of.' The first expresses assent to the *doctrines* of the Church of England; the second, a persuasion of their practical efficacy, and a desire to maintain communion with churchmen; the third, an acknowledgment of the royal authority, and of the rightful obedience of the subject, 'either active, if the thing commanded be not against God's word, or passive, if it be, except pardon can be obtained.' The fourth and fifth, in language which at the first reading occasions surprise, but which was carefully chosen and guarded, own the lawfulness of the appointment and jurisdiction of ecclesiastical officers. *The sixth and seventh disallow to ecclesiastical tribunals any authority but what is derived from the king*, and avow a desire 'to give unto all superiors due honour, to preserve the unity of the Spirit with all that fear God, to have peace with all men,' and to receive instruction whereinsoever they had erred." There was evidently in this paper an attempt to slur over, to an almost dangerous extent, the right of private judgment on which they really stood. But it must be remembered that this right was in practice rendered precarious rather by the close surveillance of the ecclesiastical tribunals in matters of ceremonial and discipline, than by the more general operation of the civil power in support of the established doctrine of the Church. That doctrine was still Calvinistic, though the star of Laud and sacerdotal Arminianism was rising above the horizon. If the church of Leyden could be removed from under the immediate eye of the ecclesiastical inquisitors, all the liberty of conscience which they as yet desired would be virtually secured. Abstractions about possible rights of ecclesiastical officers in extreme cases became unimportant, if they could be avoided practically by distance, and the comparative indifference and cumbrous and slow action of the civil officers of the crown. But any direct sanction from the king to this *evasion* of ecclesiastical authority proved to be unattainable; and all that they could procure through the interest of powerful

friends, was the silent acquiescence of the crown in the patent which they were negotiating from the Virginia Corporation. "After renewed consultation, it was resolved to take the hazard, and 'to rest herein in God's providence, as they had done in other things.'" Their patent was from the London Company, to which the colonisation of South Virginia had been granted; but as they eventually settled beyond the limits of the territory to which this patent applied, the more important contract proved to be that with certain London merchants, who became, as "adventurers," promoters of the project and the mainstay of its expenses, on certain rather stringent conditions, which reduced the emigrants to little better than the position of servants, except in so far as the purchase of shares might admit them into the body of merchant adventurers. They were not even allowed (as they had at first stipulated) to have two days in each week for their private use, or on the division of the property, at the end of seven years, to be the proprietors of their own houses and of the cultivated land attached to them. But hard as these conditions were, they had no alternative but to submit to them; and all preliminaries being at length arranged, on the 22d of July 1620, nearly twelve years after their emigration from England, they embarked at Delft Haven in a vessel called the *Speedwell*, which conveyed them to Southampton, where the *Mayflower* awaited them as the companion vessel for their longer and more adventurous voyage. The emigrants amounted in number to about a hundred and twenty persons; the rest preferring to remain at Leyden for the present, with their pastor Robinson. The expedition sailed from Southampton at the beginning of August; but the *Speedwell* proving unseaworthy, they had to put back to Plymouth, and on the 6th of September the *Mayflower* started for her destination on a solitary voyage, with a hundred and two colonists—men, women, and children. The church at Leyden contributed the greatest portion of the emigrants (one or two of them of Dutch and French extraction), but several adventurers of kindred spirit had joined them in England. Of the original Scrooby congregation only Bradford and Brewster can be ascertained to have sailed in the *Mayflower*. Of the later accessions to the Leyden church, the most eminent was Edward Winslow, afterwards the third governor of New Plymouth, a native of Droitwich in Worcestershire; a man of higher social position than most of the emigrants, who at the age of thirty-five cast in his lot with them in their adventure. The course of the vessel appears to have been originally directed to what is now the State of New Jersey, within the patent of the London Company; but finding themselves "among perilous shoals and breakers," they turned northwards, and at

early dawn, on the 9th of November 1620, the sixty-fourth day of their voyage, "they came in sight of the white sand-banks of Cape Cod;" and two days afterwards, "at noon on a Saturday, near the close of autumn," dropped anchor in the roadstead of what is now Princetown.

The history of the settlement of the colony of Plymouth may be divided into three successive periods: the second commencing with the incorporation in the mother country of the council for New England, and the grant of a patent under it to the Plymouth emigrants; the third inaugurating the formal release of the infant colony from its thralldom to the merchant adventurers. This was in the year 1627. In the following year the projectors of another colony—"Massachusetts"—received their grant from the council for New England; and in 1630 the main body of these fresh colonists arrived at Salem, under the guidance of their first governor, *John Winthrop*. The colony of "Connecticut" followed in 1639, their first governor being *John Haynes*; and four years afterwards "New Haven" was constituted as one community, though some of its constituent elements had existed previously in a scattered form. The same may be said of the fifth New-England colony, that of "Providence Plantation," the establishment of which falls beyond the period to which Mr. Palfrey's present volume is confined.

It is needless to say, that we cannot pretend, within our narrow limits, to give any detailed account of the work of colonisation, of which we have just indicated the general outline. We can only draw attention to those more important features in the story which will convey the best representation of the nature of the difficulties with which the colonists had to contend. After what we have said of the climate and soil of New England, it is not necessary that we should enlarge on the hardships and toil to which they had to submit during the first winters of their establishment in their new country; our readers will find as little difficulty in realising the discouragements which sickness and death, and the petty jealousies and feuds, from which no company of men is entirely free, produced within the infant colonies. More serious still were the social disorders attendant on the arrival from time to time of new settlers, some of whom were animated rather by the spirit of adventure of Drake and Hawkins than by the noble religious faith which was the foundation and charter of the original settlement. As the communities passed beyond the first stage of their struggle with nature for daily existence, politics assumed, as elsewhere among free Englishmen, a paramount importance; and, from the very constitution of the colonies, religious questions entered largely into, and formed

the very pith of these controversies. But besides the contest with nature, and their internal feuds and complications, there was a third peril to which the existence of these commonwealths was exposed,—the hostility of the aboriginal inhabitants of the adjacent districts. The “red man” of North America has been rendered familiar to the English public in such an interesting and agreeable point of view by the romantic creations of Fenimore Cooper, and the pen and pencil of other American artists, that many will experience a feeling of disappointment, if not something stronger, when they peruse the plain, matter-of-fact, and unflattering portraiture of the native races which they will find in Mr. Palfrey’s pages. It has, nevertheless, every internal mark of faithfulness to the truth; and to this the personal observation of the author may in some degree have contributed. A more singular contrast, in many respects, to the Puritan settlers can scarcely be conceived than that presented by their aboriginal neighbours. If the Puritan stamp was too deeply impressed on the middle classes in England to be ever completely obliterated, notwithstanding all the changes of time and circumstance, we might almost say, at the risk of provoking a smile at our expense, that some of the marked characteristics of the North-American Indian are faithfully reproduced in the gentlemanly *pocourantes* of our own aristocracy. When the Puritans of New England found it necessary to enter into closer relations with the Sachems and Sagamores of the western continent, they (characteristically enough) bound them over to the observance of the Decalogue. “When they came to the fourth commandment, the proposal and the reply were as follows: ‘Not to do any unnecessary work on the Sabbath day, especially within the gates of Christian towns. *Answer.* It is easy to them; they have not much to do on any day, and they can well take their ease on that day.’” But this chronic indolence was occasionally relieved by extraordinary feats of strength and activity. “It was said they could run eighty or a hundred miles in a day, and back again in the next two.” They were hunters, fishers, and fowlers in periodic method; but they sank under continuous labour. Their habitual demeanour was serenely indifferent. “They scarcely wept or smiled.” “They could support life on the scantiest quantity of food, and the innutritious stimulus of tobacco seemed almost enough to supply its place; though at times a gourmandising rage seemed to possess them, and they could be as ravenous in abundance as they were capable of being abstemious under necessity.” “When not engaged in war or in hunting, the New-England savage would pass whole weeks in sleep or sitting silent with his elbows on his knees,”

without the energy even to cleanse his wigwam. But "a game of football, in which he was expert, or of quoits, or a wrestling-bout, or a dance," in which, however, "women did not mingle, afforded some occasional variety. The fumes of tobacco yielded a sort of dreamy exhilaration. He was a desperate gambler. He would stake his arms, the wrapping of furs that covered him, his stock of winter provisions, his cabin, his wife, finally his personal liberty, on the chance of play. Destitute of the means of drunkenness till he was tempted by the stranger, he plunged, as soon as he had opportunity, into desperate excess in drinking." "What little there was in him of mental development or action, was in harmonious relation with the conditions of his life. His European neighbours observed the skill of some of his devices for fishing," his snow-shoes, his method of dressing the skins of animals, and the keenness of his perceptive faculties. "He tracked his game or his enemy by indications on the surface of the ground, in the motion of trees, in faint sounds without significance to another ear. No wonders of nature or of art stimulated his dull curiosity, or lighted up his vacant eye. But while his own countenance was rarely seen to express emotion, he was skilled to read the passions of others in their aspect." The bond between parent and child scarcely survived the dawn of manhood in the latter, while the wife was the drudge and unhonoured slave of her male associate. Their continency was of a physical rather than moral character; their hospitality merely generic and customary. Their civil organisation was not only patriarchal, but almost confined to the family; the authority of the Sachems and Sagamores was fitful and indefinite. Traditions of valour and success were equally vague as respected individual glory, and belonged rather to the general stock of the reputation of the tribe. To this cause it may be owing that the heroic lay of the bard was entirely wanting. "Their songs of festivity or war were not so much chants as howls or yells." The war-dance was their best claim to dramatic power; and their eloquence derived its chief force from being the simple statement of facts in the language supplied by the natural objects which surrounded their everyday life. In short, the North-American Indian was, in one sense particularly, the child of nature; for his acquirements and all that was attractive in his character were, in the strictest sense, *natural*, and indicated no progressive development and no individual greatness. Looked at, indeed, in an individual point of view, no character could be less interesting and more discouraging.

Such were and are the great features of the Indian character, according to Mr. Palfrey's estimate; and if the evident bias in his

mind against the Red Indian has in some respects led him to dwell too strongly on their failings, and sympathise too little with their natural virtues, we believe that the truth lies in this direction rather than with the other, and what in England is the more popular, prejudice in their favour. "A probable computation of the native population of New England at the time of the first English immigrations, places the number not far from fifty thousand. Of this aggregate, Connecticut and Rhode Island together may have contained one half, and Maine about two-thirds of the other half. Vermont, Western Massachusetts, and Northern New Hampshire, were almost, if not absolutely, without inhabitants." The specific names of these Indian tribes possess little interest for an English reader. The best known is that of the Mohegans; those with which the Plymouth colonists first came in contact were the Nausets, along Cape Cod (dependents of the greater tribe of the Pokanokets), and the Narragansetts, who were accused by the rival tribe of leanings to the French colony in Nova Scotia in preference, and to the prejudice of the English settlers. The intercourse between the colonists and the natives passed through the usual stages of ostentatious friendship and treaties of alliance and fealty, suspicious conduct and distrust, plotted treachery discovered and punished with energetic severity, and open war. The colony of Massachusetts, however, was very little troubled with these Indian complications during the early years of its existence, most of the larger tribes dwelling far inland. In Connecticut alone did the Indian "controversy" assume the character of a regular war; for the exploits of Captain Miles Standish, in the first days of Plymouth colony, cannot lay claim to any such designation. On the whole, the intercourse between the early settlers and the colonists was of a more amicable character than we might have anticipated, if we did not reflect that it was the expansion of the colonies which first seriously affected their common interests.

On the very day on which the *Mayflower* cast anchor on the New-England coast, her passengers drew up and signed the following solemn declaration and engagement, which has too important a bearing on any estimate of the character of the undertaking, and of those who had embarked in it, to be passed over in any notice of the subject, however brief:

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign lord King James, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, &c., having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one of

another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body-politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

"Such," observes our author, "was the beginning of the colony of Plymouth. To the end of its separate history, it continued to be a humble community in numbers and in wealth. When four years had passed, the village consisted of only thirty-two cabins, inhabited by a hundred and eighty persons. The government of the Company was prescribed by the majority of voices, and administered by one of its members, with another public assistant. It was not so much a commonwealth as a factory, of which the head bore the title of governor. Six years later it numbered three hundred persons; five years after this it had added two hundred more; and at the end of its life of seventy years, its population, scattered through several towns, had probably not come to exceed eight thousand. It is on account of the virtue displayed in its constitution and management, and of the great consequences to which it ultimately led, that the colony of Plymouth claims the attention of mankind. In any other view, its records would be unattractive," containing as they do little else than "the building of log-houses, the turning of sand-heaps into corn-fields, dealings with stupid Indians and with overreaching partners in trade; anxious struggles to get a living; and at most, the sufferings of men, women, and children, wasting under cold, sickness, and famine."

It was the 11th of December (o.s.) when a party of the pilgrims first landed at Plymouth, and found it, to use their own words, "a place, as they supposed, fit for situation." Five days later the whole company arrived. "There was found a convenient harbour, 'compassed with a goodly land.' The country was well wooded. It had clay, sand, and shells, for bricks, mortar, and pottery, and stone for walls and chimneys; the sea and beach promised abundance of fish and fowl, and 'four or five small running brooks' brought a supply of 'very sweet fresh water.' After prayer for further divine guidance, they fixed upon a spot for the erection of their dwellings, in the neighbourhood of a brook 'and many delicate springs,' and of a hill suitable for a look-out and a defence." A storm interrupted their proceeding. When it was passed, so many of them as could went on shore, and felled and carried timber, to provide themselves stuff for building. Then came Sunday, when "the people on shore heard a cry of some savages, as they thought, which caused an alarm and to stand on their guard, expecting an assault; but all was quiet." They were still without the shelter of a roof; but the Sabbath was kept strictly; and it was on the next day,—the

Christmas festival of the churches of the Old World,—that, as they record, “we went on shore, some to fell timber, some to saw, some to cut, and some to carry; *so no man rested all that day.*” From that day forward, toil, and privation, and fatal sickness were their constant companions through the long winter. But the season seems to have been an unusually mild one for the place, since Winslow did not consider it colder than an English one.

The place which they had chosen for the seat of their colony was on the mainland of Massachusetts, in a bay opening to the north-east, and which is formed to the south by that projecting headland, with the southern face of which again commences the great oval bay embraced by the curious neck of land on which Cape Cod is situated. An independent settlement was attempted by a Mr. Weston, one of the London adventurers, at a place called Wessagusset (now Weymouth), on the south side of the deep irregular bay on the west of which Boston now stands; but his company was so disorderly, and the attitude of the Indian tribes so alarming, that the colonists dispersed; and most of them, with their leader, took refuge at Plymouth, being received with a hospitality to which their previous conduct towards their hosts gave little claim. Settlements, however, were gradually made on various points in and about this “Massachusetts” Bay, as it was called. Besides isolated colonists, there grew up smaller or larger communities at Mount Wollaston, Cape Ann, Nantasket (Hull), and *Naumkeag*, which became celebrated, under its later name of “Salem,” as the parent of the colony of Massachusetts. Further northwards, Agameticus, afterwards York, and Saco (a few miles up the river of that name), are said to have “received their first English inhabitants under the auspices of Gorges, within three or four years after the plantation at Plymouth.” Some small settlements were established on the Piscataqua river, in the more immediate vicinity of York, Piscataqua (now Portsmouth), Cocheco (now Dover), Monhegan, and others. These settlements owed their origin to fresh adventurers from England, strengthened in some cases by draughts of men from the Plymouth colony. Allerton, a native of this colony, obtained, in 1628, a new patent from the New-England council for lands farther to the north, on the Kennebec, and immediately “erected a house up above in that river, in the most convenient place for trade.” Wessagusset, after being a second time colonised and again partially abandoned, assumed at length the character of a permanent settlement.

The French settlements in Nova Scotia, and on the St. Lawrence, were captured by an armed expedition from Eng-

land in 1629, and "for a little time New France disappeared from the map of America; but, as far back as the year 1614, the foundation had been laid of the Dutch town of New Amsterdam (the future New York), on Manhattan island, at the mouth of the Hudson river, and in 1628 its population is believed to have numbered 270 persons; while the expanding colony of the New Netherlands, of which it was the capital, encroached on the English domain. At about the same time the old English settlement of Plymouth emerged from its first years of trial and depression into a more promising era of growing prosperity.

Such was the general distribution of the European settlements from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson, when the second great colony of New England had its beginning. The colony of Plymouth sprang from a congregation of Separatists escaping from ecclesiastical persecution; the colony of Massachusetts (with which it is often confounded by modern writers) originated in the bosom of the English church, from those members of its communion who, disgusted at the turn which things were taking in both church and state, and despairing of any improvement at home, conceived the idea of transplanting the seeds of civil and religious liberty to the other side of the Atlantic, and rearing in New England a model state, which should realise all the aspirations of the Puritan party in the mother country. In short, while Plymouth was the offspring of a band of fugitive religionists, Massachusetts was the work of Puritan statesmen and beneficed clergymen of the Puritan school. This fact connects it more closely with the civil and religious history of England, and gives to its establishment something of the character of a great national movement. It gained this character, however, from accidental circumstances. Mr. John White, rector of Dorchester, at the head of the "Dorchester Adventurers," procured, in 1623, the transfer from the colony of New Plymouth of the site of Cape Ann. Cape Ann was abandoned in 1626 for Naumkeag, on the northern shore of Massachusetts Bay. "The business came to agitation afresh in London," and ceased to be only the enterprise of "Dorchester fishermen looking for a profitable exercise of their trade;" and on the 19th of March 1628, a grant was obtained from the council for New England "of lands extending from the Atlantic to the Western ocean, and in width from a line running three miles north of the river Merrimac to a line three miles south of the Charles." The patentees of this ample domain were, "Sir Henry Roswell and Sir John Young, knights, and Thomas Southcote, John Humphrey, *John Endicott*, and Simon Whitcomb, gentlemen."

The two first, and probably the third, were Devonshire men; Humphrey was from Lincolnshire; Whitcomb is believed to have been a London merchant. Gorges gives us the following account of the motives by which the new projectors were actuated. "Having mentioned the angry dissolution by King Charles of his second parliament, and his imprisonment of some of the patriot leaders, he proceeds to say, that these transactions 'took all hope of reformation of church government from many not affecting episcopal jurisdiction, nor the usual practice of the common prayers of the church; whereof there were several sorts, though not agreeing among themselves, yet all of like dislike of these particulars. Some of the discreeter sort, to avoid what they found themselves subject unto, made use of their friends to procure from the council for the affairs of New England to settle a colony within their limits; to which it pleased the thrice-honoured Lord of Warwick to write to me, then at Plymouth, to condescend that a patent might be granted to such as then sued for it. Whereupon I gave my approbation so far forth as it might not be prejudicial to my son Robert Gorges' interests, whereof he had a patent under the seal of the council. Hereupon there was a grant passed as was thought reasonable.'"

Endicott established himself at Naumkeag in September; and in commemoration of an amicable arrangement effected between the new settlers and those who had already possession of the spot, its name was changed to "Salem," the Hebrew for "peaceful." From that time for nearly forty years Endicott played an important part in New-England affairs. The next stage in the formation of the new colony was the great enlargement of the company, of which Roswell was the head, in numbers and the importance of its members, and its consequent incorporation by royal charter, on the 4th of March 1629, under the title of the "Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England;" and under this instrument the colony of Massachusetts conducted its affairs for fifty-five years.

By the charter twenty more names were added to those of the six patentees of the grant from the Council for New England. Power was given for ever to the freemen of the Company "to elect annually from their own number a governor, deputy-governor, and eighteen assistants, and to make laws and ordinances not repugnant to the laws of England. Four meetings of the Company were to be held in a year, and others might be convened in a manner prescribed. Meetings of the governor, deputy-governor, and assistants were to be held once a month, or oftener; and they were *authorised*, but *not required*, to administer to freemen the oaths of supremacy and allegiance. The

Company might transport settlers not 'restrained by special name.' They had authority to admit new associates, and establish the terms of their admission, and elect and constitute such officers as they should see fit for the ordering and managing of their affairs. They were empowered to 'encounter, repulse, repel, and resist by force of arms, as well by sea as by land, and by all fitting ways and means whatsoever, all such persons as should at any time attempt or enterprise the destruction, invasion, detriment, or annoyance to the said plantation inhabitants.' Nothing was said of religious liberty;" but a case soon occurred which brought out in strong colours the special character of the emigration, and which has been hastily commented upon as a proof of the intolerance of the colonists, and the impudence of their claim to the name of patrons of that great cause.

A church system had speedily been organised at Salem; a pastor and teacher being chosen, and solemnly ordained to their respective offices by the laying on of hands of three or four of the gravest men in the colony and of each other. The pastor, Mr. Higginson, then drew up "a confession of faith and church covenant, according to Scripture," of which "copies were delivered to thirty persons, and an invitation despatched to the church at Plymouth to send messengers to witness the further proceeding. The day appointed for it having arrived, the two ministers prayed and preached, thirty persons assented to the covenant, and associated themselves as a church;" the ministers were again ordained by the imposition of hands, and "Governor Bradford," of Plymouth Colony, "and some others with him, arriving by sea, and being hindered by cross winds that they could not be there at the beginning of the day, came into the assembly afterwards, and gave them the right-hand of fellowship, wishing all prosperity and a blessed success unto such good proceedings." This bold renunciation of the ecclesiastical constitution of the Anglican Church led to a curious controversy. Two members of the colony (John and Samuel Browne) protested against it as a virtual secession from the church, said that the ministers were "Separatists, and would be Anabaptists," and set up with some others a distinct worship according to the Book of Common Prayer. Governor Endicott lost no time in hesitation as to the course he should pursue. He "told them that New England was no place for such as they, and therefore he sent them both back for England at the return of the ships the same year." The brothers Browne complained to the Company at home, who wrote letters to Endicott, cautioning him against proceedings which might bring odium upon them in the mother country;

but expressing no opinion on the merits of the case, on which they were probably of the same mind as Endicott himself. This undoubtedly has at first the appearance of an act of persecution; but we think Mr. Palfrey has done good service by pointing out the real point at issue, and the real motive of the colonists. That Puritanism was in many of its phases intolerant, no one can deny; but much error would have been avoided, if it had been recollected that in such cases as those of the Brownes, the secession which was made was not a mere assertion of doctrine, but assumed the extension of the ecclesiastical authority of the Church of England over the new colony, and thus exposed the colonists to the reimposition of that yoke upon them all at any time, on the specious pretext of the actual existence of a legitimate episcopalian church in the town of Salem. The protest of the Brownes, in fact, was an act of treason against the new colony, threatening to sap its very foundations. With a Laud virtually at the head of the church at home, it was little else than an invitation to ecclesiastical tyranny, of which that prelate would be only too ready to avail himself.

This act of self-assertion on the part of the colony was followed by another of great importance. As the times grew rapidly worse in England for the friends of liberty, it became increasingly necessary to secure the right of self-government in the newly-constituted colony; and this it was thought would be best effected by the transference of the charter and the seat of government of the Massachusetts Company from the old country to the colony itself. "The old officers resigned, and their places were filled with persons of whom most or all were expecting to emigrate." The new governor was John Winthrop, and around his career the history of the colony of Massachusetts henceforward gathers itself as a centre. Winthrop had attained the age of forty-two when he was called to this new sphere of action. He was of good family, "long settled at Groton in Suffolk, where he had a property of 600*l.* or 700*l.* a year, the equivalent of at least 2000*l.* at the present day. His father and grandfather were lawyers;" he himself had been the intimate associate of several of the leading spirits of the Puritan party; and from this time many of the names most eminent in the history of England appear more or less conspicuously in connection with the fortunes of the rising commonwealth of the West. On the 7th of April 1630, Winthrop and his company set sail from England in the ship *Arbella*, issuing at the same time a farewell address to their brethren "in and of the Church of England" whom they left behind. This address is said to have been drawn up by Mr. White of

Dorchester. On the 12th of June they arrived at Salem; and before the winter were followed in succession by sixteen other vessels, making in all an addition of about 1000 emigrants. They were a welcome and necessary accession of strength to the colony; for one quarter of Endicott's company had been carried off by sickness during the past winter, and two hundred of the new-comers,—including the Lady Arbella Johnson, a daughter of the Puritan Earl of Lincoln, who had accompanied her husband to his new home,—shared the same fate before the close of the autumn, the lady's husband dying (it is said) of grief a few weeks after her. So untoward was the inauguration of the new government.

Mishawum (already called "Charlestown") was the town first chosen for a capital; but an epidemic sickness at that place being ascribed to a want of good water, and "an ample supply of it being found in Boston, a portion of the people removed to that peninsula; and there, for the first time after their arrival on this continent, was held one of those quarterly general courts of the Company of Massachusetts Bay which were prescribed in a provision of the Charter." At this time there were eight settlements about Boston Bay; and "before winter, the governor and several of the principal persons had erected and occupied some rude temporary habitations on the peninsula of Boston."

We must reluctantly pass over many similar details, which illustrate the growth and extension of the new colony. One incident in the history of their first year's privations has, however, too immediate a bearing on the character of the colonists to be omitted. At the beginning of the year 1631, there was so great a scarcity of food, that "a fast had been appointed to be kept throughout the settlements, to implore Divine succour. The day before that which was to be thus solemnised, a vessel arrived from England with supplies, and a public thanksgiving was substituted." Very remarkable is the language in which this occurrence is recorded by the settlers themselves. "O, the hunger that many suffered!" writes one of them, "and saw no hope in an eye of reason to be supplied, only by clams, and mussels, and fish." "In the absence of bread," says another, "they feasted themselves with fish: the women once a day, as the tide gave way, resorted to the mussels and clam-banks, which are a fish as big as horse-mussels, where they daily gathered their families food, with much heavenly discourse of the provision Christ had formerly made for many thousands of his followers in the wilderness. Quoth one: 'My husband hath travelled as far as Plymouth' (which is near forty miles), 'and hath with great toil brought a little corn home with

him; and before that is spent, the Lord will assuredly provide.' Quoth the other: 'Our last peck of meal is now in the oven at home a-baking; and many of our godly neighbours have quite spent all; and we owe one loaf of that little we have.' Then spoke a third: 'My husband hath ventured himself among the Indians for corn, and can get none; as also our honoured governor hath distributed his so far, that a day or two more will put an end to his store and all the rest. And yet methinks our children are as cheerful, fat, and lusty, with feeding upon these mussels, clam-banks, and other fish, as they were in England with their fill of bread; which makes me cheerful in the Lord's providing for us, being further confirmed by the exhortation of our pastor to trust to the Lord with providing for us, whose is the earth and the fullness thereof.'"

It is in responsive *recitative* such as this (though in a lower strain of submission to destiny) that the wives and daughters of the Norse Earls of old converse in the Eddas and Sagas of Scandinavia. On another occasion, Endicott (who had been amerced by a jury in 40s. for assault and battery), writing from Salem to Governor Winthrop, explains the matter thus: "Sir, I desired the rather to have been at court, because I hear I am much complained on by good-man Dexter for striking him. I acknowledge I was too rash in striking him, understanding since that it is not lawful for a justice of peace to strike. But if you had seen the manner of his carriage, with such daring of me with his arms on kembow, &c., it would have provoked a very patient man. But I will write no more of it, but leave it till we speak before you face to face. Only thus far further, that he hath given out, if I had a purse, he would make me empty it; and if he cannot have justice here, he will do wonders in England; and if he cannot prevail there, he will try it out with me here at blows. Sir, I desire that you will take all into consideration. If it were lawful to try it at blows, and he a fit man for me to deal with, you should not hear me complain; but I hope the Lord hath brought me off from that course." A curious exemplification this of the struggle between the old Adam and the Puritan spirit. But although the origin of the quarrel savours somewhat of Shakespeare's famous *casus belli*,—"Do you bite your thumb at me?"—the tone of the letter to Winthrop portrays Endicott as a straightforward down-right man, with a hot temper, chafing under the self-imposed restraints of good sense and religious conviction. It also throws light on the somewhat summary expulsion of the Episcopalian Brownes, and shows that the members of Dr. Laud's embryo church in Salem were singularly unfortunate in the disposition of the governor whose authority they defied.

Another politico-religious question was now disposed of. Soon after the arrival of Winthrop and his company, a "church" had been constituted after the manner pursued at Salem. "The charter of the Massachusetts Company had prescribed no condition of investment with its franchise, or with what under the circumstances which had arisen was the same thing,—the prerogatives of citizenship in the plantation,—except the will or vote of those who were already freemen. At the first general court for election" held in New England (May 18, 1631), "to the end the body of the commons may be preserved of honest and good men," it was "ordained and agreed that, for the time to come, no man shall be admitted to the freedom of this body-politic but such as are members of some of the churches within the limits of the same." The commonwealth was thus constituted on a strictly religious basis; and in the days when religious questions were so busy in the heads and hearts of nearly all the colonists, this was not merely a noble abstraction, but a natural and practical constitution. It might make hypocrites, and exclude honest men, in an ordinary mixed society; but it generally harmonised in its working as well as its spirit with the character and convictions of the well-sifted and individually-ascertained pretensions to morality and religion of the covenanted founders of Massachusetts.

The person of next political importance to Winthrop at this time was Thomas Dudley, who was deputy to the governor during the years (1630-1633) of his first governorship. A difference arose between them in 1631, about the comparative claims of Boston and Newtown to be the centre of government, Dudley warmly espousing the cause of the latter place; but in the following year their good understanding was restored. The mode in which this was effected is also characteristic and in its event creditable to both. "They had continued to meet each other, on occasions of business, with the usual reciprocations of courtesy, and 'without any appearance of any breach or discontent.' But Dudley, who had a stubborn temper, had been deeply offended by the governor's course in relation to the settlement at Newtown, and had hitherto received coldly the overtures for an accommodation, which the generosity of the other party persevered in making. A conference between them, in the presence of their friends, was 'begun with calling upon the Lord.' Dudley opened his private grievances, and added strictures on the public administration; and the governor partly justified his conduct, and partly 'acknowledged himself faulty.' A discussion took place, in which 'they both fell into bitterness,' after which, 'the meeting breaking up without any other conclusion but the commending the success of it by

prayer to the Lord, the governor brought the deputy onward of his way, and every man went to his own home.' The censure of the arbiters appears to have been limited to the injury which Dudley had received from the governor's not fixing his residence in the place which had been understood to be agreed upon. 'The ministers afterwards, for an end of the difference, ordered that the governor should procure them a minister at Newtown, and contribute somewhat towards his maintenance for a time; or, if he could not by the spring effect that, then to give the deputy, towards his charges in building there, twenty pounds.' Dudley immediately returned the money, 'with this reason, that he was so well persuaded of the governor's love to him, and did prize it so much, as if they had given him one hundred pounds, instead of twenty pounds, he would not have taken it.' And 'ever after they kept peace and good corresponding together, in love and friendship; their alliance being subsequently cemented by an intermarriage of their children."

Winthrop's character is well illustrated by another circumstance. On his reelection to the highest post, in an earlier part of the same year, "the governor, among other things, used this speech to the people, after he had taken his oath: 'that he had received gratuities from divers towns, which he received with much comfort and content; he had also received many kindnesses from particular persons, which he could not refuse lest he should be accounted uncourteous, &c.: but he professed that he received them with a trembling heart, in regard of God's rule and the consciousness of his own infirmity, and therefore desired them that hereafter they would not take it ill if he did refuse presents from particular persons, except they were from the assistants, or from some special friends: to which no answer was made; but he was told after that many good people were much grieved at it, for that he never had any allowance towards the charge of his place.'" Winthrop had need of all his self-denial and honest good sense and determination; for during the years which preceded and followed, his attention had been constantly occupied with questions of right between the assistants and freemen in the colony itself; with alarms from the Indians and French from outside; and with arraignments of the loyalty of the Company before the highest authorities at home, by men such as the Brownes, supported by the envious influence of Sir Ferdinando Gorges. These last cabals failed in the first instance, as the existence of the colony had become too valuable to the crown of England to be lightly imperilled by too nice inquiries into the principles of those by whose energy it was upheld. Winthrop, however, shared the fate of other administrators;

from various causes—perhaps from long continuance in office alone—in a great degree, certainly, by the extent to which he had sanctioned and supported the encroachments of the assistants on the rights which the letter of the charter assigned to the freemen generally—his popularity declined, particularly in Boston, and the discontent was fanned by an indiscreet admonition in favour of the governor by the celebrated divine Mr. John Cotton, who had recently joined the colony. The established powers in the colonial church and state were defeated. Winthrop lost his election; and Dudley was chosen governor in his place. Scarcely, however, had the directing hand of the old governor been removed from the helm of government, when a perplexing and nice point of policy had to be determined with respect to their powerful patrons at home; and a storm burst upon them from their enemies which threatened the immediate dissolution of the fabric which they had been at such pains to build up.

There came a letter from Lord Warwick to Winthrop, “congratulating the prosperity of the plantation, encouraging their proceedings, and offering his help.” About the same time, however, came certain “proposals” from Lord Saye, Lord Brooke, and other persons of quality attached to the Puritan cause, for removing (on certain conditions) to New England; to which step they were probably actuated by the increasing tyranny of Charles. They demanded the establishment of a double legislative chamber in New England, similar to the two Houses of Parliament, but each with a negative on the other,—the first to consist of an hereditary peerage; and that the commonwealth should consist of two distinct ranks of men, whereof the one should be, for them and their heirs, gentlemen of the country, the other, for them and their heirs, freeholders; and that the governor should ever be chosen out of the rank of gentlemen: that these noblemen should be admitted into the rank of gentlemen in virtue of their great disbursements for New England, and that thereafter none should be so admitted without consent of both houses. For freemen there was also a suggested qualification. These proposals, which savour of an exclusive aristocracy in any case, were palpably unfitted to the state of things in a new and half-formed country, in which vested interests must always be at a discount, and personal exertion count more than traditional position. The colonists respectfully declined them, with due regard to the danger of offending such powerful patrons of the colony; for the crisis in New-England affairs demanded the united efforts of the Puritan party.

Laud had succeeded officially to that government of the

church, in which, during the last years of Archbishop Abbot, he had (from an accidental cause) taken the leading part. It is not surprising that the enlarged scheme of despotic enterprise in which he now engaged against the laws of England, should have also extended to the growing liberties of New England. Vessels about to depart for the colonies were detained. It was proposed to send out a general governor; and a commission was appointed for the management of all the colonies, and for the revocation of their charters, with Laud at its head. An order of council was transmitted, requiring the production of the patent of the Company. The magistrates of the colony replied, that they could only act after the meeting of a general council. The general council only ordered the erection of fortifications, the gathering of military stores, the appointment of a military commission, and a day of prayer and humiliation. The next step at home was consequent on the resignation to the king of its charter by the council for New England (which had exhausted its powers of grant as well as its credit), "and the surrender of the administration of its domain to a general governor of the king's appointment," on the condition that all the territory, a large portion of which, by its corporate action, had already been alienated to other parties, should be granted in severalty by the king to the members of the council. Twelve associates accordingly proceeded to a distribution of New England among themselves by lot; and nothing now was wanting to render the transaction complete, and to transfer to them the ownership of that region, except to oust the previous patentees, of whom the most powerful body were colonists in Massachusetts Bay." A writ of *quo warranto* was brought against the original patentees of the Massachusetts Company, and judgment of exclusion was passed against them. But in Massachusetts itself the whole thing was quietly ignored; an attempt to launch a vessel to bring over the new governor-general failed, and was looked on in the colony as a special interposition of Providence. One of their most active enemies, John Mason, the holder of a patent with which theirs interfered, died at this conjuncture; and the ensuing confusion of public affairs in the home country effectually prevented any attempt being made to enforce the obnoxious dispositions of the crown.

We can only treat briefly on one or two other matters in the early history of Massachusetts. The first of these is the case of Roger Williams. A member originally of the University of Oxford, and probably in orders of the Church of England, he adopted Nonconformist views; and in the twenty-fifth year of his age emigrated to Boston. He was invited to be-

come teacher of the church at Salem; but this appointment was remonstrated against by the general court, which brought against Williams the double charge, that "he had refused to join with the congregation at Boston because they would not make public declaration of their repentance for having communion with the churches of England while they lived there, and besides had declared his opinion that the magistrate might not punish the breach of the Sabbath, nor any other offence, as it was a breach of the 'first table,' that is to say, of the four first commandments against idolatry, perjury, blasphemy, and Sabbath-breaking." The Salem church remained firm in their choice; but Williams himself removed the difficulty by migrating to Plymouth. Returning, however, soon, he began the agitation of a number of questions, from the wearing of veils by women during divine service to the right of the settlers to their lands without a formal agreement with the native inhabitants. He railed freely at the magistrates, denounced the offering of oaths to an *unconverted* man as communion with the wicked, and used dangerous words against the late and reigning king. He ended by quarrelling with the church at Salem for not following his advice, and with his wife for continuing her communion with that church. At length sentence of banishment was pronounced against him by the general court; and evading their intention to send him back to England, he escaped to the woods, where he lived among the Indians until, in 1636, he became the founder of a settlement at Providence. He afterwards crossed over into England, and became famous there by his controversy with Cotton on the question of religious toleration. But his banishment from Massachusetts was as purely an affair of civil government as any thing could be under the peculiar organisation of that colony. He remained, notwithstanding his banishment, on the most friendly, and even affectionate, terms with Winthrop, and always speaks of him and Winslow, the governor of Plymouth, in high terms of respect and admiration. His character is a not uncommon one; honest, kind-hearted, restless, and crotchety. He preserved these qualities throughout his career; but he displayed in later years considerable breadth of thought on points on which the intensity of the Puritan faith had somewhat narrowed its views. Beyond the question of toleration, his relations with the Indians present the most interesting and favourable feature in his character.

In the autumn of 1635 Massachusetts received an accession of three remarkable men. The first was John Winthrop, son of the former governor, who had visited the colony once before, and now returned, bringing with him young Henry Vane, and the

celebrated preacher of later years, Hugh Peters. Vane was twenty-three years old, and "forsook the honours and preferences of the court, to enjoy the ordinances of Christ in their purity." The king acquiesced in his desire, and gave him license of absence for three years. Young, ardent, and at this time rather inclined to presume on the deference paid to his social position and unmistakable talents, he at once threw himself into the affairs of the colony with a self-confidence better suited to one with the colonial experience of Winthrop or Dudley. Hugh Peters, a warm, single-hearted, and disinterested, but somewhat self-opinionated and officious man, of much practical sagacity and great versatility of talent, emulated the activity of Vane. Peters set to work with great zeal and success to investigate the best means of establishing fisheries, and undertook to raise money in the mother country for their extension. He also joined with Vane in procuring a meeting of the leading men of the colony to compose some distractions which had arisen in the state. It is curious, that one result of this meeting was the admonition of Winthrop the elder, by the ministers, for undue lenity in the exercise of his magisterial duties; for he had continued to be one of the assistants. At the ensuing election, Vane was chosen to the post of governor, with Winthrop as his deputy. A discussion, however, now arose, which obscured the popularity of the young English statesman, and restored Winthrop for a time to his former position. This was the Antinomian heresy of Mrs. Ann Hutchinson. She had come over with her husband in 1634, in the same ship which brought out Laud's abortive requisition, leaving their home and a good estate at Alford in Lincolnshire. Her husband was a mild man, entirely under her guidance. Her "energy of character and activity of mind," joined to much kindness of disposition, where her peculiar prejudices did not come into play, soon caused her to be much valued in the colony. Unfortunately she had come over in the same vessel with a Mr. Symmes, who became minister at Charlestown, and between whom and Mrs. Hutchinson some disagreement and mutual distaste seem to have arisen during the voyage. These soon bore fruit in their new common home, and produced ultimately the most serious consequences to the colony. She had come over to the New World to secure a continuance of the gospel ministrations of Cotton; and in him and John Wheelwright, her brother-in-law, she professed to place her religious confidence. Notwithstanding some vagaries, however, ten years elapsed before her proceedings became of any public importance. They then divided the whole colony into two parties. Governor Vane espoused her cause, and so at first did the church of Boston generally. But their aged

pastor, Wilson, decidedly opposed her teaching and interference, and Winthrop took a similar course. Cotton leant to the side of his panegyrist, and Wheelwright was her more uncompromising partisan. These two last ministers, she said, were under "a covenant of grace;" the others under "a covenant of works." At a meeting of magistrates and elders called by Vane, a sharp argument arose between him and Hugh Peters, who reproved him for endeavouring to hinder the meetings of the ministers. On the other hand, Wilson was admonished by the Boston church, at the instigation of Vane; and an attempt was made to get Wheelwright named as his colleague in the ministry. Wheelwright, soon after, was appointed minister at Mount Wollaston. The general court in its turn censured Wheelwright; and at the next election Vane was defeated, and Winthrop chosen governor in his stead. The Bostonians retorted by electing Vane as one of their deputies to the court; but he did not bear his defeat with dignity. He refused to meet Winthrop at dinner, and prevented young Lord Ley, son of the Earl of Marlborough, who had come to Boston "to see the country," from accepting Winthrop's hospitality. Soon afterwards Vane left for England, and abandoned this field of labour; though he never lost his interest in the affairs of New England. After his departure, comparatively little difficulty was found in overthrowing Mrs. Hutchinson's party, and in putting a stop to her ill-advised proceedings as regarded the ministers, and her unseasonable interference in the private relations of families.

The institution of a college at Newtown (whose name was changed to "Cambridge"), and its endowment by John Harvard; the second "deposition" of Winthrop from the governorship, not on account of any specific fault alleged against him, but through jealousy of the precedent of so long a continuance in office; his reelection at another crisis of difficulty in 1642 and 1643; the omission of the oath of allegiance; and the division of the legislature of Massachusetts into two branches,—are matters to which we cannot do more than thus briefly refer. Sister colonies were now springing up in all directions; and while the parent country was drifting rapidly into civil war and civil disorganisation, New England was becoming year by year more prosperous and consolidated. "When John Winthrop the younger came to New England the second time, he bore a commission from Lord Saye and Sele, Lord Brooke, and others their associates, *patentees of Connecticut*. It constituted him governor of that colony for a year, with instructions to build a fort at the river's mouth; for which purpose he came provided with men and ammunition, and with 2000*l.* in money." He

drove off the Dutch from their attempted occupation of the mouth of the river, made proclamation, together with Vane and Peters (his associates in the agency), of the rights of his principals, and came to an understanding with the emigrants already resident on the lands. The new town was called "Saybrook," and this was the germ of the colony of Connecticut. Other settlements sprang up in the north, north-east, and south-west. Of these New Haven was the most important. At length, in May 1643, a federal government of the New-England colonies was established by commissioners at Boston from each of the three colonies of Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, acting in complete coöperation with the general court of Massachusetts. Scarcely had this been accomplished when intelligence arrived of an act of the now-dominant parliament of England, which provided for the government of New England. But it was as much a dead letter as the royal commission had been. "The New-England colonies had taken their affairs into their own hands. By the counsels of brave men, and by the progress of events, a self-governing association of self-governing English commonwealths had been founded in America."

ART. V.—UTOPIAN BANQUETS.

Il Convito, ou le Banquet de Dante. La première traduction française; par S. Rhécul. Paris, 1853.

Xenophon: *The Banquet* (Συμπόσιον).

Plato: *The Banquet* (Συμπόσιον).

Plutarch: *The Banquet of the Seven Sages.*

Athenæus: *The Deipnosophists* (Δειπνοσοφισταί).

Julian (Emperor): *The Banquet of the Cæsars.*

Michael Scot: *The Banquet of the Philosophers.*

THE notion of depicting through the fiction of a banquet the dispositions, usages, or doctrines of a class or age, is conformable to nature. It must have very early been observed that the hour of repast is what the ancient poet called a time of relaxation, when men unbosom themselves with least reserve. And such has continued in all ages to be the case. We propose, in the present article, to serve the reader with a few remarks upon the chief Utopian Banquets that are extant, at distant intervals, along the tract of history.

1. The first in point of time appears to be that of Xeno-

phon. The priority, however, was given to Plato by the later ancients, as, for instance, Athenæus, who is himself upon our list. But modern critics have been able to correct the ancients in this as in so many other things. They have detected in the *Banquet* of Plato certain critical allusions to its namesake by Xenophon, which of course evince the preëxistence of the latter. This, moreover, bears the marks of primitiveness in its whole structure; it seems to have been founded on a veritable banquet, and rises scarce at all to the pitch of the ideal.

Xenophon proposes to relate only amusements; the amusements, it is true, of great men, among them Socrates. But there are also small men, and even worse than small. The idol of the company is the youth Autolycus, recently a victor in one of the public games, but more admired for his beauty, which recommends him infamously to the wealthy Callias, the master of the feast. Then there is a buffoon of the sycophantic stamp, to exhilarate the table in the mediæval fashion; and lower still, a female flute-player with a troop of dancing-girls. These are the appendages, by the formal exclusion of which, Plato is supposed to mean to cast a slur on his precursor.

The gravities of conversation, however, come at last; and from the due transitional topic of perfumes, Socrates turns it, as usual, to virtue. Thence the discourse passes to the capabilities of woman, which gives the sage occasion for the celebrated saying, that he married Xantippe for her disagreeable temper, so that she might inure him to bear the ills of life. A particular worth remarking is, that this is represented as provoked by a guest who directly asks Socrates how he could have brought himself to marry such a shrew. Xenophon was too well bred himself not to know, and too talented a writer not to have preserved, the decencies as prevalent at Athens in his day. Is it possible, therefore, that the Greeks, at this meridian of their splendour, were at bottom barbarians, or gentlemen but in their writings? Not at all. The explanation lies in the condition of the women. The Greeks looked on even their wives, and of course suffered others to speak of them, very much as low-bred rakes would in our own day speak of their mistresses.

At the suggestion of Socrates, the conversation deepens, and the guests are each to praise that which he knows and esteems best. The host, Callias, begins with justice. Nicerratus praises memory, as enabling himself, among others, to cite by rote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*: on which Socrates remarks that the rhapsodists can do this, but quite mechanically without understanding a word. Critobulus prefers and expatiates on beauty. Antisthenes discourses upon his own

wealth, which, however, consists in not having an obolus, or lard enough with which to rub Autolycus for the contest. Charmides, on the contrary, celebrates his poverty, which renders him a monarch of all he surveys. To Lycon the highest treasure is his victorious son Autolycus; and Hermogenes is happy in the fidelity of friends.

These positions are mutually assailed and defended, in some instances with all the graceful subtlety of the school. Thus, with Callias, the art of justice consists in giving people money, and by this means placing them beyond the necessity of injustice. To this it is objected, that since they do not, he owns, repay him, unless by ingratitude, he only teaches them injustice. But this he denies for the reason that such conduct appertains to the course of nature, in which there can be no injustice. For he bestows his money to make people rich and honest, in the same way as carpenters and masons give their labour and their skill to build palaces for others, while they are themselves in hired lodgings. The advocate of beauty objects to wealth, that it requires labour; to glory, that it is purchased by exposure to danger; to wisdom, that it calls for the exertion of speech and thought; and so of all the other advantages discussed. But beauty gains these ends without stirring mind or muscle; men do and dare for it alone more than for all the rest together. The prerogatives of poverty are also urged with sprightliness; but they would make, we fear, but slight impression on British readers.

At length the buffoon comes to praise his own art, and does it with more point than perhaps any of the sages. He prefers it, because it leads men to seek him in their good fortune, and to shun him in evil; thus sharing with him their prosperity, without taxing him with their adversity. The dancing-girls vaunt *their* art, because, as being addressed to fools, it is always sure of having a large patronage in the world. Socrates, in fine, is for the calling of *go-between*. The company are startled at this infamous choice; but it turns out to be for the establishment of peace and wisdom among the citizens.

The banquet ends, as it began, with the music and the dancing. There is also a mock-marriage between two of the performers, male and female, in the semblance of Bacchus and Ariadne, the glowing description of which leads the reader to conjecture that such ceremonies passed out of acted mythology into something like real life. A curious comment on the gravity, not to say decency, of the sages!

2. The *Banquet* of Plato has much the like preliminaries, and is even based upon the same actual feast. This selection would point to competition, and therefore subsequence. The

music-girls are introduced but for the purpose of being dismissed. The buffoon is not mentioned at all. The conversation alone remains, and is similarly purged of the puerilities attributed by Xenophon to Socrates. But with all this, the latter composition seems a far more faithful portraiture of real manners; and as these are the principal object of our notice, the *Banquet* of Plato shall be dismissed with brevity.

Love, which was with Xenophon but one of many topics, becomes with his competitor the theme of all the speakers. Each, however, treats a distinct aspect of the subject, which in some degree compensates the want of generic variety. The treatment is philosophical, not merely critical as with Xenophon; the diction soars from conversation to the copiousness of eloquence; in short, the author passes from the table to the academy, or from the real banquet to the ideal. Apart, moreover, from design, this opposition in the manner agrees strictly with the intellectual contrast of the writers. Xenophon was a merely practical though polished man of talent; Plato was, besides the polish and the culture, a man of genius.

His *Banquet* is, however, disfigured with more grossness than even that of Xenophon, despite the ideality. The latter does but crystallise and make it more conspicuous. The exclusion of the music, dancing-girls, and buffoon, is seen to have been but a straining at a gnat to swallow a camel, when we come to the disquisitions of Aristophanes and Alcibiades. The former might find some palliation in its philosophy; or as presenting an ingenious and in large part true theory, when stripped of its mythology, respecting generation. But what was there to be explained by, and what therefore can excuse, the disgusting abominations of Alcibiades concerning Socrates? The only purpose could have been to purge the sage from current rumours. Yet what a strange state of manners is betrayed by the apology! It was, however, a normal counterpart to the contempt for women; not its consequence or its cause, but a co-effect of deeper principles, which remains to be sounded in the order of social history.

Meanwhile we need not wonder that even the purest Greeks should have descanted on these practices with gallantry or gravity, if we reflect that, in our own day, the intellectual prestige of Plato is sufficient to palliate his *Banquet* to the nicest readers. There they peruse what the journals dare not echo from courts of justice. So true is it that usages have nothing of reflection, or, as the adage has it, that habit is a second nature. A curious example of this numbness of the moral sense, resulting from the influence of the mere name of Plato, is the fact that the pious mother of a nunnery in France has

even made a translation of the *Banquet* just described. The abbess, it is true, has draped in mystical ambiguousness the *androgynes* of Aristophanes, and abstained wholly from rendering the speech of Alcibiades. But this procedure only argued a compromising consciousness. It might expose her to the well-known repartee of Dr. Johnson to the lady who praised his dictionary for omitting the bad words: "I see then, madam, that you have been looking for them." Our abbess was also sister of Madame de Montespan.

The essay, then, of Plato does not improve on Xenophon in decency at all more than in variety and naturalness. It is far more eloquent, more ample in its views, more systematic in the form, more profound in the philosophy; but these are none of them qualities proper to this class of writing,—they suit elaborate disquisitions, not conversational discussions. Accordingly it seems that Plato's manner had been followed by other founders of systems as a proper method of expounding them. Aristotle too composed a *Symposion*, which doubtless followed Plato, as usual, by opposing him, and which would have been curious for this among other reasons. Epicurus wrote a *Banquet*, in which express tradition informs us that he explained his atomic philosophy. There were also several others, alluded to by Athenæus; and the fact that they have all been suffered to perish presents a confirmation of the judgment passed on Plato's. The latter, as the primary departure from the type, would be naturally, therefore, less divergent than its followers; which, together with the eloquence and name of Plato, would preserve it. And so, with Xenophon's, it was preferred to all, even by the ancients. The argument will be corroborated by the next surviving instance, which is the *Symposion* or banquet of Plutarch.

3. The blended grace and goodness of this amiable writer would have ensured preservation to almost any thing he touched. But his *Banquet* is, moreover, a return to the true type. It is the Xenophonian manner really purified of the indecencies, and elevated to the highest pitch of thought and diction proper to the occasion. It is the sort of composition, both in manner and in matter, for which Plutarch was adapted beyond most of the ancient authors; and it was doubtless this congruity, more than any imitation, that led him to resume the proper type of the dialogue. His varied learning, his garrulity, his fine sympathies with humanity, the medium range of his intelligence between the popular and philosophic, the ever-gushing freshness and easy flow of his language,—all these qualities combined to constitute the model writer of an ideal banquet. The age also, in its tendency to memory and

moralising, its decline from the action and the passions of freer days into the tranquil retirement of enjoyment and conversation, supplied a scene and subject corresponding to the writer. In fact Plutarch might be viewed as the Greek genius in its old age, enriched with all the wisdom and experience of the nation; no longer agitated by the energy of intellect and of *physique* that gave to its youth and manhood their grandeur and their grossness; ever eager to take its seat at the social table or in the sun, and entertain the company or arrest the passers-by to recount to them the glories that are about to set for ever. For all these reasons we shall dwell upon the *Banquet* of Plutarch with more interest and in more detail than on either of the preceding.

Agreeably to the notion suggested by the author, the chief guests of Plutarch's *Banquet* are the Seven Sages of Greece; the piece is thence entitled the *Banquet of the Sages*: Periander of Corinth is also the host. The other parties of most renown are Anacharsis the Scythian, and Cleobulina, scarce less famed for her enigmas. Among the preliminaries is the trait of manners, that one person requires to be told the destined guests before he would decide to accept the invitation. But he also assigns a better reason for the scruple than would probably be found by most of his successors of our day. An incident more curious is, that Cleobulina, a princess by birth and a poetess by genius, is found washing the feet and combing the hair of the savage Anacharsis, in preparation for the feast: this, tradition says, she did with all the visitors of her father, in imitation of the heroic ages of Greece. The female flute-player is introduced to accompany with some airs the offering of the libations, but afterwards retires. The ceremony gives occasion to a saying of Anacharsis in reply to an inquiry why the Scythians have no flute-players. "Because," said he, "they choose to address the divinities by means of their natural voices, not through the medium of wood or bone, in the fashion of the Greeks, who, however, boast so much of their eloquence."

The conversation takes forthwith the grave character of question-putting, which might seem scarce suited to such sages, the problems being not much above our riddles or charades. The first is, however, a scientific question. It relates to the celebrated measurement by Thales of the pyramids of Egypt by the shadow of his staff. By the way, honest Plutarch does not seem to apprehend, or at least does not describe, the operation with nice exactness. Afterwards comes a sort of riddle, sent by Amasis, king of Egypt, to "Bias, the wisest of the Greeks," and which is read in open company. Thus those rivalries were once deemed not unworthy of kings, which have in our

days descended to the range of country schoolmasters; for the question was propounded by the monarch of Ethiopia, with a forfeit, to the solver, of a part of his dominions. This was offered to Amasis if he should "drink the sea;" and Bias is consulted on the *modus operandi*. The sagest of the Sages suggests that the proposer is bound in the first place to shut off all the rivers, that the sea may be restricted within the terms of the problem.

A problem, which the Pharaoh propounded to his rival, asks: "What is it that is most old, most beautiful, most great, most wise, most common?" with several other superlatives omitted for brevity. Niloxemus, a guest, makes answer in order: time, light, the world, truth, death. Thales objects to them all as unsound. For instance, time cannot be oldest, since it is present, and even future; nor can death be the most common, not being found among the living. It may be requisite to note to unsophisticated readers that these arguments are much more captious than complete. When time was said to be the oldest, the *past* portion alone was predicated; and the commonness of death was meant not actually but eventually. Thales substitutes the following respectively: God, the cosmos, space, time, hope. God is older than time, because, says he, he had no beginning; but the sage does not prove that time had a beginning, or that God, if he preceded, could have done so but through time. He is right in saying that the world, in its order and harmony, is something more beautiful than light; indeed the beauty of light is from the order it reveals—there is none in the glare of a destroying conflagration. The philosopher is far less happy in the substitute of space; which may, indeed, be greater than the world, as containing it, but is not thus the greatest in the terms of the question; for space contains but all things existing at the instant, whereas time embraces also the past and the future. Nor is time, for the reason that it discloses all inventions, to be considered wiser, as he objects, than truth; for truth is the sum of all possible inventions, and the process cannot well be deemed more perfect than the product. So with hope, in fine, which cannot be more common than death; for no one has the hope to escape it in the end.

Thus it is perceived that the celebrated sages, and even the good Plutarch, were not supremely sharp; for all these sayings had been collected and commented on by tradition. Perhaps the last, respecting hope, suggested to Milton the well-selected climax of torment in hell,

"where hope never comes,
That comes to all."

Or perhaps this was rather a descriptive variation of the terrible

"Lasciate ogni speranza,"

which Dante found on the infernal gate, as Thales did in the human heart.

The conversation and the questioning next ascend to politics. Solon is duly made to speak his sentiment first. With him the best ideal of politics was that in which the citizens should spontaneously resent injuries to any of their number, and punish them as zealously as if they were themselves the sufferers. And never to this hour perhaps has the social system, in its organic perfection, been defined with greater accuracy. Thus the criterion of community, or *consensus*, is established as a mark of elevation in the animal series, and attains its highest measure of refinement in man. It is therefore the more singular to find this ideal polity a real fact among the barbarous Gauls of the days of Cæsar. It is known that he relates of them that injuries or insults done or offered to the humblest were resented universally. The inference must be, that it is not civilisation, or at least not it alone, that gives perfection to society. The principal ingredient must lie in the race, and in the capacity for national organisation: it may be polished or perverted, but never altered fundamentally.

In the opinion of Bias, the best form of commonwealth is "that in which the law is as much dreaded as a tyrant." But if the law be bad, it is the worst of all tyrants. With Thales the ideal is, "where neither wealth nor poverty exists among the citizens in an extreme degree." With Anacharsis, "where virtue and vice alone determine rank." With Cleobulina, it is that "where public censure is more regarded than the law;" a sentiment dramatically true to the female character, if not indeed historically true of this lady. Pittacus defines the model state to be that in which "the good, not the evil, govern." And, in fine, Chilon, where "the laws are respected much, and the orators little." The two last are, it is evident, partisan definitions, directed against the abuses of democracy. But this does not prevent their being correct, although inadequate. The opinion of Periander, who, as the host, was umpire, is, that all the maxims tend to the preference of aristocracy.

This decision is just, and the fact which it affirms seems a philosophic testimony to this form of government. For most of the opinions, it is evident, contemplated no particular governmental forms whatever; and therefore the concurrence must have been the testimony of nature. The fact of the approximate agreement may require some illustration. Thus, to prosecute it backwards, the preference of Chilon denounces democracy, which is a government by "orators," and asks for the reign of "law," which is the mark of aristocracy: an individual may rule by *will*, and a multitude by *force*,—things

which, so far from requiring, repudiate regulation; but natural law, implying gradation, is the essence of an aristocracy. The maxim of Pittacus conforms much more obviously to the verdict of Periander; the government of "the good" is aristocracy even in terms.

The feminine opinion is less pliant to the principle. It might be argued from experience of the aristocracies of history that censure is of slight force compared with chastisement and law. But these are, in the first place, not the ideal aristocracy, the scientific form in discussion with the sages; and besides, although but coarse or rudimental forms of aristocracy, they do not really bear out the argument suggested. A greater dread of censure than punishment implies two things: a class allowed to be superior, and whose censure is deferred to; a class esteemed to be inferior, to which censure might degrade. But this gradation is, again, the distinction of aristocracy. It is but those above or those below *all* degrees—the king or the *canaille*—that dread coercion more than shame; and those are the correlatives to monarchy and democracy.

The test of Thales, which excludes both extreme poverty and extreme wealth, is aristocratic, so far as it implies the moral ascendancy of those higher qualities among the powerful and the governing minds of a community which lead them to spurn the acquisition of material wealth. It may fairly be said that the express exclusion of plutocracy implies an aristocracy.

It is curious that Anacharsis alone of the company conceives the true form precisely and defines it governmentally. It is that state, said he, where all the rest is equal,—that is to say, property, and law civil and criminal,—but virtue and vice alone determine rank, that is to say, wield the helm and influence of the state. In "virtue" he included rather intellect than morals, in the manner of the ancients, who made *prudence* the mother of virtue. In fine, this definition of the Scythian philosopher furnishes the resolution of the sentiment of Solon. The sympathy in injury, or social *consensus*, can attain an organised political constitution but in this form. For here alone all classes have that which they can prize. The low and vicious have the wealth, the high and virtuous have the government. There is, therefore, no occasion for their envying one another; for when the low aspire to power, as is so common in our own day, what they really aspire to and envy, is the wealth conjoined with it; and, on the other hand, the high descend to grovel for wealth only because it procures power in the reigning confusion. There is thus a general *tiraillement* of classes, which is turned into sympathy in the

manner suggested ; for when each is in possession of the share which it desires, not merely is the obstacle of envy removed, but sympathy is positively quickened by fear of change. At the same time, the reader is requested to remember that we, with those good sages of two and a half thousand years ago, still speak of a Utopia or millennial possibility.

Thus we see that there was pith in the discussions of the *naïve* Plutarch, notwithstanding the simplicity of the form of presentation ; it is also worth remarking how dramatic is the contrast between the problems of Greek origin and the puerile ones from Egypt. The "drinking of the sea," proposed by the Ethiopian, recalls the age of the Scandinavian heroes, where the problems of action were, to eat a trough of meat, or lift a cat that curved its back into the region of the clouds.

From polity the conversation passes downwards to economy ; from society to the family ; from the state to the house. This, said *Æsop* with a jeer, is a subject of discussion which can scarcely have a meaning for *Anacharsis*, whose people have no house, but move in wagons like the sun. "Yes," replied the Scythian, "like the sun in the proper sense, because, like him, alone free, and ranging over and ruling all things. Besides, you seem to take the stones and wood for the house, which is 'to take the shell, not the animal, for the tortoise.'" We have often wondered how British archaeologists, and even those who give a Scythian origin to that race, have overlooked this exquisite defence of their great progenitor, when pressed by English writers for the tokens of their ancient splendour. When asked, where are the ruins to prove the vaunted civilisation ; why not have answered, that the querists place civilisation in stones and wood ? And, very seriously, the plea would have solidity as well as wit. There are races of men, as there are species of fish, that are crustacean, scaly, and finally naked. And as the dignity of the animal advances in inverse ratio to the massiveness and artifice of the exterior covering, until this wholly disappears in the human species, so the races of men which soonest elaborated an external shell of civilisation are by no means the highest in organisation. One might say, for example, that the Egyptians were a crustacean race. They, the Chinese, and Hindoos, had immemorially been stone-builders ; while the Scythians, though a greater nation than either, being masters of most of Asia, never built beyond a tent ; and yet the Scythians were accounted by the ancients themselves, a far higher race, even intellectually, than either of those peoples, as witness the description of them in the poem of *Nonnus*. Thus, what man is among animals, the Scythians were among races. At least, so should our antiquarians

argue, with mother wit. But to return: Anacharsis pursued his sharp reply by an *argumentum ad hominem*: "You should remember," proceeds he, "when you set such value on the external fabrics of the house, your own fable of the fox and panther: the latter prided himself on the physical embellishments of his skin, but could see nothing of the mental variations inside his rival."

The banqueters of Plutarch having discussed household matters, the conversation dwindles ultimately to personalities, that is to say, to incidents relating to individuals; and dies gracefully out in still more desultory jocularity. The same writer, it is known, is also author of a treatise not dissimilar in nature, and named the *Banquet of Problems*. But the questions are more formal, the discussions more elaborate, the compass more extended, than in the piece examined, though inferior in all these respects to its probable model, the *Questions, Tusculan and Natural*, of Cicero and Seneca; a falling-off befitting the procession of decline.

4. Accordingly, the next *Banquet*, which is that of Athenæus, is lower still in the decline, and sunk, indeed, to mere memory. Yet this is what has left it among the most important of the relics of antiquity that have been spared by time. We owe to its garrulity, citation, and anecdote, the greatest part of our information respecting ancient private life; and even the names of books and authors which have been lost elsewhere. For instance, he mentions more than 700 writers, and cites the titles, with some scraps, of 2500 works, of which almost all are lost. He also states that he had read 800 plays belonging to the school of the middle comedy alone! What a moral upon authorship, its labours and its vanities!

The *Banquet* of Athenæus is not the matter of a day, but runs through many days, as the talk does through volumes. In this it is conformable to the age and the scene. The host is a rich Roman of the days of Aurelius, when Romans thought of nothing but luxury and ease. Happy if they ever really leavened its grossness with even so much mind as Athenæus gives his Utopia. This Roman then,—fact or fiction,—gave a *carte blanche* to a number of celebrities to frequent his table. Nor is the number greater, or even quite so large, as that of the guests who attend the banquets of Xenophon, Plato, and Plutarch; for though in each of these we have mentioned but the principal, the number in the gross ranged from twenty up to thirty. Athenæus appears to have considered this too large, and compares it, in contempt, to a mess-room of soldiers; a fact which shows the contraction of the age or race from the expansive and popular disposition of the Greeks. He thinks

that half-a-dozen is about the proper number. Thus his entire list, amounting to twenty, was so distributed as to maintain a certain freshness by rotation.

These guests are not philosophers or sages, as hitherto. Like the host and the author, they are creatures of the age. There is a lawyer, who has besides a certain smattering of most things; a poet, who is also encyclopædic. There are two or three philosophers by courtesy of title. There are four grammarians, and a troop of rhetoricians. There are also three physicians, of whom one is the famous Galen; the sole guest of the whole number whose name is known to most of our readers. Such a company deserved the title, adopted by the author, of *Deipnosophists*, if we take it in the later acceptance.

They accordingly commence with *discussing* the wines at once in the literal and figurative sense. The result is a repertory of all the kinds, qualities, characteristic properties, preparatory processes, localities of growth, that had been known to the ancient world. This portion of the work of Athenæus has been abridged, no doubt to form a handbook for the *gourmands* of the Lower Empire. The abstract has, as usual, caused the loss of the original, consisting of the first two books of the work. But doubtless the facts have been all preserved; and in the case of Athenæus, the rest is of slight value.

The next topic of the *Deipnosophists* is likewise taken from the table; it consists of fruit and vegetables, which are treated with like copiousness. This portion of the work is still more valuable, because more general, than that which related to the subject of the wines. Wines are for the few, and are still more special in their culture; while the former reach the multitude, and are collectively ubiquitous. Nor is the useful information confined to horticulture; it has been of much importance to scientific botany, both for the extracts from lost writers and the history of plant-migration. The same remarks may be applied, though in a less extended sense, to the third theme discussed, the various sorts of viands, which leads the conversation to animals, their habits, haunts, qualities. For the author has inverted the order of the courses; perhaps in order to rise, with nature, from the inorganic to the zoological.

As if in consonance with this conjecture, the discourse next advances to the usages at table as known of all nations. Here was left us another treasure which could not be found elsewhere. These were matters too domestic, too minute, or too familiar, to be mentioned, save incidentally, by the surviving classic writers. Yet the first of them in every sense, the divine Homer himself, supplied in this, as in most other things,

examples, if not records. The most interesting portion of the book of Athenæus is that in which he treats of the banquets of Homer; comparing with triumphant scorn the heroic usages and manners, with those attributed to their banqueters by Xenophon and Plato. But the Creole Greek of Egypt did not comprehend the latter, or advert to their ideal purpose, which left the manners of slight account; whereas the banquets of Homer were virtual realities. The same insufficiency prevented Athenæus from giving due effect to the really striking contrasts between the two epochs. He scarcely ever goes beyond the bare statement of the facts. Thus, the heroes of Homer fought on two meals a day; the citizens of Athens required three to flaunt the streets,—which, however, was still short of our half-dozen meals, “snacks” included. Again, the guests at Homer’s banquets “touched their glasses” while still full bumpers; the Greeks of after times when drunk off nearly to the bottom. And so proceeds the dry compiler, without a single reasoning comment. He is, however, very right in his preference of Homer’s manners. And it is a curious circumstance, and fraught with deep suggestion, how little real politeness has been advanced in dignity, or even delicacy, in thirty centuries throughout the march of civilisation. It is, in fact, that the subject is a thing of slight development, a plant of early growth, a fruit of morals, not of mind.

The closing books of Athenæus, as in all the other *Banquets*, are abandoned to amatory anecdotes, and details which are sometimes scarcely more decent than the freedoms of Bacchus and Ariadne at the banquet of Xenophon.

5. From description in Xenophon, to exposition in Plato, discussion in Plutarch, tradition in Athenæus, the banquet in the next stage passes into a vehicle of satire. Here the author is the celebrated Emperor Julian, known in Christian polemics by the name of the Apostate. He was, however, also a philosopher—among emperors.

The scene of the banquet is changed from earth to heaven. Romulus, translated to this extra-mundane region (the readers of Livy are familiar with the manner), invites to dine with him the gods and his successors the Cæsars. The divinities are first seated; the monarchs enter one by one, and are commented on by Silenus, as buffoon of the feast. Such is the argument or frame of the piece; and equally slight, it must be owned, is the execution.

The first of the Cæsars who enters is of course Julius: whereupon Silenus bids Jupiter beware lest he come to dispute with him his chair and his sovereignty. The gibe is also added, that he resembles himself, that is to say Silenus, at least in the

head,—we suppose as being bald and sensual. Augustus next enters, changing colour like the chameleon; then Tiberius, who, on turning his back to take a seat, displays the scars and stripes which are the memorials of his vices and tyranny. Caligula is hustled off by Nemesis to Tartarus, without allowing Silenus the time to pass his jest. The list is thus run through to Dioclesian and Constantine, the uncle of the writer, but whom he does not spare.

It is then suggested to call in Alexander the Great. No one rises to salute him; but he takes the seat left vacant by the expelled Caligula. "There is a man, Quirinus," says Silenus to Romulus, "who outvalues the whole body of your imperial countrymen." Romulus dissents, and proposes to test it. Julius Cæsar is called forth to a contest of achievements, as champion, in this particular, of the entire line. He recounts in a long oration all his exploits and intentions, and contrasts them, with Roman arrogance, with the career of Alexander. Meanwhile the fiery Greek is all impatience and indignation; and when allowed to speak, he makes a similar survey of his own still more grandiose deeds and designs, comparing them to Cæsar's with advantage and real eloquence. For Julian was, at all events, a well-trained rhetorician.

Augustus and Trajan are then produced, successively, to vindicate their special virtues against the same model Greek: their speeches are much shorter, and not devoid of character. Aurelius advances as the sample of philosophy; and, being a Stoic to boot, is made to speak but two short sentences. The sequel of the banquet, thus converted into a court of justice, by a transformation strikingly in the spirit of Julian's age, when this tribunal was the only one remaining within the precincts of the Roman empire where public debate on any subject was admitted,—the sequel, we say, is occupied with cross-examination of the litigants on both sides by Silenus and Mercury; in which the wit and satire are very mediocre. These, however, are the specific distinctions of Julian's *Banquet*, of which the notion was derived, not from its namesakes, but from Lucian.

6. The author of the *Banquet* next in order is Michael Scot, the famous wizard of the middle ages, and a real philosopher for the time. He was the first to introduce, by translation into Latin, the philosophic works of Aristotle to the West. Rambling, like so many of his countrymen and race, from the seclusion of their remote islands to the freer range of the Continent, Michael, through his fame and learning, was invited to the court of the greatest of German emperors, the half-Italian Frederick II. It is known that the court and table of this enlightened and brilliant monarch were attended by most of

the learning and the talent of the age. It was there, perhaps, that Scot conceived the scheme of his feast, to which he gives the title of *Banquet of the Philosophers*.

Be that, however, as it may, the subject-matter of the *Banquet* is as little philosophical or ideal as possible. At best it is philosophy applied to "good living." As the materials to this end were piled up crudely by Athenæus, so Michael teaches how to use them with enjoyment and without abuse. With characteristic method he divides the work as follows. "Conversation at table," says he, "should concern either the effect of the meats and drinks we use there, or the nature and condition of the guests, or ingenious questions or positions to exercise the wit, or pleasant jests and conceits to exhilarate the company." Thus all is addressed practically to the sphere of the table, while the topics are but those of previous *Banquets* methodised.

Another specialty, no less characteristic than the system, is the treatment of the subject *ab ovo*. In order to know what meat and drink will agree with men, and why, it is requisite to be acquainted with the constituents of their bodies. Therefore Scot, as a true Celt, begins with human anatomy, much as Irish historians do with Noah, when not Adam. His account of it is based on Aristotle, though he does not name him. The only ancients at all referred to, are Pliny, Dioscorides, Galen, and later Avicenna and Averroës—we mean upon the primary article of "meats and drinks."

In no part, indeed, is Michael a man of mere authorities. He manifests already the sagacity of the thoughtful Scot. For example, his prescriptions on the subject of health are very far from being mediæval, and are not even yet appreciated. "One's own observation," says he, "of the experience of one's body as to what is good or hurtful, is the best means to preserve health; but it is safer to leave off the disagreeable than to *continue what is not yet so*. Discern the approach of age, and yield to it; nor think that you may do with impunity as formerly. Beware of sudden changes in point of diet and general regimen." These three rules, in fact, contain the best part of the *ars medendi*.

The other portions of the *Banquet* of Scot are very poor. The "wit" and "wise sayings" are, besides, but compilation. Among them are cited the following doggrel lines, which are curious as showing how early the notions still prevailing on some national characteristics had been formed in Europe. They are placed in the department of questions to be solved.

"Tres sunt convivæ, Germanus, Flander, et Anglus :
Dic quis edat melius, quis meliusve bibat ?
Non comedis, Germane, bibis tu ; non bibes, Angle,
Sed comedis ; comedis, Flandre, bibisque bene."

It is remarkable that the Englishman is made not prone to drink: the meaning is, however, in comparison with eating. We find the thing translated in the following quaint fashion:

“Three feasts there are, you hardly can match such,
Between the English, Germans, and the Dutch:
Now of these three, which are they of the rest
That eat and drink, or drink and eat, the best?
Thou, German, for thy drink claim thou thy share;
Thou, English, for thy trencher take thou care;
Thou, Dutchman, out of both take thou thy share.”

7. We come at last to the *Banquet* of the immortal Dante, who placed the Scot aforesaid, for his witchcraft, in purgatory. Equally naïve is the occasion of the *Convito*. Reduced by his condition of exile and indigence to wander for bread among the petty courts of Italy, in his own touching words, wheresoever his tongue was spoken, Dante felt himself becoming the contempt of the vulgar, with whom the miseries of the man effaced the merits of the poet. He determined, then, to write a treatise for the purpose of convincing the world at large, and the vulgar inclusive, that there was something solid in the author of the *Divine Comedy*. The basis was as curiously simple as the purpose. It is no other than some sonnets which he wrote in better days to Beatrice, the “lady” of his muse as well as heart. On these he makes a *commentary*, in the manner of the times, for want of power or information to evolve a framework of circumstances intrinsically adapted to his subject. But the sublime structure which he raises on this flimsy groundwork is no other than the cyclopædia of mediæval philosophy, and even a dim foreshadowing of our actual and future sciences.

He proceeds by way of a half-mystic interpretation of the letter of his *canzones*, which were composed, he says, allegorically. There is reason, however, to conjecture this an afterthought. This, in fact, is the true origin of all such exegesis. We would not except the simple case of *Æsop's Fables*, of which the real origin had doubtless been literal, the fabulist being merely the compiler and adorning, much like Ovid in relation to the kindred but longer *Metamorphoses*. Moreover Dante betrays, in particular, his original unconsciousness by certain of the principles with which he guards his position. For instance, he says truly, and even profoundly, that all things have an *inside* as well as an *outside*, and that the former can be reached but through the medium of the latter (*Il Convito*, c. i.). But having the inside from nature, what need of giving one by art? or at least, what need of justifying the one by the other? Again, among the author's scholastic *prolegomena*, he lays down two rules of politeness for the banquet: one is, that the guests do

not talk about themselves; the other, that the topics be not scrutinised exhaustively. The author had some reason for the latter deprecation; for the practice is as injurious to criticism as to digestion. As to the other rule, he is himself the sole speaker; and his programme, as explained, compels him constantly to infringe it.

In fact, Dante is at the expense of both the banquet and conversation. The former he opens to all the wide world, especially the poor, who are excluded from physical banquets; an extension which denoted the exhaustion of the artifice, and also the catholicity, of the Romano-Italian spirit. The viands which he furnishes are "virtue and knowledge." Alas, the hungry multitude alluded to would stare vacantly on the proposal to feed them upon a table of this description! The service will consist, says he, of fourteen courses, corresponding with the number of *canzones* to Beatrice.

In those compositions the poet alluded variously to the "nine heavens" of the Ptolemaic astronomy and of the Christian theology, which it may not be amiss to name to readers of the present day. They are, then, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Starry Sphere, and the Empyrean. Well, with Dante, in his love-poems, these, he says, were mere symbols; and that what he really meant was the "nine sciences" that form all knowledge. These, in turn, are the Trivium and the Quadrivium, which compose seven: namely, under the former, grammar, dialectic, and rhetoric; under the other, or quadrivium, arithmetic, music, geometry, and astronomy; the two remaining terms are physics and metaphysics. Now to exhibit the analogy between these "sciences" and the nine "heavens," upon which the poet founded, as he pretends, his allegory, is the burden of the *Banquet* through as many laboured chapters. A running indication of the process will be sufficient; nor is it meant to satisfy any thing more grave than curiosity, or to prompt the rather melancholy truth, how much the greatest genius is a creature of its age and race.

The moon, then, being of a rarity in some of its parts which disables them from reflecting the light of the sun, is like grammar, which is also of that loose and changing texture that unfits it to render back the light of solid reason. Mercury, the smallest of the planetary "heavens," and that which is the most immersed in the sun's rays, resembles dialectic, which likewise is the smallest, most subtle, and sophistical, or misty, of the "sciences." The heaven of Venus is the symbol of rhetoric in its benignant radiance and double daily apparition,—the morning in speaking, the evening in print. The heaven of the sun is the analogue of arithmetic, which, like him, sheds its light

upon all the other sciences, while it is itself inscrutable by the eye of the intelligence. The analogy of the heaven of Mars to music is scarce less curious. This planet, being the *fifth* in the series of the nine heavens, retains the middle place, computing either up or downwards, and in all the four stages,—triad, pentad, septad, novad,—thus presenting the most fundamental principle of harmony: it is moreover ruddy, and attracts clouds and vapours, just as music through the passions fires the blood and clouds the brain. Jupiter is clear, white, regular, unchanging; and such is also the completeness and the purity from all error of the knowledge that results from geometrical demonstration. The heaven of Saturn is slow in movement and supreme in point of position; it therefore typifies astronomy (or, in contemporary phrase, astrology), which is slow both in its facts and in the time required to know it, and high both in its subject and the measure of its certitude. As to the heaven of the fixed stars, it is the type of physics, which like it are a chaos of isolated facts or objects. And, in fine, the fiery æther of the empyrean beyond, in its impalpability, was meant by Dante for metaphysics.

It would be curious to examine if these interesting reveries did not involve an allegory far more serious than they are themselves. But this is not the time nor the place.

ART. VI.—THE APOSTOLIC AGE.

Geschichte des Apostolischen Zeitalters bis zur Zerstörung Jerusalems. Von Heinrich Ewald. Göttingen, 1858. (*History of the Apostolic Age till the Destruction of Jerusalem*: being the Sixth Volume of his *History of the People of Israel*.)

Acta Apostolorum ab Sancto Luca conscripta ad codicis Cantabrigien-sis omnium præstantissimi reliquorumque monumentorum fidem ita recensuit et interpretatus est F. A. Bornemann, ut nunc demum divini libri primordia eluceant. Grossenhainæ et Londini, 1848.

WHILE tidings of war are actually ringing in our ears, and all minds are agitated with intense anxiety about the present state of Europe, to attempt to carry back the interest of our readers to so remote, and apparently so disconnected, a period as the age of the Apostles, might seem little better than an anachronism. Every thing that can be said about it may be supposed to have been said long ago. Between the aims and efforts of that distant time and those which are now dividing the world into hostile

sections, most men probably imagine that not the slightest thread of connection can be traced. But it is rarely, if ever, true that any period of history receives at once its complete and exhaustive interpretation, or that the further it recedes from us into the past, the less significant and instructive it becomes. On the contrary, it is often rendered increasingly intelligible by distance. The wide survey afforded by the loftier position of the present enables us to discern more clearly its place and bearing in the general system, and to follow with the eye from age to age innumerable ramifications of moral influence which were wholly invisible to contemporaneous or immediately subsequent generations. Questions were raised and aspirations excited in the human breast by the preaching of those simple Jewish missionaries, which have not yet been answered and satisfied. Men of all classes were awakened by it to a deeper sense of the native worth and indefeasible rights of all human souls. Nor is it too much to affirm, that this consciousness, nursed by the spirit which broke out from the infinite depths in that great crisis of human history, is the latent force, the real motive power, at work, under various names and pretexts, in the midst of the upheavings by which at this moment the surface of society is so violently convulsed.

The record of the Apostolic Age is almost more important for an adequate appreciation of Christianity than that of Christ himself. If Christ's personal influence may be compared to the vital principle, the agency of the Apostles was the organism into which it flowed and through which it worked,—that which gave it form and operation, and while in some degree it modified, at the same time tested its quality. The sources of the apostolic history, as we have them in the writings of Paul, are the most ancient, direct, and authentic that we now possess; anterior probably by several years to the oldest of our Gospels in its present form, and giving us access to the feelings under the influence of which the evangelical narrations were composed. Christ's own life dropped like a seed from heaven into the heart of Palestinian Judaism; its presence and working there were something transient and mysterious; it grew up and was finally extinguished under adverse influences; and the results which it promised seemed to have passed away and perished for ever. In the apostolic age new channels were opened for the diffusion of its confined and renovated energy, through which it spread into heathenism, and impregnated the old world with the elements of a higher civilisation.

We have always thought it a great mistake to treat Christianity so entirely as an isolated event, a fact altogether *sui generis*, in the course of human affairs. Its history gains in meaning and value, not by insulation from the general history of the

world, but by multiplying as widely as possible its affinities and sympathies with the great interests and marked tendencies of our race, and bringing distinctly into view the coincidence of its specific principles with the wider laws which govern the destinies of mankind. The distinguished author of the work which we have placed at the head of this article is led, by the way in which he is conducted to his subject, to take a broader view of it than is often the case. Regarding the entire history of the Hebrew people as a part of the great providential plan for the moral development of the world, he looks on the life of Christ and the apostolic age as necessary links in the chain, which consummate its final result, and deposit it as a new element of vitality and growth in the bosom of the general civilisation of the earth. The history of Israel is his proper work, which finds its legitimate termination in the expansion of Judaism into Christianity as a religion for the world, and the accompanying extinction of the old Jewish nationality. The present volume, with an ensuing one which he shortly promises, will complete this great undertaking, executed, with rare learning and a profoundly religious spirit, by the first Orientalist of the day. To receive a work of this extent on such a subject and from such hands, is one of the felicities of our time, on which we may reasonably congratulate ourselves. But there are some drawbacks to the satisfaction which we should naturally experience on accepting such a boon. The excellences and the defects of Ewald's peculiar and highly-gifted mind are strongly brought out in the present volume. Every where we recognise the fervour and earnestness of his spirit and its elevated moral tone, the vast extent and minute exactness of his philological attainments, the depth and richness of his critical resources, the readiness and fertility of his combinations, and his comprehensive grasp at once in its broadest features and smallest details of the national life of Judaism. But the arrogance and self-sufficiency so conspicuous in his earlier works have undergone no abatement with time. He writes still as if he were the first who had caught the true meaning of this history, acknowledging no services from the scholars of a former generation, and admitting no coöperation from the present. The only modern authority he quotes is himself; and very frequently for some positive and unqualified statement of which the reasons are by no means obvious, the reader is either referred to evidence which is to be adduced hereafter, or thrown back to some former passage of his writings, where a further reference is encountered. His style is more rugged, involved, and obscure than ever; constantly, indeed, so difficult to interpret, that we feel persuaded it must stand seriously in the way of the general and permanent influence of his historical works. They will become a quarry of costly

material, which clearer and more attractive writers will shape and polish for popular use. But he is open to more serious charges than these. Unfairness to others prevents him from always doing justice to himself. He would rather go wrong in his own track than walk in any footsteps already imprinted on the field of his labours. It is evident, we think, that his criticism of one of the main sources of his history, as furnished by the book of Acts, is not so thorough and satisfactory as it ought to have been, from his unwillingness to accept any result from the researches of the Tübingen school. The consequence is, that his criticism of his sources and his use of them are not perfectly consistent with each other. He uses them with more freedom than a strict inference from his criticism would justify. If this book, as we now have it, be, as Ewald contends, a report of events at first hand, through a great part of its narrative, from one who was a companion of Paul, and must have heard many particulars from his own lips, we are not at liberty, with any retention of belief in the author's trustworthiness, to deviate so widely from the letter of his statements as Ewald has constantly done. If, on the other hand, we suppose that several things are here related, not as they actually occurred, but as they were conceived by those who reflected on them the feelings of a later day (and many of Ewald's interpretations are intelligible on no other supposition), then we must admit that materials coming originally from Luke and others, passed into the hands of a later compiler, who arranged, and combined, and interpreted them under the strong influence of the predominant feelings of their own time. We do not here decide which of these views of the origin and composition of the book of Acts in its present form best explains and harmonises all the facts of the case; but we say that our treatment of the narrative must differ according as we adopt the one or the other of them, and that Ewald's criticism seems to us to condemn his interpretation. Were he, indeed, ever so firmly convinced that Baur and his disciples are all wrong on this subject; that there is no trace in Acts of conciliatory tendencies, which did not prevail in the church till after the death of Luke; that there are no serious discrepancies between the history as here given and the letters of Paul; and that the testimonies to its early reception among the Christians are sufficiently clear and full to justify Ewald in assigning its date, where he places it, a few years after the destruction of Jerusalem,*—yet the learning and acuteness of these researches, the admitted difficulties which they attempt to solve, and the desire of truth by which they have been so evidently prompted, should have withheld him from the signal discourtesy of designating them "great perversities and fatally

* p. 29.

mischievous efforts,"* and disposed him to find in views the most opposed to his own, based on so much knowledge, and asserted with so much ability, some contributing elements of a common truth. Happily, in this country we are not obliged to range ourselves exclusively with any of the German schools, but are free to receive instruction from them all, and to accept any fragment of truth from whatever quarter it may come. Another conspicuous defect in this volume is the vague and indistinct manner in which the author deals with the miraculous portions of the history. It is quite evident that he does not accept the supernatural in any orthodox sense, as usually understood. He does not believe in any direct exertion of divine power suspending or modifying the operation of laws already in existence, but refers all cases of apparent miracle to the intenser action of powers previously latent in the human system, under some indistinct feeling, which he never attempts to explain, that the influence of spirit may be indefinitely extended over matter. But he is nowhere explicit on this subject. He seems to shrink from saying all that he feels. On approaching the miraculous, his language forthwith becomes hazy and mysterious. His critical principles having compelled him to assume in the main the literal fidelity of the narrative, he is constantly driven to the old rationalistic explanations, and has an unfailing resource, when nothing else will serve, in unexpected coincidence. The result is a most unsatisfactory compromise between opposite demands of his own mind. He must respect the text, and yet cannot admit the literal miracle. It is often impossible to see how he himself conceives the actual event.† This effort to satisfy inconsistent conditions exercises an unhappy influence on his style. It has no life, no picturesqueness, no impress of reality. The critic never passes into the historian. In his rendering of the narrative in Acts we miss the freshness and simplicity of the original, and are perpetually reminded of the heavy platitude of Neander's style. His poetic faculty, the presence of which it is impossible not to feel in many parts of his writings, seems incapable of taking an epic or dramatic form; it is essentially lyrical; and we are inclined to believe that his version of the old Hebrew prophets, whose spirit, and even whose language, stern, rugged, and imperious, has so much affinity with his own, will be permanently regarded as the most successful of his works.

As in the physical, so also in the moral and spiritual history of our planet, there are certain crises of organic develop-

* p. 29, note 2: "Grosse Verkehrtheiten und grundschildliche Bestrebungen."

† He calls the story of Ananias and Sapphira "a narrative whose historical character only folly can doubt" (p. 177 note); but it is evident that he does not admit its properly miraculous character.

ment when new powers come into operation, and new forms of life unfold themselves. The appearance of Jesus Christ marks one of these spiritual crises—the greatest which the world has yet seen. From the depths of the Infinite Love a new spirit of life went forth through him, which gave a fresh impulse to humanity, and quickened springs of aspiration and endeavour whose very existence was scarce suspected under the carnal worship and the sensuous culture which then covered the earth. The world was in some degree prepared for its advent by the perceptible dying out of the vital energies of the old civilisation, and a dim apprehension haunting the public mind that some great change was inevitable and must be at hand. But that new spirit passed into a social system wrought of very dissimilar materials and seething with all the elements of internal excitement. It was the necessary condition of its deeply penetrating this heterogeneous mass, that it should issue into actual life and visibly manifest itself in forms corresponding to the various types of thought and states of social existence on which it had to act. Before the ministry of Christ, the heads of the Jewish nation seem to have been aware of the increasing importance of their relations with heathenism, and, according to Ewald, sent out emissaries to their dispersed communities all over the world (*τὴν διασποράν*) to promote the work of conversion in connection with them. Such emissaries were the prototype of the Christian apostles.* Certain it is, that at the time of the first preaching of the gospel, the number of devout gentiles or converts to the Mosaic theology was very great,—far greater probably than is usually supposed,—in all the chief centres of Græco-Roman civilisation where Jews were congregated. But the religion came forth in Palestine, and as a necessary consequence addressed itself in the first instance to Palestinian wants, and shaped its utterances after Palestinian modes of thought.

The function of a prophet involves conditions that would seem in themselves incompatible. He has to utter thoughts, borne in on him from the Divine Mind, that transcend in their greatness the ordinary thought of man; and yet to utter them so, that every docile and earnest mind may apprehend as much of them as its mental capacity can assimilate and convert into spiritual nourishment. To do this, the prophet's *form of thought* must not be too far above the intellectual level of his contemporaries. All religious reformers who have left a deep impression on their age,—Bernard, Luther, Wesley,—availed themselves to a large extent of beliefs and persuasions which they

* Ewald, p. 369, who refers to Matt. xxiii. 15, and Joseph. Archæol. xx. ii. 4. He has, however, been anticipated in this idea by Mosheim, *De Rebus Christianorum*, sec. prim. § vi. (*).

found already current. These furnished a vehicle for the infusion of a new life, which might in time become strong enough to absorb or transform the very idea that introduced it. The divine wisdom of Christ himself could not evade the inevitable conditions of all clear and effective utterance. He must speak so as to be understood by the Jewish mind of his own age. His discourses and parables, as given in the first three Gospels, are essentially Judaic in their form. Not coldly elaborated at the desk, but called forth at the moment by the endless demands and opportunities of the popular life of Palestine, they bear on them to this day the vivid impress of reality. Looking to their form alone, they are just what we should expect a Jew of that age and country to have said to Jews. It is not till we have penetrated beneath these mere forms of Jewish belief, which encrust, as it were, the surface of his teachings, that we come to the deeper thoughts, the great universal truths, which underlie them, and which glow through them with all the fervour and intensity of their divine original. Moreover, it is not so much in what Christ said as in what he lived, that we find the real source of his religion. Occasional words and insulated acts may have been shaped by the exigencies of that particular age; but the spirit from which they flowed, and the personality which they express, belong to all time. Like all minds which deal with the deepest and most universal truths, his words were variously interpreted and often misunderstood. They were oracles of which all could not divine the inward sense. Those who were first drawn to him were simple and honest men, deeply feeling their moral wants, and becoming under his influence reformed and converted Jews; going further, indeed, than the baptism of John carried them, but still looking for a kingdom of heaven only as it was understood and expected by Jews. They clung to the obvious and practical surface of his doctrine, for at present they were incapable of penetrating further. To a few, in their more awakened moods, some rays of purer light came forth from the deep heart of his instructions, which gave them brief glimpses of a broader and a nobler truth. But time was required, and the slow teaching of experience, to bring out the full weight of his teaching and the entire significance of his character, and to show men who had to work their way through a mass of prejudice to the truth, what a true Messiah must be. It is not surprising, therefore, that out of a spiritual life so rich, and deep, and full as that of Christ, with such endless bearings on the moral condition of the world, different elements should have found their way to a congenial soil prepared for them in a different order of minds, and have brought forth a corresponding type of belief and character; and that as the highest develop-

ments come last, we should meet in the first generation of believers with the narrowest and most Judaic form of Christianity; and that not till we come to the age of Paul and John should the full glory of Gospel freedom and spirituality break out on us.

In the oldest church which was gathered at Jerusalem we observe little more than a reformed Judaism, falling far below the expectations that might naturally have been formed from the actual teaching of Jesus himself. How this could be requires some explanation. It may be accounted for in part by the transference of the centre of the new movement from the shores of the Sea of Tiberias to Jerusalem. In Galilee, traversed by lines of active traffic, and connected by innumerable ties of beneficial intercourse with Phœnicia, Syria, and the remoter Babylonia, there was not the same general antipathy to heathens as further south, and Christ breathed a freer air than in the sacerdotal metropolis of his nation. In Galilee great multitudes followed him wherever he went, and it was a train of devoted Galilean adherents who accompanied him to the last Passover. In Jerusalem he was brought more directly into collision with the priesthood. From considerations partly religious and partly political, in which there was probably a mixture of sincerity and selfishness, they resolved to crush this nascent innovation, of which they dreaded the possible effect on their delicate relations with Rome. By working on the fanatical passions that are ever latent in a population attached to the seat of some time-honoured worship, they induced the city mob to clamour for the death of the Galilean sectary.* His execution by the hands of Gentiles struck terror into his followers. They found themselves left alone, every hope that they had fondly cherished dashed to the ground; an insulated few, cowed and unprotected in the presence of implacable enemies. All accounts, heathen and Christian, agree that the consequence of this was a temporary lull and suspension of the movement.† But it had taken too strong a hold of the deepest feelings of human nature to be annihilated for ever by momentary discomfiture. Hope and trust gradually revived. Mysterious words that had dropped from Christ, and passed unheeded through their ears, seemed now to rise into new significance, and gave another aspect to the faith in which they had lived. A persuasion had got intense possession of their minds that their Master had risen from the dead, and was spiritually present among them still; and with this they associated a fervent belief that he would shortly reappear from heaven, to establish in visible power and glory the kingdom for which they looked. At the ensuing festival of Pentecost, associated in the popular tradition

* This is evident from the words of Mark, ἀνέστησαν τὸν ὕχλον, xv. 11.

† "Repressaque in presens rursus erumpebat." Tacit. Annal. xv. 44.

with the delivery of their Law from Sinai, these expectations had come to a head, and broke forth in an outburst of rapturous enthusiasm, which may be described as the second birth of the religion. Trust in a glorified and heavenly Christ became now the central thought of the Christian mind, growing out of, blending with, and in part superseding the cherished remembrances of his visible presence and earthly ministry. In Ewald's view (p. 125), the interval between the Passover and Pentecost was the birth-time of the new church, in which the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Descent of the Spirit, followed each other as closely-connected links in the process of development.

The circumstances under which it arose, the influences which most powerfully and constantly acted upon it, and the accessions by which it was gradually enlarged, impressed inevitably a strict Judaic character on the infant church at Jerusalem. Its members went back, under the reaction of disappointment and consternation, to their old Jewish prepossessions, and shrank from any assertion of the universalism which was at times so unmistakeable and significant in the words of Christ himself. Its form of faith is vividly represented in the Apocalypse, and is substantially the same which at a later period, when it had acquired a taint of heresy, was designated Chiliasm. The church had found sympathy in quarters where it had been at first opposed. We perceive a change in its social relations on passing from the Gospels to the book of Acts. In the former the Pharisees are the captious and insidious waylayers of Christ's public teachings; in the latter we find that the Sadducees have become the open persecutors of the church, while the same authority informs us that there was an influential Pharisaic party attached to it, and that a great multitude of the priests had become "obedient to the faith."* These adhesions strengthened the church, but kept it more rigidly Jewish in its spirit and working. In this stage of its growth, Christianity was only another form of Judaism, differing from the prevalent Messianic expectation in the simple belief that he who was to introduce the kingdom of God had already appeared, had died and gone to heaven, and would shortly appear again. It is observable, that this first Christian church clung to the Temple as the centre of its hopes—as the consecrated spot where it awaited the descent of the Lord from heaven. There is no evidence of any heathens being admitted into it: all its members were zealous adherents to the old law. The apostles appear to have observed the appointed hours of public prayer,† spending their mornings in the courts of the Temple, and assembling in the evening at each other's houses

* Acts xv. 5, xxiii. 6, 7, vi. 7 (πολλοὶ ὄχλος τῶν ἱερέων).

† Acts iii. 1.

for more private devotion and participation in a common meal.* Living in the constant belief that the end of all things was at hand, they were without the ordinary motives to increase or keep to themselves their worldly possessions; and this feeling, as Ewald has well remarked (pp. 139-141), far more than any imitation of Essenian usage, probably impelled them to throw their property into a common stock, and to establish a kind of religious socialism, which must have contributed to reinforce their numbers from the humbler classes of society. Even these extreme practices, the natural growth of a rapid crisis of spiritual transition, served to call out and strengthen the great Christian principle of brotherly love and self-sacrifice. The common meal† was only one of the natural results, as Ewald observes, of a community of goods. The proper Eucharist, which was a religious act, as yet formed a part of it, and was celebrated every day; though Ewald thinks that in some of the Pauline epistles we can already discern traces of its separation from the meal. In time the Eucharist was confined to the Sunday, the Lord's Day, with which the first Christians associated the expectation of their Lord's descent from heaven. Baptism, which had been retained from the initiatory ministry of John, and was still the recognised form of admission into the Christian community, had acquired a new spiritual meaning from association with the death of Christ, which raised the thoughts of believers from the present to an invisible world. Nor was the work of conversion deemed complete till baptism had been followed by the gifts of the Spirit. Possession of the spirit of Christ was now regarded as the essential thing. The kinsmen of Jesus, whatever might be the degree of their relationship (Mark, vi. 3, mentions four of them, James, Joses, Simon, and Jude), who had kept aloof from Jesus during his personal ministry, now joined the church,‡ which formed a sort of Galilean synagogue in Jerusalem. How this community was supported, so far from the native home of most of its members, is not explained. But there were persons of substance, like the sons of Zebedee, among the earliest converts; and they were doubtless assisted by persons of rank and wealth, who had joined them, openly or secretly, after the transference of the seat of action to Jerusalem. Such were Nicodemus, and Joseph of Arimathea. Their wants were few, and the freest hospitality was exercised among them. So long as the spirit of mutual trust and fervid enthusiasm subsists, there has never been found any difficulty in maintaining such communities. Even rich men, as was seen among the St. Simonians in France, are drawn into the vortex of attraction, and cheerfully throw their property

* Acts ii. 46, v. 42.

† Acts i. 14.

‡ Ἀγάπη. "Cibus promiscuus," Plin. x. 97.

into the common stock. Of this synagogue the apostles were the elders. The term 'apostle' was not restricted in the first instance, there is reason to believe, to the twelve who ultimately appropriated it as having been selected by Christ himself. Ewald divides the apostles into two classes—the apostles of Christ, and the apostles of the churches, *i.e.* those who had not, as necessary to constitute them apostles, seen the Lord.* The first class he again subdivides into those who had seen Christ during his earthly ministry, and those who had seen him after his resurrection. Of some, who are called apostles, he thinks it doubtful whether they belonged to the first or to the second of these subdivisions. All the earliest apostles, among whom he includes the seventy who were sent out by Jesus in the latter part of his ministry (Luke x. 1.), and who were afterwards designated *μαθηταί*, he supposes to have been Galileans, who accompanied their master to Jerusalem at the last Passover. Such, according to all existing indications preserved in Acts or furnished by ecclesiastical tradition, was the constitution of the primitive Christian church in Jerusalem. Had it continued in this form, it would, in all probability, have been finally reabsorbed into the old religion, or might have perished with other sectarian phenomena, the transitory products of that period of social effervescence, in the great breaking-up and dispersion of the Jewish nation.

But there were elements silently at work in the heart of this little society which ensured it a longer existence, and breaking out at length into more decided action, infused the new religious life into the contiguous heathenism. The Hellenists, or Jews born in Græco-Roman cities and using the Greek language, liberalised by constant and friendly intercourse with heathens, were precisely the class on which we might expect the comprehensive humanity of Christ's doctrine to produce the readiest effect; and we find, in point of fact, that the Hellenists, with the devout Gentiles who in many places so largely attended the synagogue worship, did form the transition-class between the Jews and the heathens. Of these Hellenists numbers seem to have been resident in the time of Christ at Jerusalem, and to have had synagogues of their own, where probably the Septuagint version was read in the public service instead of the Hebrew Scriptures. Some of them had joined the Christian community; and the first circumstance which broke the Judaic shell of the primitive church, and scattered its seed into distant regions, was internal dissension between its Hellenistic and its Palestinian members. All the particulars of the case

* Ewald, pp. 153, 159. He refers to 2 Cor. viii. 23, and Philip. ii. 25, among other proofs of his assertion.

are not very distinctly given in Acts, and we differ in some points from Ewald's interpretation of them. It is evident that the Hellenists complained of national preferences, as interfering with the fair administration of the common fund; and that to prevent such abuses, the apostles recommended the appointment of a board to manage the financial affairs of the society. Seven was a sacred number among the Jews, and seven men (*septem viri*) were appointed to this office. It does not very clearly appear from the narrative, whether these seven were the representatives of the Hellenists only or of the whole society. Seven continued the legitimate number of the deacons in the subsequent ages of the church; and this may seem to favour the latter supposition. Ewald, too, maintains that besides Nicolas of Antioch, who is mentioned as a proselyte, only one or two of the whole seven were Hellenists. On the other hand, it is remarkable that all the names are Greek, forming, in this respect, a marked contrast with those of the twelve apostles. It is also to be noticed, that of these seven the only two whose names occur again in the history, Stephen and Philip, are spoken of in connection with a movement which was preëminently Hellenistic.* It is most probable, that a collision of tendencies—a liberal one represented by the Hellenists, and a narrower and more Judaic one among the Hebrews—had already sprung up in the church, and that this was the real ground of the aversions and jealousies which affected the harmony of their social relations. It may seem at first view inconsistent with this idea, that the parties whom we find most vehemently opposing the liberal doctrines of Stephen should be Hellenists from Cyrene and Alexandria, Cilicia and proconsular Asia, regions at that time extensively inhabited by wealthy and cultivated Jews, who must have lived in habits of close intimacy with heathens. But we learn from the well-known story of Izates and his mother (Joseph. Archæol. xx. ii.), which Ewald has narrated at length (pp. 518-525), that there were already two opinions among the Jews as to the extent of conformity that should be demanded of a convert to their religion. There was a liberal party, who thought nothing essential but the adoption of their theology, and a corresponding worship and practice; there were bigots who would be satisfied with nothing less than a submission to their whole ceremonial law. These two parties existed among the Hellenists as well as among the Palestinian Jews; though the former, from their constant intercourse with heathens, were the most inclined to liberal views. The educated Jews of this time were largely imbued with the Roman notions of toleration. They respected all ancient and national religions, but could

* Acts vi. 8, 9, viii. 5-13, xi. 19-21.

endure no innovations. They enjoyed comfort and protection under the Roman government; they were proud of the consideration accorded them, as the professors of a *religio licita*; and having sufficient enlightenment to become indifferent, with enough of old prejudice to bind them by outward reverence to the religion of their fathers, they were peculiarly exasperated with every one who should venture to disturb the quiet of the existing state of things. Such were the men who opposed the liberalism of Stephen. They belonged to the same class that afterwards charged Paul with having "turned the world upside down." None are so bitter against the sincere and earnest as those who entertain in secret the very same views, but cannot endure that their ease and their respectability should be compromised by any attempt to reduce their principles to practice. The same spirit which afterwards broke out more decidedly in Paul, already exhibited its incipient working in Stephen. He was moved to speak and act as he did from a clear foresight that the Mosaic religion must be superseded by a more comprehensive and spiritual faith, which a large portion of the world was already prepared to receive. From this freer movement, so far as we can gather the facts of the case from the book of Acts, the original apostles kept aloof, if they were not in the first instance opposed to it. While those who had been associated with Stephen were scattered abroad by the persecution that arose on his death through Samaria and Judæa, and afterwards as far north as Phœnicia, Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching first to Jews only, and then to the Gentiles,* the apostles were allowed to remain undisturbed in Jerusalem.† When Philip, one of the seven whom this movement immediately affected, went out and preached the Gospel through Samaria and along the coast, it is curious to observe how Peter and John were sent by the apostles at Jerusalem to go over the same ground, tracking the footsteps of Philip wherever he had been. The writer does not, indeed, imply that this arose from suspicion or jealousy, or that there was any thing antagonistic in the two movements; for his object is evidently conciliatory, and he merely speaks of the two apostles as completing by the gifts of the Spirit the work which Philip had commenced with simple baptism. It is noticeable, however, that Peter's change of view with regard to the admissibility of the heathen, is subsequent to the outbreak of the Stephanic persecution and the mission of Philip; and there is a singular correspondence indicated in

* Acts xi. 19, 20. The best authorities read "Ελληνας, v. 20, for "Ελληνιστάς. Those who preached to the Gentiles are described as Hellenists from Cyprus and Cyrene.

† Acts viii. 1. They are specially excepted: πλην τῶν ἀποστόλων.

chapters viii. ix. and x. between the facts of Peter's missionary journey and the previous one of Philip.

With the general statement that Philip cast out evil spirits and healed diseases in Samaria, and that "there was great joy in that city," we may compare the particular facts recorded of Peter, that he restored the palsied Æneas at Lydda, and revived Tabitha at Joppa. Contact with a prevalent form of heathen superstition is brought out in both their histories. The goete Simon, induced to believe by the miracles and signs which he beheld, is baptised by Philip, but is refused the gifts of the Spirit by Peter because he offered to obtain them by money. Philip baptises the Ethiopian eunuch, and thus prepares a way for Christianity into southern lands; Peter soon after, with an admission of the new light that had broken on his mind, baptises the devout Cornelius and all his house, and so opens the door into the Roman world. Whatever be the correct apprehension of these statements, the writer has evidently intended to mark by them a new development of the church. Ewald's interpretation seems to us far-fetched and unsatisfactory. He thinks the socialist principle implied in the "common fund" occasioned much uneasiness to the rulers of the nation, as of pernicious example and threatening the old system of things; and that the deacons were persecuted and driven out of the city, not because they shared the free views of Stephen, but because they were administrators of this "common fund." James the Just, called the brother of Jesus Christ, and now at the head of the church in Jerusalem, agreed to break up the "common fund," and on this condition was tolerated by the priesthood. This change in the original constitution of the church, according to Ewald, removed the apprehensions of the Sanhedrim, and blunted the edge of persecution; and it is from this time that he dates the rise of a new spirit in the church of Jerusalem, represented by James. For Ewald's peculiar view of this period of the apostolic history we find no evidence in any extant authority, nor does he cite any; it rests altogether on the gratuitous assertion of its author. From its contrariety to the strongest tendencies of human society, we must suppose that the community of goods which was adopted by the earliest Christian church, was in time either wholly abandoned or greatly modified; but the ascetic character which is ascribed by the testimony of antiquity to James the Just (Hegesippus, ap. Euseb. H. E. ii. 23) seems to render him a very unlikely person to introduce such a change.* As far as can be gathered from all accessible records,

* When Christianity passed into quieter times, and adapted itself to the ordinary course of human affairs, its expounders were often perplexed with the unqualified denunciation of riches contained in its primitive documents. Among

the church of Jewish Christians at Jerusalem retained, through its whole line of fifteen bishops, essentially the same character as it possessed from the commencement of the apostolic age.* When it was superseded by a society of Gentile Christians, after the founding of *Ælia Capitolina* by Hadrian, it lost its ancient preëminence, and sank into the class of heretics. Two elements had nourished this Judaic Christianity, Essenism and Pharisaism. From the former it is not improbable that the Ebionitish section of the Jewish Christians proceeded, from the latter the Nazarenes. They appear to have been a simple and quiet people, keeping altogether aloof from political agitation. This was the reason why they withdrew, on the breaking out of the Jewish war, from Jerusalem to Pella, on the other side of the Jordan. Nor do they appear to have taken any part in the insurrection under Bar-Cochba, A.D. 130; though they shared in the ruin which its disastrous issue brought on Jerusalem. In fact, they were equally persecuted by the Jews and the Gentiles.

While such were the tendencies of Palestinian Judaism, as manifested in the earliest Christian church, influences of another kind had been long acting on Jewish thought in the great centres of Greek culture and intelligence, which penetrated by degrees into the cycle of Christian doctrine, and developed some of its most characteristic features. We have noticed the action of the Jewish Scriptures and teachings on the religious ideas of the heathens, and the number of devout Gentiles who attended the synagogue worship. But there was action and reaction in this case. The influence was not all on one side. Educated Jews cultivated Greek learning, and, inevitably affected by the philosophical liberalism of the day, softened down the rigidity of their old national faith, and were anxious to show the accordance of the Mosaic theology with the highest doctrines of the Greek schools. There are visible traces of this tendency in Josephus. In many passages of his *Archæology* he *gracises* as far as he can the beliefs and traditions of his ancestors. Wherever there was much intercourse between educated Jews and Gentiles, this process of mutual approximation was going on. In Antioch, in Tarsus, in Ephesus, in other cities where there was a large settlement of Hellenistic Jews, it must have been proceeding rapidly, as one of the most influential conditions of future social change. None of the literary products of this

the writings ascribed to Clement of Alexandria, and usually inserted among his works, is a small treatise on the "Salvability of Rich Men," which curiously illustrates this embarrassment, and shows the change of feeling which was beginning to take place at the opening of the third century.

* Eusebius (H. E. iv. 5) gives the names of these fifteen bishops from James to Jude. *Οἱ πάππες*, he says, *ἐκ περιουμῆς*. Their names are mostly Jewish.

fusion of ideas, anterior to the Christian age, if any such existed, have come down to us from these Asiatic cities. But it was otherwise in Alexandria, the great link of Eastern and Western civilisation. The Ptolemies favoured the Jews, and desired to enrich their library with the monuments of Jewish legislation and literature. Some centuries before the birth of Christ, Judaism in this city was subjected to Greek influences, and acquired a Greek form. Here were produced the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, some of the best treatises of the Apocrypha, perhaps the earliest collection of the Sibylline verses, the Exodus of the tragedian Ezekiel, the philosophical fragments which bear the name of Aristobulus, and that mass of supposititious writings which the Christian apologists and the early fathers unsuspectingly quoted in proof of the use which Greek poets and philosophers had made of the doctrines of Moses. But the most remarkable and voluminous writer of this Alexandrine school of Judaism that has reached our day, is Philo. In him we witness the final and completest result of the action of Greek philosophy on the old Hebrew theology. Though Philo himself appears to have known nothing of the Christians, the influence of his writings was far greater on Christianity than on Judaism; for after his time the stricter Jews became suspicious of the works that proceeded from Alexandria, even of the Septuagint, and reverted with increased earnestness and reverence to the pure Hebrew Scriptures of their forefathers. All evidence seems to show that the Christianity which finally prevailed in the heathen world was conceived and nursed under Greek influences. "We owe," says Ewald, "this treasury of Alexandrine wisdom to the same accident of fortune which destroyed the contemporary writings of the Palestinian Jews; for the same blow which overthrew Jerusalem, and swept away the later Hebrew literature, freed the Christians from the yoke of the old law, and permitted them to use with more freedom and preserve with greater care the books of the Alexandrine Hellenists" (p. 233).

Philo transferred the Platonic realism to the monotheistic theology of the Old Testament. His characteristic doctrine was that of the Logos, by which he attempted to bridge over the chasm between the spiritual and the material worlds. His Logos has evidently some affinity with the prophetic Messiah. We might, perhaps, call the former the philosophical equivalent of the latter. Yet they are not identical. He approaches very near to Christianity at some points without completely reaching it, and is strongly opposed to it at others. He has no notion, according to Ewald, of an earthly and historical realisation of Messianic hopes, but transfers them all to the heavenly world.

The mysticism and allegory with which his works abound, are the unfailing resource of those who in an age of rapid intellectual progress endeavour to adapt to it the ideas of an earlier day. Critics have remarked the same crisis in the history of Homeric interpretation. Philo attempted, like the later commentators on the Greek poet, to get rid of the old gross anthropomorphisms which offended his philosophic taste. But there is a feebleness and unreality about all allegory, which must have prevented his writings from ever producing any deep impression on the popular mind. His theories were adapted to the dreamy leisure of a sophist, but stood remote from the business and interests of real life, and blended readily with the speculative subtleties which engaged the intellect of the Greek church from the third century downwards. This last product of Judæo-Alexandrine culture passed over into Christianity. Had nothing deeper and stronger, however, come out of Judaism, the Philonian philosophy could only have taken its place by the side of the New Platonism, as the last effort of an effete and expiring culture—with all its refinement a sign rather of weakness than of strength. Ewald, with his characteristic freedom of criticism, thinks it probable that all Philo's writings are reducible to three great works: * (1) Questions on the Law, and their solution; (2) The Allegorising of the Law; (3) The Life of Moses, exhibiting the more popular side of his philosophy. In the present treatises of Philo he supposes that we have certain reductions and abbreviations of these larger works, to adapt them to the taste and patience of the general reader. Here, then, in Philo we have another side of the development of Jewish mind, which reacted on the subsequent growth of Christianity, and facilitated its contact with heathenism; for if his doctrine of the Logos was not essentially Platonic, it was sufficiently akin to the predominant tendencies of the most advanced schools of Greek thought, to furnish a ready transition for philosophic converts to an acceptance of Jesus Christ as the Son of God.

So close is the dependence of the divinest influences thrown into this world for their decisive effect on the adaptation of human means and opportunities, that it is a reasonable speculation, what would have become of the divine truth contained in the life of Christ, if only such instrumentalities as we have now noticed had been prepared for its reception. The Palestinian believers would have left it entangled in the "beggarly elements" of Judaism, subject still to the bondage of the Law. Of the Alexandrine theosophy it may be questioned whether it

* "Allen Anzeichen zufolge schrieb Philon drei Werke, von denen jedes so gross war, dass es ihn eine längere Lebenszeit hindurch ganz beschäftigen konnte." p. 269.

would ever have come into vital contact with the person of Christ. Philo had evaporated the old prophetic wisdom of the Hebrews into theories so airy and unsubstantial, that it had lost, through this conversion into philosophical abstractions, all power of acting with effect on the common sense and heart of humanity. Indeed, as already remarked, he appears to have had no idea of an historical Messiah. His Messiah was a divine person, whose work and influence were confined to heaven. The teaching of Jesus of Nazareth was far too lowly in its outward aspect, far too simple and popular in its appeals to the universal consciousness of men, to attract the disdainful regards of a school which mistook the formulas of human science for the substance of divine truth, and was far more solicitous to conciliate the sympathies of Greek sophists than to bring out the deep moral significance of the ancient oracles of Israel. From the Philonian system, left to itself, nothing was to be expected of permanent benefit to mankind. In some of the Hellenists connected with Palestine there was already the dawning of a greater truth. But Stephen had been prematurely hurried off the scene by martyrdom; and among his followers, no one had yet arisen of sufficient weight and force of character to give an energetic development to ideas which he had already not obscurely announced. The hour was come; the man only was wanted to meet it. Some one was needed who understood the situation, who was neither a theorist nor a blind follower of routine; one who would grapple with facts, and take the world as it was.

Such a man was Saul of Tarsus; and it is remarkable, that he passed over to Christianity from the ranks that were most fiercely opposed to it. Nor was this circumstance without its effect on his eminent qualifications for his office. He could not have combated Judaism as he did, had he not known from personal experience the secret of its strength. His mental discipline had been widely diversified. Born at Tarsus, a great centre of Greek culture, which Strabo places in this age above Athens and Alexandria for its devotion to philosophy,* and inheriting from his father the distinction of Roman citizenship, he was surrounded from his childhood with influences which must have rendered him familiar with the marked features of heathen civilisation, and enabled him to comprehend how it operated on thought and life. The impression might be the deeper because it was met by sharp resistance, and did not passively sink into a mind softened and enfeebled by religious indifference. His parents seem to have been strict Jews, of the tribe of Benjamin; a probability which is confirmed by his being sent at an early age to complete his education at one of the learned schools

* Geogr. xiv. 5.

in Jerusalem. His master, Gamaliel, was a man of mild and tolerant spirit, very unlike the fervid temperament of his pupil. From his instructions, however, young Saul came forth a zealous and decided Jew; entering with intense eagerness into all the questions which then excited the public mind, among which the Messianic was not one of the least; and putting forth the exuberant energy of his character to demolish the noxious innovation, as he then regarded it, which involved an unprincipled compromise with heathenism, and threatened to deprive his law and nation of the high function which Jehovah had specially confided to them. It was characteristic of such a nature, when it saw its error, when the light of a new truth broke upon it, that it should accept the change at once, rapidly and decidedly, and not halting in any weak compromise, carry out the principles which it had embraced to their utmost consequences. The conversion of Paul was therefore in perfect consistency with the character of Paul. In the course of his education he had extracted the deepest secrets of the rabbinical system, and now understood the radical deficiency which pervaded it. He saw at length the grand purpose of the foregoing dispensation, and seized the spiritual sense of the old prophecies. He was qualified to fight the rabbis with their own weapons; just as Luther was fitted, by his scholastic training, to encounter more effectually the Catholic doctors of his day. He saw that a new future was opening on mankind; and that the risen Christ, of whose continued existence and spiritual presence he had the profoundest conviction, was the destined centre of its action and influence. He saw that that future must come, and understood its great spiritual conditions; though in what form it would develop itself, and when it would break forth, his amount of prophetic insight did not enable him clearly to predict. His object was to make that a human, which had so far been a Jewish movement. He felt that this was the true interpretation of Christ's life and words. The blended influences of Greek and Hebraic culture in his early life admirably prepared him for his task. Only a nature fervid and energetic like his could have accomplished it against such a mass of obstacles. In the short records of his apostolic life, and in the revelations of character which his own writings supply, tenacity of purpose, singleness of aim, and power of will, are not more wonderfully displayed than the intuitive tact and sagacity with which he adjusted his grand design to the exigency of circumstances, and found the elements of success in a wise dealing with the varied temperaments of men.

Ewald has some views of his own respecting certain parts of Paul's character and history which are ingenious and suggestive, but which he affirms with a positiveness out of all proportion to

any evidence adduced. He states, for instance, as a certainty, that Paul's family had removed from Tarsus to Jerusalem before the crucifixion; that he had probably seen Christ in his last days, during the Passover, in Jerusalem;* and that Paul was the young man mentioned in Mark xiv. 51-52 (p. 339). He infers, but on no sufficient grounds, from 1 Cor. vii. 8, 32-34, that Paul was a widower; and his assertion (p. 353) appears to us perfectly gratuitous, that the earliest written Gospel was in the hands of the apostle from the time of his conversion.† For many of these statements we can only account by his desire to be original at any cost, and his morbid aversion to accepting, where he can possibly avoid it, any thing that has been previously affirmed by another. More reason and value attach, in our judgment, to some other of his suggestions: that Paul was converted and made a new man by the contemplation of the risen Christ (p. 358); that although he was unacquainted with the writings of Philo, his view of the risen Christ is closely allied to, and naturally blended with, Philo's doctrine of the Logos (p. 361); that the intense possession of Paul's mind by the idea of the risen Christ, as the Redeemer of the human race, for whom he was to live and labour and die, constitutes the great distinction between the apostle and the old prophets, for they had no Christ to look up to, nothing intermediate between themselves and God; and that Paul's state of spiritual ecstasy and enthusiasm, produced by visions, was strongest in the early period of his conversion, and gradually abated as he threw himself more into Christian work‡ (pp. 363-386). There is considerable probability in his supposition, that when Paul retired into Arabia he preached to the Jews settled in those parts. Nor should the suggestion pass unnoticed, that when he returned to Jerusalem, at the close of his second missionary journey, he found the divergency between himself and the original apostles increased, and new weight given to the reactionary movement of the Pharisaic party by the accession which had taken place in the interval, of some persons of Essenian views to the church, who conceived they had found a sanction for their ascetic views in the celibacy of Christ (pp. 430-467).§

* Referring in proof to 2 Cor. v. 16.

† He argues, in the same spirit, that there was an early literature of the Gospels, which developed itself independently of Paul's Epistles, and preceded them (p. 391); and that with every Christian society founded by him the apostle left a copy of the brief gospel which he was accustomed to use in preaching, as the groundwork of their future faith and practice (p. 389).

‡ He refers to 2 Cor. xii. 1-4; Acts xxii. 17-21.

§ These Essenes Ewald regards as the Christian party referred to, 1 Cor. i. 12; 2 Cor. x. 7. It is not creditable to the candour of Ewald, that, in treating of the relations between Paul and the church at Jerusalem, he should so entirely pass over in silence the views of Baur and the Tübingen school. Critically considered, this is a serious defect in his work.

Ewald pays the following tribute to the character of Paul, in recording his martyrdom (pp. 632, 633):

"With Paul, indeed, had now fallen the strongest human support of the Christianity of the day; and at the same time, as the ruling priesthood and their infatuated adherents supposed, the greatest enemy of the existing Judaism. These prejudiced enemies of his (for he was not really their enemy) might now indulge in loud exultations; and his death occurred about a year before the wild outbreak already described of the last designs of the priesthood at Jerusalem, who were destined to find out only too soon what little reason they had for such rejoicing. He fell, as the noblest and strongest, but at the same time the readiest and devoutest, victim for the cause of Christ that ever belonged to the whole of the Christian generation which was then drawing to its close. He fell, too, as one of the last in whom the entire loftiness and force of the immortal striving of the ancient people of God appeared again, in all its concentrated vitality, as though in this late Benjamite the old ravening wolf of Benjamin had risen once more in a bodily form only to catch from heathens and from Jews innumerable souls as a prey for Christ.* And yet his highest human desert is simply this, that, in place of all the errors of his time, singly aiming at and attaining the pure truth in the cause of Christ and his kingdom, he rightly perceived what was the right thing to do at this particular time, and found his whole glory in upholding with unalterable steadfastness, through all the changes and triumphs and sufferings of his life to the very hour of his martyr-death, that which he had once recognised as right. To compare him with Christ is in itself absurd, and most flagrantly in opposition to his own deepest feeling. In Christ was already exhibited the highest which can be historically exhibited in religion, as well as a mirror and pattern, as also for incentive and warning. But as the highest truth of religion, even where it has been already clearly revealed, has to encounter in every new time new obstructions and obscurations, whether men will permit themselves to be guided by it through them or not; so, in the very commencement of the apostolic age, the thickest clouds of misapprehension, uncertainty, and hostility had gathered round the Divine Word which had finally come forth in all truth; and to pierce through them, in that commencing time, must in so many respects have been so much the more difficult, had not, on the other hand, the historical light of Christ's own appearance sent its rays at once and most penetratingly into the mind of the believer, and the glow of the earliest Christian hope filled it with the intensest heat. But Paul pierced those dark clouds, like no other of his time, at once by clear knowledge of the truth as also in his work and life; and so he will ever be regarded as a model of the best Christian. The main thing in him was not a question of particular doctrines, or of the systematic arrangement of his instructions. His intellect thought sharply and clearly enough; but in the high light once revealed from heaven to have a right appreciation of all the earthly elements intermingled

• The reference is to Genesis xlix. 27.

with it, and to discharge every moment with godlike certainty and joy the hardest obligation of duty resulting from clear knowledge,—this was with him, and unceasingly, every thing; and so must it be now and for ever with every true Christian.”

Ewald attacks so much that is defended, and conserves so much that is abandoned by others, that it can hardly surprise us to find him maintaining that Peter visited Rome, and actually encountered Simon Magus there (p. 618); that Peter and Paul both suffered martyrdom in the capital of the world, the former first and by crucifixion, the latter afterwards, about 65 A.D., and, as a Roman citizen, by decapitation (p. 629). Filling up, as it appears to us quite arbitrarily, the faint outlines of ecclesiastical tradition, he contends that Paul had previously visited Spain, and hastened back from that remote region to take his share of the persecutions and sufferings which had overtaken the Christians in Rome. To complete the picture of the apostolic age, he should have noticed the new phase of Christianity presented to us in the gospel of John, which, whoever be its author, is undoubtedly a product of the latter part of the first century, and deeply tinged with influences proceeding from the Alexandrine school. At an early period we cannot imagine how such influences should have so closely blended themselves with the primitive traditions of Christianity. We find no trace of them in the first three gospels. But Ewald's assumption—against the preponderant evidence, as we think—that John's is the normal gospel, possessed of such high historical authority as to make it a standard of fact for the other three, has prevented him from using, as he otherwise might, the materials attainable from no other source for completing his view of the development of Christianity in the first century. The influence of Philo comes out most perceptibly in the writings of John.

Before we quit this part of the subject, we cannot help pausing for a moment on the two characters of Philo and Paul, so strikingly contrasted, and leaving so different an impression on the subsequent course of human thought. They each represent a type of mind which constantly reappears in the history of literature and religion. Philo's was one of those intellects which gather into them the highest culture of their age and country, and employ it in interpreting and harmonising with the newest ideas of their own period the monuments of a time ruder and less enlightened, but more vigorous and original—when instinct was strong and fresh, but reflection and self-consciousness were weak. It is the *form* of such ancient productions which chiefly interests and engages this order of intellect; it is rarely able to penetrate to their inner life. It seizes their superficial sense,

and translates it into modern formulas. It is mainly the intellectual and formal relations of the religious phenomena of remote periods, which minds like Philo's are able to appreciate. They rarely, therefore, produce any strong impression on their contemporaries, or give fresh impulse and activity to the vital circulation of society. They preserve and transmit, but never create. Their works become instructive to future generations, less for any intrinsic worth of their own, than as a curious evidence of the working of cultivated intellect in the transition-stages of social development. Paul's mind was cast in a very different mould. Form, as such, had no interest or value for him. His sympathies were with the deep, the fundamental, and the eternal, which underlie all forms. He took for practical use the forms that lay nearest to him, or with which he was habitually familiar; and provided they carried the living substance of divine truth intelligibly and effectually to the depth of a human soul, that was enough for him. The fervid intensity of his spirit made them instinct with its own life. His own deep consciousness went through them to the deep consciousness of others. Reasoning and phraseology—what mattered it to him whether they were in harmony or not with the rules of the schools? The sole question for him was, Would they tell on man's inner life? would they rouse and change it? Hence Paul was understood by multitudes through the simple intuition of the natural man, and with rough, unpolished Greek revolutionised his age. The final result has been proportionate to the immediate effect. Philo, with all his fastidious avoidance of popular anthropomorphism, never probably converted one human soul. Paul, by speaking the deep truth that was in him in such simple words as came uppermost to his lips, has made new men of multitudes. Philo has influenced the refined speculations of Greek theology, and, since the revival of letters, furnished subjects of thought for latitudinarian divines, and to this day is meditated by a few studious men who want to understand the past; while Paul's doctrine has impregnated the vigorous intellect of the Western world, and still vibrates in the hearts of myriads, and across the abyss of ages connects by ties of close moral sympathy what is the deepest in the consciousness of ancient and modern mind. Yet if these two men could have been brought into each other's presence in their own age, Philo would certainly have looked down on Paul as an unphilosophical enthusiast.

A question remains, surpassing in interest and mystery any that we have yet touched upon, which we must briefly indicate, though we cannot exhaust it in the space now left to us: What was the great impelling idea at the centre of the move-

ments which characterise this period of history? What was the transforming influence which passed over the minds of thousands, and made the apostolic age the birthtime of a new era of humanity? We may reply in general terms, It was the idea of Christ; but this only removes the difficulty a step further back; for we have still to ask, What was the special influence attaching to his person which marks him out as a phenomenon accompanied by effects so peculiar and unique? In the book of Acts and in the Pauline epistles, the most superficial reader must be struck with the fact, that the grand idea, the spiritual atmosphere, as it were, pervading these writings, is not the remembrance of a departed and earthly teacher, but the belief in a present and heavenly Lord. This is preëminently the case with Paul. The thought of the risen Christ is the inspiration of his whole being. Whether by life or by death, his one object is to magnify Christ: to him to live is Christ, and to die in his cause is gain, and to depart and be with Christ for ever, the only recompense after which he aspires.* And this was the state of mind in one who had been the bitterest persecutor of Christ, and of whom it may be well doubted whether he had ever looked on his bodily presence. If any thing is clear in the writings of Paul (and no writings breathe an intenser spirit of conviction), it is that he firmly believed in Christ as a divine personage who was the head of a new dispensation, a medium of access to the invisible God, the source from which God's Spirit was immediately effused on the hearts of believers, the present object of their invocation in seasons of trial and danger, and, summing up in his person the collective interests of humanity, the dispenser of a new spiritual and deathless life, as Adam had introduced the natural life, with its penal adjuncts of sin and death.† As a consequence of this intense persuasion, "eternal life," a life beyond the veil of sense, becomes for the first time in human history a present reality to the mind; no longer a beautiful dream, a sublime speculation, an earnest longing,—the only forms under which the idea had expressed itself in heathenism,—but a great spiritual fact, of which that first generation of believers had no more doubt than they had of their daily life. They lived in the presence of that great fact. It overpowered for the time, almost to annihilation, the strongest interests and passions of ordinary men. Their eyes were fixed not on "the things that were seen, but on the things which were not seen." The temporal was absorbed in the eternal. Riches, pleasures, worldly distinctions, family ties, and social relations, were renounced unhesitatingly for an invisible reality which only

* Philipp. i. 20-23.

† See Mr. Jowett's suggestive Fragment on the character of St. Paul, *Epistles of Paul*, vol. i. p. 290.

faith could grasp. Earlier and contemporary records of the workings of the human spirit show nothing like this. The fine symmetrical intellect of the Greeks could never have thus upset the well-balanced relations of things; and beside its calmly reasoned systems of ethics and the cautious soarings of its higher philosophy, this fervour of Christian faith may look like an outburst of untempered fanaticism.* But the impulse came from a lower depth of human nature than the searching hand of heathen wisdom had yet broken up; and if it gushed forth with a vehemence which swept away the usual restraints of secular caution and foresight, this was one of the signs of some great organic change in the spiritual development of our world, and a necessary condition of the first introduction of a new principle into the system of human motives, which further experience would gradually reduce within its proper limits of action. Again, the question forces itself upon us, Whence could so intense a conviction of things unseen originate? The obvious answer is, From a belief in the resurrection of Christ, and his uninterrupted spiritual presence with his disciples. That belief, it is evident, was deeply rooted in the mind of the primitive church, and the immovable ground of its trust and rejoicing. It is still, however, open to ask, How was that belief produced, and in what form did it exist? There is far more variation and uncertainty in the private views of thoughtful and religious men on this subject than is openly avowed; and it is high time that this disingenuous reserve should be broken through, and for the sake of the highest and most solemn truth, that the differences of opinion which really exist should be candidly admitted and freely discussed. Though Ewald's language when he approaches this topic becomes more than ordinarily indistinct and misty, it is nevertheless perfectly clear that he does not believe in a bodily resurrection subject to the test of outward sense; and his conception of the ascension is equally obscure. As the views of such a man, who is a thorough master of the mind of Hebrew antiquity, and whose own spirit is profoundly religious, ought to be known so far as he has afforded us the means of ascertaining them, we shall present our readers with a brief

* How striking is the antithesis between the self-renunciation demanded by Christ, and the cautious self-regard sanctioned in the purest utterances of heathen devotion! "Sell all that thou hast," says Christ, "and take up thy cross and follow me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven;" while the polished hymnologist of the court of the Ptolemies balances the prayer for virtue by a prayer for wealth, and implores Jove to send him both:

Χαῖρε, πάτερ, χαῖρ' ἀδθι· δίδου δ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἄφενος τε.
οὐτ' ἀρετῆς ἅτερ ὕλβος ἐπίσταται ἄνδρας ἀεξεῖν,
οὐτ' ἄρετῃ ἀφένιοις δίδου δ' ἀρετὴν τε καὶ ὕλβον.

Callim. *Hymn. in Jovem*, 94-6.

summary of them, as contained in his criticism of the narratives of the resurrection and ascension (pp. 68-106).

He thinks that the interment in Joseph of Arimathea's tomb was only temporary, that some of the disciples would naturally claim the corpse, as those of the Baptist did their master's (Mark vi. 29), and that they actually deposited it in another grave in Galilee (p. 72);* that the discovery of the abandoned grave was the outward occasion and stimulus of a general realising among the disciples of the spiritual presence of their risen Lord as they had known him, seen him, and heard him on earth; that there was a spiritual resurrection of him in the hearts of his followers; and that this was a result of the intense impression of Christ's person and working on earth, only that they viewed him now, after his resurrection, not as a merely resuscitated man, but as a superhuman being and only Son of God, the reflection in his glorified state of him whom they had known in his terrestrial state as the Messiah (pp. 61, 69, 72, 75, 76). He considers John's the most complete account of the resurrection, and remarks in a note, that this disciple believed in the fact without any visible appearance (p. 82). Of such visible manifestations he observes that John gives only a few specimens; and that the narratives contained in the supplementary chapter xxi. fall into four sections, in which the sensible appearances assume successively a steady increase of distinctness; and that Christ was most distinctly seen in Galilee (p. 84). It was only believers who saw him after his resurrection, Paul's being an exceptional case. Ewald compares the Christophanies of the New Testament with the Theophanies of the Old, and regards the visions of Paul and the Apocalypse of John as only fainter examples of the same class of phenomena with the resurrection of Christ (pp. 87, 96). As God under the old dispensation revealed Himself to men of God, so Christ under the new only to the converted and believing: and in both cases it was only at the commencement of the respective dispensations that such appearances occurred; they gradually became rarer and fainter, and at length ceased altogether (pp. 87-96). He has noticed that in Luke, c. xxiv., these manifestations are limited to the Sunday of the resurrection; though the same author, in Acts i., afterwards gives them a wider range (p. 93). When a belief in the resurrection had become prevalent, many passages in the Old Testament were supposed to predict it; and this furnished the Christians with a second proof of its reality. Among such passages, the story of Jonah had its influence on

* Ewald makes a remark, in which, if we remember right, he is anticipated by the author of the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, that the Jewish story of the disciples having stolen the corpse of Jesus by night, led indirectly to the counteraction of the Christian story of the Roman watch set at the sepulchre, which we have in Matthew, ch. xxviii.

the conception of Christ's restoration from the dead. Hence arose the Christian tradition (Luke xxiv. 27, 44-46) that after his resurrection Christ proved from the Scriptures that it was appointed for him to die and rise again (p. 94).

According to Ewald, the ascension was a return into heavenly glory, after Christ had shown himself for a brief period of forty days on earth. There was a natural disposition to assign a definite limit to these manifestations, and forty was a sacred number among the Jews. Christ's ascension he compares with Elijah's; and remarks generally, that the language and imagery of the Old Testament have contributed largely to mould and develop the idea. His return from heaven, to judge the world and finish the present dispensation of things, was expected as the necessary sequel and completion of the ascension; for Christ alone could complete what he had begun (pp. 98-101).*

These statements of Ewald are open to many objections in detail, and his view of the whole subject is not always consistent with itself; nor can it be denied that, however conservative the tone assumed by him against Baur and his school, his conclusions have been largely influenced by the results of the negative criticism that has been applied to the resurrection from Reimarus to Strauss. Still, he has given utterance to feelings which must often have passed through the minds of thoughtful readers in reference to this part of the evangelical narrative. It has a character so peculiarly its own, that it is difficult to repress the conviction that we have here at once something less and something more than simple historical fact falling under the cognisance of outward sense. What we mean by this will be clearer presently. But Christ's manifestation to believers only,† his complete evasion of the notice of all others to whom his person must have been perfectly familiar both in Jerusalem and in Galilee, his sudden presence and mysterious disappearance on several recorded occasions, and the difficulty which attaches to every imaginable conception of the ascension, leave on the mind, in spite of several passages which are evidently intended to produce an opposite effect, a somewhat dim and vague, but nevertheless an almost irresistible impression, that we are here dealing with something different from the corporeal frame in which Jesus of Nazareth had once lived, and which a few days previously had been deposited in the grave. This is no new feeling in the Christian church. Origen supposed that the person of Christ, after the resurrection, was in a sort of intermediate condition between the grossness of its previous corporeal vehicle and the

* "Whom the heavens must receive until the times of the restitution of all things." Acts iii. 21.

† οὐ παντὶ τῇ λαῷ, ἀλλὰ μάρτυσι τοῖς προκεχειροτονημένοις ὑπὸ τοῦ θεοῦ. Acts x. 41.

disembodied apparition of the soul: *ἦν γε κατὰ τὴν ἀνάστασιν αὐτοῦ ὡςπερὶ ἐν μεθορίῳ τινὶ τῆς παχύτητος τῆς πρὸ τοῦ πάθους σώματος, καὶ τοῦ γυνμῆν τοιοῦτου σώματος φαίνεσθαι ψυχὴν* (Contr. Cels. ii. p. 98, edit. Spencer, Cantabr. 1677). In confirmation of this view, he gives instances from the gospels of Christ's not being immediately recognised by his disciples, of his suddenly appearing among them when the doors were closed, and as suddenly vanishing again. Meeting the objection of Celsus, that he did not show himself to all, and especially to his persecutors and judges, after his resurrection,—which Origen admits is a difficulty,—he observes, that Jesus, as he could be apprehended in various ways by the mind, was not after his resurrection equally an object of perception to all men, since this depended on their own spiritual capacity: *τοῖς βλέπονσιν οὐχ ὁμοίως πᾶσιν ὁράμενος, ἀλλ' ὡς ἐχώρουν οἱ βλέποντες* (ibid.). Many of Origen's explanations are extremely fanciful; but they show the difficulty which he experienced, and the impression which the narrative left on his mind. He argues, that after the resurrection Christ's body had undergone a change, and that he showed himself *κατὰ τὸ μεταμορφούμενον σῶμα, ὅτ' ἐβούλετο καὶ οἷς ἐβούλετο*. Euthymius (quoted by Lücke, Comment. Johann. ii. 683) remarks, that Christ appeared among the disciples when the doors were shut (John xx. 19): *ὡς Θεὸς καὶ ὡς λεπτοῦ ἤδη καὶ κούφου καὶ ἀκηράτου γενομένου τοῦ σώματος αὐτοῦ*. Olshausen, with the concurrence of Tholuck (Lücke, ibid.), contends, that "in the expression *ἔστη εἰς τὸ μέσον*, conjoined with *τῶν θυρῶν κεκλεισμένων* (xx. 19), which is repeated v. 26, more must be meant than an ordinary coming; that these words, with the allusion to *σημεῖα*, v. 30, and the use of *φανερῶσθαι*, imply that the entrance of Christ on this occasion was that of a higher being, like a *theophany* or *angelophany*,—that the appearance was that of a glorified body." Lücke, it is true, repudiates all these interpretations, and thinks that nothing out of the course of nature is indicated. But his own version, if it is more in harmony with some of the phenomena, does not suit others, and altogether fails to explain how such an impression should have been made on the minds of so many readers of the narrative, if there were nothing in the language to produce it.* Neander, though strongly opposed to all docetic views, thus expresses himself at the close of his *Life of Christ* (p. 727, 3d edit.): "Although great obscurity rests on the earthly existence of Christ after his resurrection, on the constitution of the bodily

* Grotius leaves the difficulty where he finds it, but does not deny its existence. Commenting on Origen's speculations on this subject, he says (*in Luc.* xxiv. 31): "Ego nihil hic dicendum invenio quod melius sit illo Basilii dicto, τὸ ὅπως μὴ περιεργάζεσθαι."

organism with which he emerged from the grave, yet so much is certain, that according to the view which underlies all the representations of the New Testament, the resurrection of Christ can only be regarded as a medium of transition from the form of his earthly existence, of which death was the termination, to a higher form of personal being as the commencement of a new life, no longer subjected as before to the laws of an earthly and corporeal organism, but raised above death, and destined for imperishable development." "The restoration of a merely earthly existence from death, which would have had to develop itself again according to ordinary laws, and must again have terminated in death, would have been something wholly indifferent to the religious hopes of mankind." Speaking of Christ's appearance to the two disciples on their journey to Emmaus, Mr. Maurice ventures on this startling observation (*Unity of the New Testament*, ch. xxiv. p. 301): "The sense of a body delivered from the chains of death, essentially the same as it was before, using naturally as its own powers which had been hidden, or had only occasionally come forth, is one part, not the only or perhaps the chief part, of the revelation. Its capacity of vanishing and of reappearing is felt to indicate the possibility of a spiritual presence, which may be continually near, and in which men may be meant ever to abide." Even Dr. Priestley seems to have felt that there was something different in Christ's bodily presence before and after the resurrection. In reference to Mary Magdalene's recognition of him in the garden, he remarks: "Our Lord does not seem to have permitted any such familiarity as a salutation after his resurrection" (*Harmony of the Gospels*, p. 253).

Our object has been in this paper, not to affirm, but simply to state, the views of Ewald on the resurrection. Taking the words of the gospels in their obvious, unforced sense, difficulties attach to the subject from whichever side we look at it. Was it an actual restoration of former flesh and blood from the grave, acting as matter on matter through the ordinary avenues of sense, and exercising all the usual functions of a corporeal existence? or was it the manifestation of a spiritual reality from the unseen world, conveying to the minds which discerned it, in some way at present inexplicable by us, a certain proof of the continued existence of a person recently deceased? No one has a right to claim for either of these views the merit of exclusive rationality or credibility. Each is pressed with difficulties of its own, which may be stoutly denied, but do not therefore cease to exist. Each has some evidence in the narrative to allege for itself; and this conflicting evidence it is not so easy to reconcile. If we assert in its literal sense a bodily resurrection, how are we

to explain phenomena which have perplexed the most serious inquirers, from Origen to Maurice? If we adopt the spiritual theory, we are met by the citation of passages which speak of eating and drinking, and the most palpable handling (John xx. 27: comp. 1 Epist. i. 1), in terms far too explicit to leave any doubt on the mind, that the writer intended to speak of a real body; and which are only to be got rid of by very daring criticism,—the assumption that the gospels, not reduced to their present form at once, contain passages which record the belief of the latter part of the first century; and that what was at first the representation of a profound mental impression, a spiritual reality, had been gradually moulded into the form of an outward fact with the usual accretions of prolonged tradition, yet not entirely divested of some very significant traces of the original truth.*

To us it has always appeared surprising that so much stress should be laid by religious men on the fact of the *bodily* resurrection of Christ, as the only solid ground of belief in a life after death. At least, it is only to a materialist like Dr. Priestley that we can conceive how it should possess any religious value whatever; and even on his view, the direct pertinency of the fact as a proof does not seem very obvious.† It only proves, what no believer in a living God ever doubted, that the Almighty is able to reanimate the dead body of man, and restore it to its previous functions on earth. Early Christian history abounds in asseverated cases of this sort; and, considered as a mere physical miracle, the resurrection of Jesus is less wonderful than the raising of Lazarus. This is not the kind of evidence that our souls yearn after on this inexpressibly solemn and mysterious subject. What we want is, not testimony to a restored life in *this* world (which has no bearing that we can see on the sublimest of human expectations), but direct evidence, if it can be got, of uninterrupted personal existence in the invisible state which lies *beyond* this world. It is remarkable that writers on the resurrection should not have seen that the stress of the evidence which they adduce, applies far more directly to the latter than to the former point. What it attests so unanswerably is, the profound belief of that first generation in a risen Lord, a

* Such criticism is not to be lightly indulged in; but there may be cases where we are compelled by irresistible evidence to admit it. It can hardly be doubted, that in some passages the simplicity of the primitive Gospel narrative has been corrupted by additions of later growth. We suppose that there are many believers in Christianity who would not contend for accepting at the present day as literal historical truth the insulated statement in Matthew xxvii. 51-53.

† "It seems an arbitrary limitation of the design of Christianity, to assume, as Priestley does, that it 'consists in the revelation of a future life, confirmed by the bodily resurrection of Christ.' This is truly a very material view of Christianity." Mrs. Jameson, *Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies*, p. 171.

Lord translated to heaven, and from heaven his continued personal intercourse with them on earth. That belief is stamped uneffaceably on every record of the Apostolic Age. Its whole motive power grew out of it. The transformation of Jews into Christians was effected by it. It is implied in the characteristic word *ἐπικαλεῖσθαι*. It is significantly expressed in Festus's contemptuous representation of it, when he speaks of "one Jesus which was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive" (Acts xxv. 19). In Acts, and still more in the Epistles, there is little or no reference to what Christ did and went through on earth. Memory rests almost exclusively on his crucifixion and resurrection; and the whole mind of the Church was directed intensely to the risen and heavenly Christ, as the ground of its hope and the source of its inspiration. To produce this change of mind, this strong conviction, in such multitudes, there must have been a deep and resistless impression of some kind, carrying with it the force of a fact. In this consideration the strength of the argument for the resurrection and the ascension (which are in our view one and the same event) has ever, and justly, been placed. That impression we believe to have been a spiritual one, an *inward* fact, if we may so call it, but not therefore an unreality. It was an impression of this sort which converted Paul; and we do not find that, in his allusion to this event, he makes any distinction between his own seeing of Christ and that of the rest of the disciples. The same verb *ᾤφθη* is used in every instance (1 Cor. xv. 5-8).

We are well aware what an outcry against mysticism and weak credulity will be raised in some quarters, and of infidelity in others, on the mere suggestion of such an hypothesis as this. But they who so rigidly insist on their own view of physical miracle, have no special warrant for requiring others, who acknowledge the presence and the direct operation of the living God in all things, to limit the divine communications to the *body*, and to exclude them, with equal evidence of certainty, from the *mind*, of man. If it be asserted that all such inward appeals are from their very nature uncertain and delusive, and that we need *outward* fact for assurance, we may surely object in reply, that the acceptance of outward miracles (the possibility of which we by no means deny) rests in all cases on a nice balancing of testimony, and that only those unhesitatingly adopt them who first believe on other grounds the truths which they are adduced to sanction or confirm. We have known persons whose faith in another life was based professedly on their belief in the bodily resurrection of Christ, possessed by doubts and fears unknown to those whose faith had a deeper and more spiritual source, and anxious to find some broader ground for a

hope which they had been taught could only rest with security on this special and insulated fact. The fact itself, granting it all the religious significance which is claimed for it, is still open to the construction which some men have put, and will put, on it, and which we have no right to say they do not honestly put on it,—that the death was only an apparent one, succeeded by a return of suspended animation: and the possibility of the entertainment of such a supposition by earnest and intelligent men is sufficient to deprive the fact of that character of certainty which alone renders it of value to the end which it is supposed to subserve.

With regard to the delusive nature of all mental impressions, however clear and strong, no doubt every thing that connects us with the invisible and spiritual world, must of necessity be dim and mysterious. We may be certain of a thing, more certain than of any outward fact, and be able, through the secret sympathy which subsists between all religious natures, to convince others of its truth, though we could not prove it to them logically. We may confess ourselves wholly unable to explain how it was that the reality of their Lord's resurrection was made known to the first disciples, and yet be convinced of the fact from its lasting impression on their thoughts and actions. A writer who is no enthusiast, and remarkable for great powers of reasoning, has distinguished between what he calls "outward and inward fact;" and says, in regard to the latter, that we must have "some grounds for being assured, (1) that it is not a mere illusion, either of imagination at the time or of memory afterwards; (2) that it does not arise from some bodily state, not of course in the general sense in which all mental action is dependent on, or connected with, the body, but in the more precise sense in which delirium, or, if there be such a thing, clairvoyance may be termed bodily states. These criteria will be to ourselves, (1) the degree of distinction with which we not only remember the internal fact, but also associate it with external objects, with particular occasions or places; (2) what we remember ourselves, or others may have observed, of our state at the time; (3) lastly, in such facts as the conversion of St. Paul, the permanent influence on the character and actions, which can be attributed to nothing but a sudden internal impression."*

All these things are more or less credible to us according to our previous belief. If there really be, as the belief of most religious persons assumes, a spiritual world lying behind and beyond the phenomena which immediately encompass us, it can strike no one as impossible that, under peculiar circumstances, and for special ends, all foreseen and arranged in the grand

* Jowett on the Epistles of Paul, vol. i. p. 232 note.

design of Providence, some directer evidence of it should be given at times to those who are chosen by God to infuse a new religious life into the world. This is only changing the mode of supernatural influence, not denying the fact.

Influences are floating around us of which we are dimly conscious, which we cannot describe in words, and about which it would be presumptuous to theorise :

“ Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.”

In periods of excited faith, like the Apostolic Age, it is conceivable that the spiritual vision, ever latent in human nature, may be so opened and enlarged that it discerns as realities those things which, in the normal state of the mind, are nothing more than blessed and glorious possibilities. Yet it is remarkable, as distinguishing this age from ordinary periods of religious enthusiasm, that those early Christians recognised no human presence but that of Christ beyond the limits of the world of sense, and that their faith and reverence were fixed on him with undeviating constancy and fervour; that he stood before them in heaven as the realised ideal of human excellence in perfect communion with God; and that the purity and singleness thus given to their religious aspirations preserved the mass of them from the grosser aberrations of fanaticism, and diffused in the world a profounder sense of the greatness of the human soul and the sublimity of its destination. Under this renovated action of faith the deep religious intuitions of humanity come out with new clearness and strength. Nor is it any argument against the divinity of their primeval source, that in their actual enunciation they blend themselves with the current beliefs of their time, and are often associated with a false science and erroneous philosophy. Man sees and feels a truth greater than all the beliefs and opinions which lie in immediate contact with his mind, and far beyond them; but he sees it through this medium, and with all the discoloration which it casts on them. The Apostolic Age bears a witness, such as no other age has borne, to the depth and vitality of those religious trusts which rest on the greatest realities in the universe. It believed in God as a living fatherly presence; its inward eye was opened to behold the risen Christ, and to catch a glimpse of the glory to which his perfected humanity had passed. Those great trusts have been gradually buried under a hard incrustation of human dogmatism, till the deep life beating within is scarcely perceptible any longer. Christianity will then resume its apostolic fervour and simplicity when, going back to the original fountains of faith in the human soul, and renouncing the fruitless contro-

versy about forms of opinion, which derive all their value from the intellectual needs of different minds, it shall throw itself once more, without distrust or reservation, on that eternal religion of the heart and conscience which is the utterance of God's Spirit within us, which Christ once acted out in all its fullness in the narrow circle of Palestinian life, and which his followers, believing in the perpetuity of his heavenly life, have been striving, for nigh two thousand years, with various success, to spread over the world.

ART. VII.—JOHN MILTON.

The Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson, M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Cambridge: Macmillan.

An Account of the Life, Opinions, and Writings of John Milton. By Thomas Keightley; with an Introduction to *Paradise Lost*. London: Chapman and Hall.

The Poems of Milton, with Notes by Thomas Keightley. London: Chapman and Hall.

THE *Life of Milton*, by Professor Masson, is a difficulty for the critics. It is very laborious, very learned, and in the main, we believe, very accurate. It is exceedingly long,—there are 780 pages in this volume, and there are to be two volumes more: it touches on very many subjects, and each of these has been investigated to the very best of the author's ability. No one can wish to speak with censure of a book on which so much genuine labour has been expended; and yet we are bound, as true critics, to say that we think it has been composed upon a principle that is utterly erroneous. In justice to ourselves we must explain our meaning.

There are two methods on which biography may consistently be written. The first of these is what we may call the exhaustive method. Every fact which is known about the hero may be told us; every thing which he did, every thing which he would not do, every thing which other people did to him, every thing which other people would not do to him,—may be narrated at full length. We may have a complete picture of all the events of his life; of all which he underwent, and all which he achieved. We may, as Mr. Carlyle expresses it, have a complete account “of his effect upon the universe, and of the effect of the universe upon him.” We admit that biographies

of this species would be very long and generally very tedious, we know that the world could not contain very many of them; but nevertheless the principle on which they may be written is intelligible.

The second method on which the life of a man may be written is the selective. Instead of telling every thing, we may choose what we will tell. We may select out of the numberless events, from among the innumerable actions of his life, those events and those actions which exemplify his true character, which prove to us what were the true limits of his talents, what was the degree of his deficiencies, which were his defects, which his vices,—in a word, we may select the traits and the particulars which seem to give us the best idea of the man as he lived and as he was. On this side the flood, as Sydney Smith would have said, we should have fancied that this was the only practicable principle on which biographies can be written about persons of whom many details are recorded. For ancient heroes the exhaustive method is possible. All that can be known of them is contained in a few short passages of Greek and Latin, and it is quite possible to say whatever can be said about every one of these: the result would not be unreasonably bulky, though it might be dull. But in the case of men who have lived in the thick of the crowded modern world no such course is admissible; overmuch *may* be said, and we must choose what we will say. Biographers, however, are rarely bold enough to adopt the selective method consistently. They have, we suspect, the fear of the critics before their eyes. They do not like that it should be said that “the work of the learned gentleman contains serious omissions: the events of 1562 are not mentioned; those of October 1579 are narrated but very cursorily:” and we fear that in any case such remarks will be made. Very learned people are pleased to show that they know what is *not* in the book; sometimes they may hint that perhaps the author did not know it, or surely he would have mentioned it. But a biographer who wishes to write what most people of cultivation will be pleased to read, must be courageous enough to face the pain of such censures. He must choose, as we have explained, the characteristic parts of his subject; and all that he has to take care of besides, is so to narrate them that their characteristic elements shall be shown: to give such an account of the general career as may make it clear what these chosen events really were; to show their respective bearings to one another; to delineate what is expressive in such a manner as to make it expressive.

This plan of biography is, however, by no means that of Mr. Masson. He has no dread of overgrown bulk and over-

whelming copiousness. He finds, indeed, what we have called the exhaustive method insufficient. He not only wishes to narrate in full the life of Milton, but to add those of his contemporaries likewise: he seems to wish to tell us not only what Milton did, but also what every one else did in Great Britain during his lifetime. He intends his book to be not "merely a biography of Milton, but also in some sort a continuous history of his time. . . . The suggestions of Milton's life have indeed determined the tracks of these historical researches and expositions, sometimes through the literature of the period, sometimes through its civil and ecclesiastical politics; but the extent to which I have pursued them, and the space which I have assigned to them have been determined by my desire to present, by their combination, something like a connected historical view of British thought and British society in general prior to the Revolution." We need not do more than observe that this union of heterogeneous aims must always end, as it has in this case, in the production of a work at once overgrown and incomplete. A great deal which has only a slight bearing on the character of Milton is inserted; much that is necessary to a true history of "British thought and British society" is of necessity left out. The period of Milton's life which is included in the published volume makes the absurdity especially apparent. In middle life Milton was a great controversialist on contemporary topics; and though it would not be proper for a biographer to load his pages with a full account of all such controversies, yet some notice of the most characteristic of them would be expected from him. In this part of Milton's life some reference to public events would be necessary; and we should not severely censure a biographer, if the great interest of those events induced him to stray a little from his topic. But the first thirty years of Milton's life require a very different treatment. He passed those years in the ordinary musings of a studious and meditative youth; it was the period of *Lycidas* and of *Comus*; he then dreamed the

"Sights which youthful poets dream
On summer eve by haunted stream."

We do not wish to have this part of his life disturbed, to a greater extent than may be necessary, with the harshness of public affairs. Nor is it necessary that it should be so disturbed. A life of poetic retirement requires but little reference to any thing except itself. In a biography of Mr. Tennyson we should not expect to hear of the Reform Bill, or the Corn Laws. Mr. Masson is, however, of a different opinion. He thinks it necessary to tell us, not only all which Milton did, but every thing also that he might have heard of.

The biography of Mr. Keightley is on a very different scale. He tells the story of Milton's career in about half a small volume. Probably this is a little too concise, and the narrative is somewhat dry and bare. It is often, however, acute, and is always clear; and even were its defects greater than they are, we should think it unseemly to criticise the last work of one who has performed so many useful services to literature with extreme severity. And we must observe, that in one respect Mr. Keightley contrasts very favourably with Mr. Masson: he only tells his readers what he knows did happen; Mr. Masson is fond of telling us what he thinks may have happened. We have some such passages as the following:

"Look back, reader, and see him as I do! Now, under the elms on his father's lawn, he listens to the rural hum, and marks the branches as they wave, and the birds as they fly; now, in the garden, he notes the annual series of the plants and the daily blooming of the roses. In his walks in the neighbourhood, also, he observes not only the wayside vegetation, but the whole wide face of the landscape, rich in wood and meadow, to the royal towers of Windsor and the bounding line of the low Surrey hills. Over this landscape, changing its livery from day to day, fall the varying seasons. Light green spring comes with its showers and its days of keener blue, when nature is warm at the root, and all things gain in liveliness; spring changes into summer, when all is one wealth of leafage, and the gorgeous bloom of the orchards passes into the forming fruit; summer deepens into autumn, gathering the tanned haycocks and tumbling the golden grain; and, at last, when the brown and yellow leaves have fallen, and the winds have blown them and the rains rotted them, comes winter with his biting breath, and the fields are either all white, so that the most familiar eye hardly knows them, or they lie in mire, and, in the dull brumous air, the stripped stems and netted twig-work of the trees are like a painting in China ink. And these seasons have each their occupations. Now the plough is afield; now the sower casts the seed; now the sheep are shorn; now the mower whets his scythe. There is, moreover, the quicker continual alternation of night and day, dipping the landscape in darkness or in lunar tints, and bringing it back again, as Aurora rises, in all the colours of the morn. In summer the twilight steals slowly over the lawn, and, seated at the open window, the poet, who has heard the lark's carol abroad by day, will listen in the stillness for the first song of the nightingale; and when the night is farther advanced, may there not be a walk on the lawn, to observe the trembling tops of the poplars, and to drink, ere the soul is done with that day more, the solemnising glory of the tranquil stars? Look on, thou glorious youth, at stars and trees, at the beauties of day and the beauties of night, at the changing aspects of the seasons, and at all that the seasons bring!"

Perhaps this is what Mr. Punch would call "moonshine," and Mr. Masson "lunar tints." Such fanciful eloquence is teasing

to the reader. If we are to have fancies, we like to have our own. At least, if our own are disturbed, we wish them to be replaced by others which are better. Mr. Masson has neither the humour of imagination, nor the delicacy of style, which in other hands have made these hypotheses pleasing. Mr. Carlyle is almost our only master of delineative conjecture.

The bare outline of Milton's life is very well known. We have all heard that he was born in the later years of King James, just when Puritanism was collecting its strength for the approaching struggle; that his father and mother were quiet good people, inclined, but not immoderately, to that persuasion; that he went up to Cambridge early, and had some kind of dissension with the authorities there; that the course of his youth was in a singular degree pure and staid; that in boyhood he was a devourer of books, and that he early became, and always remained, a severely studious man; that he married, and had difficulties of a peculiar character with his first wife; that he wrote on Divorce; that after the death of his first wife, he married a second time a lady who died very soon, and a third time a person who survived him more than fifty years; that he wrote early poems of singular beauty, which we still read; that he travelled in Italy, and exhibited his learning in the academies there; that he plunged deep in the theological and political controversies of his time; that he kept a school, or rather, in our more modern phrase, took pupils; that he was a republican of a peculiar kind, and of "no church," which Dr. Johnson thought dangerous; that he was Secretary for Foreign Languages under the Long Parliament, and retained that office after the *coup-d'état* of Cromwell; that he defended the death of Charles the First, and became blind from writing a book in haste upon that subject; that after the Restoration he was naturally in a position of some danger and much difficulty; that in the midst of that difficulty he wrote *Paradise Lost*; that he did not fail in heart or hope, but lived for fourteen years after the destruction of all for which he had laboured, in serene retirement, "though fallen on evil days, though fallen on evil times;"—all this we have heard from our boyhood. How much is wanting to complete the picture; how many traits, both noble and painful, might be recovered from the past, we shall never know, till some biographer skilled in interpreting the details of human nature shall select this subject for his art.

All that we can hope to do in an essay like this is, to throw together some miscellaneous remarks on the character of the Puritan poet, and on the peculiarities of his works; and if in any part of them we may seem to make unusual criticisms, and to be over-ready with depreciation or objection, our excuse

must be that we wish to paint a likeness, and that the harsher features of the subject should have a prominence, even in an outline.

There are two kinds of goodness conspicuous in the world, and often made the subject of contrast there; for which, however, we seem to want exact words, and which we are obliged to describe rather vaguely and incompletely. These characters may in one aspect be called the sensuous and the ascetic. The character of the first is that which is almost personified in the poet-king of Israel, whose actions and whose history have been "improved" so often by various writers, that it now seems trite even to allude to them. Nevertheless the particular virtues and the particular career of David seem to embody the idea of what may be called sensuous goodness far more completely than a living being in general comes near to an abstract idea. There may have been shades in the actual man which would have modified the resemblance; but in the portrait which has been handed down to us the traits are perfect and the approximation exact. The principle of this character is its sensibility to outward stimulus; it is moved by all which occurs, stirred by all which happens, open to the influences of whatever it sees, hears, or meets with. The certain consequence of this mental constitution is a peculiar liability to temptation. Men are, according to the divine, "put upon their trial through the senses." It is through the constant suggestions of the outer world that our minds are stimulated, that our will has the chance of a choice, that moral life becomes possible. The sensibility to this external stimulus brings with it, when men have it to excess, an unusual access of moral difficulty. Every thing acts on them, and every thing has a chance of turning them aside; the most tempting things act upon them very deeply, and their influence, in consequence, is extreme. Naturally, therefore, the errors of such men are great. We need not point the moral—

"Dizzied faith and guilt and woe,
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years."

But, on the other hand, the excellence of such men has a charm, a kind of sensuous sweetness, that is its own. Being conscious of frailty, they are tender to the imperfect; being sensitive to this world, they sympathise with the world; being familiar with all the moral incidents of life, their goodness has a richness and a complication: they fascinate their own age, and in their deaths

they are "not divided" from the love of others. Their peculiar sensibility gives a depth to their religion; it is at once deeper and more human than that of other men. As their sympathetic knowledge of those whom they have seen is great, so it is with their knowledge of Him whom they have not seen; and as is their knowledge, so is their love: it is deep, from their nature; rich and intimate, from the variety of their experience; chastened by the ever-present sense of their weakness and of its consequences.

In extreme opposition to this is the ascetic species of goodness. This is not, as is sometimes believed, a self-produced ideal—a simply voluntary result of discipline and restraint. Some men have by nature what others have to elaborate by effort. Some men have a repulsion from the world. All of us have, in some degree, a protective instinct; an impulse, that is to say, to start back from what may trouble us, to shun what may fascinate us, to avoid what may tempt us. On the moral side of human nature this preventive check is occasionally imperious; it holds the whole man under its control,—makes him recoil from the world, be offended at its amusements, be repelled by its occupations, be scared by its sins. The consequences of this tendency, when it is thus in excess, upon the character are very great and very singular. It secludes a man in a sort of natural monastery; he lives in a kind of moral solitude; and the effects of his isolation for good and for evil on his disposition are very many. The best result is a singular capacity for meditative religion. Being aloof from what is earthly, such persons are shut up with what is spiritual; being unstirred by the incidents of time, they are alone with the eternal; rejecting this life, they are alone with what is beyond. According to the measure of their minds, men of this removed and secluded excellence become eminent for a settled and brooding piety, for a strong and predominant religion. In human life too, in a thousand ways, their isolated excellence is apparent. They walk through the whole of it with an abstinence from sense, a zeal of morality, a purity of ideal, which other men have not. Their religion has an imaginative grandeur, and their life something of an unusual impeccability. And these are obviously singular excellencies. But the deficiencies to which the same character tends are equally singular. In the first place, their isolation gives them a certain pride in themselves, and an inevitable ignorance of others. They are secluded by their constitutional *δαίμων* from life; they are repelled from the pursuits which others care for; they are alarmed at the amusements which others enjoy. In consequence, they trust in their own thoughts; they come to magnify both them and themselves—for being able to think and to retain them. The

greater the nature of the man, the greater is this temptation. His thoughts are greater, and, in consequence, the greater is his tendency to prize them, the more extreme is his tendency to overrate them. This pride, too, goes side by side with a want of sympathy. Being aloof from others, such a mind is unlike others; and it feels, and sometimes it feels bitterly, its own unlikeness. Generally, however, it is too wrapt up in its own exalted thoughts to be sensible of the pain of moral isolation; it stands apart from others, unknowing and unknown. It is deprived of moral experience in two ways,—it is not tempted itself, and it does not comprehend the temptations of others. And this defect of moral experience is almost certain to produce two effects, one practical, and the other speculative. When such a man is wrong, he will be apt to believe that he is right. If his own judgment err, he will not have the habit of checking it by the judgment of others; he will be accustomed to think most men wrong; differing from them would be no proof of error, agreeing with them would rather be a basis for suspicion. He may, too, be very wrong, for the conscience of no man is perfect on all sides. The strangeness of secluded excellence will be sometimes deeply shaded by very strange errors. To be commonly above others, still more to think yourself above others, is to be below them every now and then, and sometimes much below. Again, on the speculative side, this defect of moral experience penetrates into the distinguishing excellence of the character,—its brooding and meditative religion. Those who see life under only one aspect, can see religion under only one likewise. This world is needful to interpret what is beyond; the seen must explain the unseen. It is from a tried and a varied and a troubled moral life that the deepest and truest ideas of God arise. The ascetic character wants these; therefore in its religion there will be a harshness of outline, a bareness, so to say, as well as a grandeur. In life we may look for a singular purity; but also, and with equal probability, for singular self-confidence, a certain unsympathising straitness, and perhaps a few singular errors.

The character of the ascetic, or austere species of goodness, is almost exactly embodied in Milton. Men, indeed, are formed on no ideal type. Human nature has tendencies too various, and circumstances too complex. All men's characters have sides and aspects not to be comprehended in a single definition; but in this case, the extent to which the character of the man, as we find it delineated, approaches to the moral abstraction which we sketch from theory, is remarkable. The whole being of Milton may, in some sort, be summed up in the great commandment of the austere character, "Reverence thyself." We find it expressed in almost every one of his singular descrip-

tions of himself,—of those striking passages which are scattered through all his works, and which add to whatever interest may intrinsically belong to them one of the rarest of artistic charms, that of magnanimous autobiography. They have been quoted a thousand times, but one of them may perhaps be quoted again. “I had my time, readers, as others have, who have good learning bestowed upon them, to be sent to those places, where the opinion was it might be soonest attained; and as the manner is, was not unstudied in those authors which are most commended; whereof some were grave orators and historians, whose matter methought I loved indeed, but as my age then was, so I understood them; others were the smooth elegiac poets, whereof the schools are not scarce, whom both for the pleasing sound of their numerous writing, which in imitation I found most easy, and most agreeable to nature’s part in me, and for their matter, which what it is, there be few who know not, I was so allured to read, that no recreation came to me better welcome: for that it was then those years with me which are excused, though they be least severe, I may be saved the labour to remember ye. Whence having observed them to account it the chief glory of their wit, in that they were ablest to judge, to praise, and by that could esteem themselves worthiest to love those high perfections, which under one or other name they took to celebrate; I thought with myself by every instinct and presage of nature, which is not wont to be false, that what emboldened them to this task, might with such diligence as they used embolden me; and that what judgment, wit, or elegance was my share, would herein best appear, and best value itself, by how much more wisely, and with more love of virtue I should choose (let rude ears be absent) the object of not unlike praises: for albeit these thoughts to some will seem virtuous and commendable, to others only pardonable, to a third sort perhaps idle; yet the mentioning of them now will end in serious. Nor blame it, readers, in those years to propose to themselves such a reward, as the noblest dispositions above other things in this life have sometimes preferred: whereof not to be sensible when good and fair in one person meet, argues both a gross and shallow judgment, and withal an ungentle and swinish breast: for by the firm settling of these persuasions, I became, to my best memory, so much a proficient, that if I found those authors any where speaking unworthy things of themselves, or unchaste of those names which before they had extolled; this effect it wrought with me, from that time forward their art I still applauded, but the men I deplored; and above them all, preferred the two famous re-nowners of Beatrice and Laura, who never write but honour of them to whom they devote their verse, displaying sublime

and pure thoughts without transgression. And long it was not after, when I was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem; that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honourablest things; not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men, or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and the practice of all that which is praiseworthy."

It may be fanciful to add, and we may be laughed at, but we believe that the self-reverencing propensity was a little aided by his singular personal beauty. All the describers of his youth concur in telling us that this was very remarkable. Mr. Masson has the following account of it:

"When Milton left Cambridge in July 1632, he was twenty-three years and eight months old. In stature, therefore, at least, he was already whatever he was to be. 'In stature,' he says himself at a later period, when driven to speak on the subject, 'I confess I am not tall, but still of what is nearer to middle height than to little: and what if I were of little; of which stature have often been very great men both in peace and war—though why should that be called little which is great enough for virtue?' (*'Staturâ, fateor, non sum procerâ, sed quæ mediocri tamen quàm parvæ propior sit; sed quid si parvâ, quâ et summi sæpe tum pace tum bello viri fuere—quanquam parva cur dicitur, quæ ad virtutem satis magna est ?'*) This is precise enough; but we have Aubrey's words to the same effect. 'He was scarce so tall as I am,' says Aubrey; to which, to make it more intelligible, he appends this marginal note:—'*Qu. Quot feet I am high? Resp. Of middle stature;—i.e. Milton was a little under middle height. 'He had light brown hair,' continues Aubrey,—putting the word 'abrown' ('auburn') in the margin by way of synonym for 'light brown;—his complexion exceeding fair; oval face; his eye a dark gray.'*"

We are far from accusing Milton of personal vanity. His character was too enormous, if we may be allowed so to say, for a fault so petty. But a little tinge of excessive self-respect will cling to those who can admire themselves. Ugly men are and ought to be ashamed of their existence. Milton was not so.

The peculiarities of the austere type of character stand out in Milton more remarkably than in other men who partake of it, because of the extreme strength of his nature. In reading him this is the first thing that strikes us. We seem to have left the little world of ordinary writers. The words of some authors are said to have "hands and feet;" they seem, that is, to have a vigour and animation which only belong to things which live and move. Milton's words have not this animal life. There is no rude energy about them. But, on the other hand, they have, or seem to have, a soul, a spirit which other words have not. He

was early aware that what he wrote, "by certain vital signs it had," was such as the world would not "willingly let die." After two centuries we feel the same. There is a solemn and firm music in the lines; a brooding sublimity haunts them; the spirit of the great writer moves over the face of the page. In life there seems to have been the same peculiar strength that his works suggest to us. His moral tenacity is amazing. He took his own course, and he kept his own course; and we may trace in his defects the same characteristics. "Energy and ill-temper," some say, "are the same thing;" and though this is a strong exaggeration, yet there is a basis of truth in it. People who labour much, will be cross if they do not obtain that for which they labour; those who desire vehemently, will be vexed if they do not obtain that which they desire. As is the strength of the impelling tendency, so, other things being equal, is the pain which it will experience if it be baffled. Those, too, who are set on what is high, will be proportionately offended by the intrusion of what is low. Accordingly Milton is described by those who knew him as a "harsh and choleric man." "He had," we are told, "a gravity in his temper, not melancholy, or not till the latter part of his life,—not sour, not morose, nor ill-natured; but a certain severity of mind, not condescending to little things;"—and this, although his daughter remembered that he was delightful company, the life of conversation, and that he was so "on account of a flow of subjects and an unaffected cheerfulness and civility." Doubtless this may have been so when he was at ease, and at home. But there are unmistakable traces of the harsher tendency in almost all his works.

Some of the peculiarities of the ascetic character were likewise augmented by his studious disposition. This began very early in life, and continued till the end. "My father," he says, "destined me to the study of polite literature, which I embraced with such avidity, that from the twelfth year of my age I hardly ever retired to rest from my studies till midnight; which was the first source of injury to my eyes, to the natural weakness of which were added frequent headaches: all of which not retarding my eagerness after knowledge, he took care to have me instructed," &c. Every page of his works shows the result of this education. In spite of the occupations of manhood, and the blindness and melancholy of old age, he still continued to have his principal pleasure in that "studious and select reading" which, though often curiously transmuted, is perpetually involved in the very texture of his works. We need not stay to observe how a habit in itself so austere conduces to the development of an austere character. Deep study, especially deep study which haunts and rules the imagination, necessarily removes men from

life, absorbs them in themselves; purifies their conduct, with some risk of isolating their sympathies; developes that loftiness of mood which is gifted with deep inspirations and indulged with great ideas, but which tends in its excess to engender a contempt for others, and a self-appreciation which is even more displeasing to them.

These same tendencies were aggravated also by two defects which are exceedingly rare in great English authors, and which perhaps Milton alone amongst those of the highest class is in a remarkable degree chargeable with. We mean a deficiency in humour, and a deficiency in a knowledge of plain human nature. Probably when, after the lapse of ages, English literature is looked at in its larger features only, and in comparison with other literatures which have preceded or which may follow it, the critics will lay down that its most striking characteristic as a whole is its involution, so to say, in life; the degree to which its book-life resembles real life; the extent to which the motives, dispositions, and actions of common busy persons are represented in a medium which would seem likely to give us peculiarly the ideas of secluded, and the tendencies of meditative men. It is but an aspect of this fact, that English literature abounds,—some critics will say abounds excessively,—with humour. This is in some sense the imaginative element of ordinary life,—the relieving charm, partaking at once of contrast and similitude, which gives a human and an intellectual interest to the world of clowns and cottages, of fields and farmers. The degree to which Milton is deficient in this element is conspicuous in every page of his writings where its occurrence could be looked for; and if we do not always look for it, this is because the subjects of his most remarkable works are on a removed elevation, where ordinary life, the world of “cakes and ale,” is never thought of and never expected. It is in his dramas, as we should expect, that Milton shows this deficiency the most. “Citizens” never talk in his pages, as they do in Shakespeare. We feel instinctively that Milton’s eye had never rested with the same easy pleasure on the easy, ordinary, shop-keeping world. Perhaps, such is the complication of art, that it is on the most tragic occasions that we feel this want the most. It may seem an odd theory, and yet we believe it to be a true principle, that catastrophes require a comic element. We appear to feel the same principle in life. We may read solemn descriptions of great events in history,—say of Lord Strafford’s trial, and of his marvellous speech, and his appeal to his “saint in heaven;” but we comprehend the whole transaction much better when we learn from Mr. Baillie, the eye-witness, that people ate nuts and apples, and talked, and laughed, and betted on the great question

of acquittal and condemnation. Nor is it difficult to understand why this should be so. It seems to be a law of the imagination, at least in most men, that it will not bear concentration. It is essentially a glancing faculty. It goes and comes, and comes and goes, and we hardly know whence or why. But we most of us know that when we try to fix it, in a moment it passes away. Accordingly, the proper procedure of art is to let it go in such a manner as to ensure its coming back again. The force of artistic contrasts effects exactly this result. Skilfully-disposed opposites suggest the notion of each other. We realise more perfectly and easily the great idea, the tragic conception, when we are familiarised with its effects on the minds of little people,—with the petty consequences which it causes, as well as with the enormous forces from which it comes. The catastrophe of *Samson Agonistes* discloses Milton's imperfect mastery of this element of effect. If ever there was an occasion which admitted its perfect employment, it was this. The kind of catastrophe is exactly that which is sure to strike, and strike forcibly, the minds of common persons. If their observations on the occasion were really given to us, we could scarcely avoid something rather comic. The eccentricity, so to speak, of ordinary persons, shows itself peculiarly at such times, and they say the queerest things. Shakespeare has exemplified this principle most skilfully on various occasions: it is the sort of art which is just in his way. His imagination always seems to be floating between the contrasts of things; and if his mind had a resting-place that it liked, it was this ordinary view of extraordinary events. Milton was under the greater obligation to use this relieving principle of art in the catastrophe of *Samson*, because he has made every effort to heighten the strictly tragic element, which requires that relief. His art, always serious, was never more serious. His *Samson* is not the incarnation of physical strength which the popular fancy embodies in the character; nor is it the simple and romantic character of the Old Testament. On the contrary, *Samson* has become a Puritan: the observations he makes would have done much credit to a religious pikeman in Cromwell's army. In consequence, his death requires some lightening touches to make it a properly artistic event. The pomp of seriousness becomes too oppressive.

“ At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars
That to the archèd roof gave main support.
He unsuspecting led him; which when *Samson*
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,

And eyes fast fix'd, he stood, as one who pray'd,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved :
 At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
 'Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld :
 Now of my own accord such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.'
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro.
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,—
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnise this feast.
 Samson with these immix'd, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself ;
 The vulgar only 'scaped who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious !
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now ly'st victorious
 Among thy slain self-kill'd,
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
 Than all thy life hath slain before."

This is grave and fine; but Shakespeare would have done it differently and better.

We need not pause to observe how certainly this deficiency in humour and in the delineation of ordinary human feeling is connected with a recluse, a solitary, and to some extent an unsympathising life. If we combine a certain natural aloofness from common men with literary habits and an incessantly studious musing, we shall at once see how powerful a force is brought to bear on an instinctively austere character, and how sure it will be to develope the peculiar tendencies of it, both good and evil. It was to no purpose that Milton seems to have practised a sort of professional study of life. No man could rank more highly the importance to a poet of an intellectual insight into all-important pursuits and 'seemly arts.' But it is not by the mere intellect that we can take in the daily occupations of mankind; we must sympathise with them, and see them in their human relations. A chimney-sweeper, *quâd* chimney-sweeper, is not very sentimental; it is in himself that he is so interesting.

Milton's austere character is in some sort the more evident, because he possessed in large measure a certain relieving element, in which those who are eminent in that character are very deficient. Generally such persons have but obtuse senses. We are prone to attribute the purity of their conduct to the dullness of their sensations. Milton had no such obtuseness. He had every opportunity for knowing the world of eye and ear. You cannot open his works without seeing how much he did know of it. The austerity of his nature was not caused by the deficiency of his senses, but by an excess of the warning instinct. Even when he professed to delineate the world of sensuous delight, this instinct shows itself. Dr. Johnson thought he could discern melancholy in *L'Allegro*. If he had said solitariness, it would have been correct.

The peculiar nature of Milton's character is very conspicuous in the events of his domestic life, and in the views which he took of the great public revolutions of his age. We can spare only a very brief space for the examination of either of these; but we will endeavour to say a few words upon each of them.

The circumstances of Milton's first marriage are as singular as any in the strange series of the loves of the poets. The scene opens with an affair of business. Milton's father, as is well known, was a scrivener—a kind of professional money-lender, then well known in London; and having been early connected with the vicinity of Oxford, continued afterwards to have pecuniary transactions of a certain nature with country gentlemen of that neighbourhood. In the course of these he advanced 500*l.* to a certain Mr. Richard Powell, a squire of fair landed estate, residing at Forest Hill, which is about four miles from the town of Oxford. The money was lent on the 11th of June 1627; and a few months afterwards Mr. Milton the elder gave 312*l.* of it to his son the poet, who was then a youth at college, and made a formal memorandum of the same in the form then usual, which still exists. The debt was never wholly discharged; for in 1651 we find Milton declaring on oath that he had never received more than 180*l.*, "in part satisfaction of his said just and principal debt, with damages for the same and his costs of suit." Mr. Keightley supposes him to have "taken many a ride over to Forest Hill" after he left Cambridge and was living at Horton, which is not very far distant; but of course this is only conjecture. We only know that about 1643 "he took," as his nephew relates, "a journey into the country, nobody about him certainly knowing the reason, or that it was more than a journey of recreation. After a month's stay he returns a married man, who set out a bachelor; his wife being Mary, the eldest daugh-

ter of Mr. Richard Powell, then a justice of the peace" for the county of Oxford. The suddenness of the event is rather striking; but Philips was at the time one of Milton's pupils, and it is possible that some pains may have been taken to conceal the love-affair from the "young gentlemen." Still, as Philips was Milton's nephew, he was likely to hear such intelligence tolerably early; and as he does not seem to have done so, the *dénouement* was probably rather prompt. At any rate, he was certainly married at that time, and took his bride home to his house in Aldersgate Street; and there was feasting and gaiety according to the usual custom of such events. A few weeks after, the lady went home to her friends, in which there was of course nothing remarkable; but it is singular that when the natural limit of her visit at home was come, she absolutely refused to return to her husband. The grounds of so strange a resolution are very difficult to ascertain. Political feeling ran very high: old Mr. Powell adhered to the side of the king, and Milton to that of the parliament; and this might be fancied to have caused an estrangement. But on the other hand, these circumstances must have been well known three months before. Nothing had happened in that quarter of a year to change very materially the position of the two parties in the state. Some other cause for Mrs. Milton's conduct must be looked for. She herself is said to have stated that she did not like her husband's "spare diet and hard study." No doubt, too, she found it dull in London; she had probably always lived in the country, and must have been quite unaccustomed to the not very pleasant scene in which she found herself. Still, many young ladies have married schoolmasters, and many young ladies have gone from Oxfordshire to London; and nevertheless no such dissolution of matrimonial harmony is known to have occurred.

The fact we believe to be, that the bride took a dislike to her husband. We cannot but have a suspicion that she did not like him before marriage, and that pecuniary reasons had their influence. If, however, Mr. Powell exerted his paternal influence, it may be admitted that he had unusual considerations to advance in favour of the alliance he proposed. It is not every father whose creditors are handsome young gentlemen with a fair income. Perhaps it seemed no extreme tyranny to press the young lady a little to do that which some others might have done without pressing. Still, all this is but hypothesis; the evidence of the love-affairs of the time of King Charles I. is but meagre. But whatever the feelings of Miss Powell may have been, those of Mrs. Milton are exceedingly certain. She would not return to her husband; she did not answer his letters; and a messenger whom he sent to bring her back was handled rather

roughly. Unquestionably she was deeply to blame, by far the most to blame of the two. Whatever may be alleged against him, is as nothing compared with her offence in leaving him. To defend so startling a course, we must adopt views of divorce even more extreme than those which Milton was himself driven to inculcate; and whatever Mrs. Milton's practice may have been, it may be fairly conjectured that her principles were strictly orthodox. Yet, if she could be examined by a commission to the ghosts, she would probably have some palliating circumstances to allege in mitigation of judgment. There were, perhaps, peculiarities in Milton's character which a young lady might not improperly dislike. The austere and ascetic character is of course far less agreeable to women than the sensuous and susceptible. The self-occupation, the pride, the abstraction of the former are to the female mind disagreeable; studious habits and unusual self-denial seem to it purposeless; lofty enthusiasm, public spirit, the solitary pursuit of an elevated ideal, are quite out of its way,—they rest too little on the visible world to be intelligible, they are too little suggested by the daily occurrences of life to seem possible. The poet in search of an imaginary phantom has never been successful with women, there are innumerable proofs of that; the ascetic moralist is even less interesting. A character combined out of the two—and this to some extent was Milton's—is singularly likely to meet with painful failure; with a failure the more painful, that it could never anticipate or explain it. Possibly he was absorbed in an austere self-conscious excellence; it may never have occurred to him that a lady might prefer the trivial detail of daily happiness.

Milton's own view of the matter he has explained to us in his book on divorce; and it is a very odd one. His complaint was that his wife would not talk. What he wished in marriage was an "intimate and speaking help;" he encountered a "mute and spiritless mate." One of his principal incitements to the "pious necessity of divorcing," was an unusual deficiency in household conversation. A certain loquacity in their wives has been the complaint of various eminent men; but his domestic affliction was a different one. The "ready and reviving associate," whom he had hoped to have found, appeared to be a "co-inhabiting mischief," who was sullen, and perhaps seemed bored and tired. And at times he is disposed to cast the blame of his misfortune on the uninstructional nature of youthful virtue. The "soberest and best-governed men," he says, are least practised in such affairs, are not very well aware that "the bashful muteness" of a young lady "may oft-times hide the unliveliness and natural sloth which is really unfit for conversation;" and are rather in too great haste to light the nuptial torch: whereas

those "who have lived most loosely, by reason of their bold accustoming, prove most successful in their matches; because their wild affections, unsettling at will, have been as so many divorces to teach them experience." And he rather wishes to infer that the virtuous man should, in case of mischance, have his resource of divorce likewise.

In truth, Milton's book on divorce—though only containing principles which he continued to believe long after he had any personal reasons for wishing to do so—were clearly suggested at first by the unusual phenomena of his first marriage. His wife began by not speaking to him, and finished by running away from him. Accordingly, like most books which spring out of personal circumstances, his treatises on this subject have a frankness, and a mastery of detail, which others on the same topic sometimes want. He is remarkably free from one peculiarity of modern writers on such matters. Several considerate gentlemen are extremely anxious for the "rights of woman." They think that women will benefit by removing the bulwarks which the misguided experience of ages has erected for their protection. A migratory system of domestic existence might suit Madame Dudevant, and a few cases of singular exception; but we cannot fancy that it would be, after all, so much to the taste of most ladies as the present more permanent system. We have some reminiscence of the stories of the wolf and the lamb, when we hear amiable men addressing a female auditory (in books of course) on the advantages of a freer 'development.' We are perhaps wrong, but we cherish an indistinct suspicion that an indefinite extension of the power of selection would rather tend to the advantage of the sex which more usually chooses. But we have no occasion to avow such opinions now. Milton had no such modern views. He is frankly and honestly anxious for the rights of the man. Of the doctrine that divorce is only permitted for the help of wives, he exclaims, "Palpably uxorious! who can be ignorant, that woman was created for man, and not man for woman? What an injury is it after wedlock to be slighted! what to be contended with in point of house-rule who shall be the head; not for any parity of wisdom, for that were something reasonable, but out of a female pride! 'I suffer not,' saith St. Paul, 'the woman to usurp authority over the man.' If the Apostle could not suffer it," he naturally remarks, "into what mould is he mortified that can?" He had a sincere desire to preserve men from the society of unsocial and unsympathising women; and that was his principal idea.

His theory, to a certain extent, partakes of the same notion. The following passage contains a perspicuous exposition of it: "Moses, Deut. xxiv. 1, established a grave and prudent law,

full of moral equity, full of due consideration towards nature, that cannot be resisted, a law consenting with the wisest men and civilest nations; that when a man hath married a wife, if it come to pass that he cannot love her by reason of some displeasing natural quality or unfitness in her, let him write her a bill of divorce. The intent of which law undoubtedly was this, that if any good and peaceable man should discover some helpless disagreement or dislike, either of mind or body, whereby he could not cheerfully perform the duty of a husband without the perpetual dissembling of offence and disturbance to his spirit; rather than to live uncomfortably and unhappily both to himself and to his wife; rather than to continue undertaking a duty, which he could not possibly discharge, he might dismiss her, whom he could not tolerably, and so not conscionably, retain. And this law the Spirit of God by the mouth of Solomon, Prov. xxx. 21, 23, testifies to be a good and a necessary law, by granting it that 'a hated woman' (for so the Hebrew word signifies, rather than 'odious,' though it come all to one), that 'a hated woman, when she is married, is a thing that the earth cannot bear.'" And he complains that the civil law of modern states interferes with the "domestical prerogative of the husband."

His notion would seem to have been that a husband was bound not to dismiss his wife, except for a reason really sufficient; such as a thoroughly incompatible temper, an incorrigible "muteness," and a desertion like that of Mrs. Milton. But he scarcely liked to admit that, in the use of this power, he should be subject to the correction of human tribunals. He thought that the circumstances of each case depended upon "utterless facts;" and that it was practically impossible for a civil court to decide on a subject so delicate in its essence, and so imperceptible in its data. But though amiable men doubtless suffer much from the deficiencies of their wives, we should hardly like to intrust them, in their own cases, with a jurisdiction so prompt and summary.

We are far from being concerned, however, just now with the doctrine of divorce on its intrinsic merits: we were only intending to give such an account of Milton's opinions upon it as might serve to illustrate his character. We think we have shown that it is possible there may have been, in his domestic relations, a little overweening pride; a tendency to overrate the true extent of masculine rights, and to dwell on his wife's duty to be social towards him rather than on his duty to be social towards her,—to be rather sullen whenever she was not quite cheerful. Still, we are not defending a lady for leaving her husband for defects of such inferior magnitude. Few house-

holds would be kept together, if the right of transition were exercised on such trifling occasions. We are but suggesting that she may share the excuse which our great satirist has suggested for another unreliable lady: "My mother was an angel; but angels are not always *commodes à vivre*."

This is not a pleasant part of our subject, and we must leave it. It is more agreeable to relate that on no occasion of his life was the substantial excellence of Milton's character more conclusively shown, than in his conduct at the last stage of this curious transaction. After a very considerable interval, and after the publication of his book on divorce, Mrs. Milton showed a disposition to return to her husband; and in spite of his theories, he received her with open arms. With great Christian patience, he received her relations too. The Parliamentary party was then victorious; and old Mr. Powell, who had suffered very much in the cause of the king, lived until his death untroubled, and "wholly to his devotion," as we are informed, in the house of his son-in-law.

Of the other occurrences of Milton's domestic life we have left ourselves no room to speak; we must turn to our second source of illustration for his character,—his opinions on the great public events of his time. It may seem odd, but we believe that a man of austere character naturally tends *both* to an excessive party spirit and to an extreme isolation. Of course the circumstances which develop the one must be different from those which are necessary to call out the other: party-spirit requires companionship; isolation, if we may be pardoned so original a remark, excludes it. But though, as we have shown, this species of character is prone to mental solitude, lends an intellectual isolation where it is possible and as soon as it can, yet when invincible circumstances throw it into mental companionship, when it is driven into earnest association with earnest men on interesting topics, its zeal becomes excessive. Such a man's mind is at home only with its own enthusiasm; it is cooped up within the narrow limits of its own ideas, and it can make no allowance for those who differ from or oppose them. We may see something of this excessive party-zeal in Burke. No one's reasons are more philosophical; yet no one who acted with a party, went further in aid of it or was more violent in support of it. He forgot what could be said for the tenets of the enemy; his imagination made that enemy an abstract incarnation of his tenets. A man, too, who knows that he formed his opinions originally by a genuine and intellectual process, is but little aware of the undue energy those ideas may obtain from the concurrence of those around. Persons who first acquired their ideas at second-hand, are more open to a knowledge of their

own weakness, and better acquainted with the strange force which there is in the sympathy of others. The isolated mind, when it acts with the popular feeling, is apt to exaggerate that feeling for the most part by an almost inevitable consequence of the feelings which render it isolated. Milton is an example of this remark. In the commencement of the struggle between Charles I. and the Parliament, he sympathised strongly with the popular movement, and carried to what seems now a strange extreme his partisanship. No one could imagine that the first literary Englishman of his time could write the following passage on Charles I.:

“Who can with patience hear this filthy, rascally Fool speak so irreverently of Persons eminent both in Greatness and Piety? Dare you compare King *David* with King *Charles*; a most Religious King and Prophet, with a Superstitious Prince, and who was but a Novice in the Christian Religion; a most prudent, wise Prince with a weak one; a valiant Prince with a cowardly one; finally, a most just Prince with a most unjust one? Have you the impudence to commend his Chastity and Sobriety, who is known to have committed all manner of Leudness in company with his Confident the Duke of *Buckingham*? It were to no purpose to enquire into the private Actions of his Life, who publickly at Plays would embrace and kiss the Ladies.”

Whatever may be the faults of that ill-fated monarch,—and they assuredly were not small,—no one would now think this absurd invective to be even an excusable exaggeration. It misses the true mark altogether, and is the expression of a strongly imaginative mind, which has seen something that it did not like, and is unable in consequence to see any thing that has any relation to it distinctly or correctly. But with the supremacy of the Long Parliament Milton's attachment to their cause ceased. No one has drawn a more unfavourable picture of the rule which they established. Years after their supremacy had passed away, and the restoration of the monarchy had covered with a new and strange scene the old actors and the old world, he thrust into a most unlikely part of his *History of England* the following attack on them:

“But when once the superficial zeal and popular fumes that acted their New Magistracy were cool'd, and spent in them, strait every one betook himself (setting the Commonwealth behind, his privat ends before) to doe as his own profit or ambition ledd him. Then was justice delay'd, and soon after deni'd: spight and favour determin'd all: hence faction, thence treachery, both at home and in the field: ev'ry where wrong, and oppression: foull and horrid deeds committed daily, or maintain'd, in secret, or in open. Som who had bin call'd from

shops and warehouses, without other merit, to sit in Supreme Councils and Committees (as thir breeding was) fell to huckster the Commonwealth. Others did thereafter as men could soothe and humour them best; so hee who would give most, or, under covert of hypocriticall zeale, insinuat basest, enjoy'd unworthily the rewards of lerning and fidelity; or escap'd the punishment of his crimes and misdeeds. Thir Votes and Ordinances, which men looked should have contain'd the repealing of bad laws, and the immediat constitution of better, resounded with nothing els, but new Impositions, Taxes, Excises; yeerly, monthly, weekly. Not to reckon the Offices, Gifts, and Preferments bestow'd and shar'd among themselves."

His dislike of this system of committees, and of the generally dull and unemphatic administration of the Commonwealth, attached him to the Puritan army and to Cromwell; but in the continuation of the passage we have referred to, he expresses, with something, let it be said, of a schoolmaster feeling, an unfavourable judgment on their career.

"For *Britan*, to speak a truth not oft'n spok'n, as it is a Land fruitful enough of men stout and courageous in warr, soe it is naturally not over-fertill of men able to govern justly and prudently in peace, trusting onely in thir Motherwit; who consider not justly, that civility, prudence, love of the Publick good, more then of money or vaine honour, are to this soile in a manner outlandish; grow not here, but in mindes well implanted with solid and elaborat breeding, too impolitic els and rude, if not headstrong and intractable to the industry and vertue either of executing or understanding true Civill Government. Valiant indeed, and prosperous to win a field; but to know the end and reason of winning, unjudicious, and unwise: in good or bad success, alike unteachable. For the Sun, which wee want, ripens wits as well as fruits; and as Wine and Oil are imported to us from abroad, soe must ripe understanding, and many Civill Vertues, be imported into our mindes from Foren Writings, and examples of best Ages; we shall els miscarry still, and com short in the attempts of any great enterprize. Hence did thir Victories prove as fruitles, as thir Losses dang'rous; and left them still conq'ring under the same greevances, that Men suffer conquer'd: which was indeed unlikely to goe otherwise, unles Men more then vulgar bred up, as few of them were, in the knowledg of antient and illustrious deeds, invincible against many and vaine Titles, impartial to Freindships and Relations, had conducted thir Affairs: but then from the Chapman to the Retailer, many whose ignorance was more audacious then the rest, were admitted with all thir sordid Rudiments to bear no meane sway among them, both in Church and State."

We need not speak of Milton's disapprobation of the restoration. Between him and the world of Charles II. the opposition was inevitable and infinite. Therefore the general fact remains, that except in the early struggles, when he exaggerated the popular feeling, he remained solitary in opinion, and had very little sympathy with any of the prevailing parties of his time.

Milton's own theory of government is to be learned from his works. He advocated a free commonwealth, without rule of a single person, or House of Lords: but the form of his projected commonwealth was peculiar. He thought that a certain perpetual council, which should be elected by the nation once for all, and the number of which should be filled up as vacancies might occur, was the best possible machine of government. He did not confine his admiration to abstract theory, but proposed the immediate establishment of such a council in this country. We need not go into an elaborate discussion to show the errors of this conclusion. Hardly any one, then or since, has probably adopted it. The interest of the theoretical parts of Milton's political works is entirely historical. The tenets advocated are not of great value, and the arguments by which he supports them are perhaps of less; but their relation to the times in which they were written gives them a very singular interest. The time of the Commonwealth was the only period in English history in which the fundamental questions of government have been thrown open for popular discussion in this country. We read in French literature discussions on the advisability of establishing a monarchy, on the advisability of establishing a republic, on the advisability of establishing an empire; and before we proceed to examine the arguments, we cannot help being struck at the strange contrast which this multiplicity of open questions presents to our own uninquiring acquiescence in the hereditary polity which has descended to us. "King, Lords, and Commons" are, we think, ordinances of nature. Yet Milton's political writings embody the reflections of a period when, for a few years, the government of England was nearly as much a subject of fundamental discussion as that of France was in 1851. An "invitation to thinkers," to borrow the phrase of Neckar, was given by the circumstances of the time; and, with the habitual facility of philosophical speculation, it was accepted, and used to the utmost.

Such are not the kind of speculations in which we expect assistance from Milton. It is not in its transactions with others, in its dealings with the manifold world, that the isolated and austere mind shows itself to the most advantage. Its strength lies in itself. It has "a calm and pleasing solitariness." It hears

thoughts which others cannot hear. It enjoys the quiet and still air of delightful studies; and is ever conscious of such musing and poetry "as is not to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her twin daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar."

"Descend from Heav'n, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasus wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call; for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st, but heav'nly born:
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by Thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy temp'ring. With like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element;
Lest from this flying steed, unrein'd (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime),
Dismounted, on th' Aleian field I fall
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few;
But drive far off the barb'rous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores;
For thou art heav'nly, she an empty dream."

"An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright, found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black: pale, but not cadaverous." "He used also to sit in a gray coarse cloth coat at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, in warm sunny weather;" and the common people said he was inspired.

If from the man we turn to his works, we are struck at once with two singular contrasts. The first of them is this. The distinction between ancient and modern art is sometimes said, and perhaps truly, to consist in the simple bareness of the imaginative conceptions which we find in ancient art, and the comparatively complex clothing in which all modern creations are embodied. If we adopt this distinction, Milton seems in some sort ancient, and in some sort modern. Nothing is so simple as the subject-matter of his works. The two greatest of his creations—the character of Satan and the character of Eve—are two of the simplest—the latter probably the very simplest—in the whole field of literature. On this side Milton's art is classical. On the other hand, in no writer is the imagery more profuse, the illustrations more various, the dress altogether more splendid. And in this respect the style of his art seems romantic and modern. In real truth, however, it is only ancient art in a modern disguise. The dress is a mere dress, and can be stripped off when we will. We all of us do perhaps in memory strip it off for ourselves. Notwithstanding the lavish adornments with which her image is presented, the character of Eve is still the simplest sort of feminine essence,—the pure embodiment of that inner nature, which we believe and hope that women have. The character of Satan, though it is not so easily described, has nearly as few elements in it. The most purely modern conceptions will not bear to be unclothed in this manner. Their romantic garment clings inseparably to them. Hamlet or Lear are not to be thought of except as complex characters, with very involved and complicated embodiments. They are as difficult to draw out in words as the common characters of life are; that of Hamlet, perhaps, is more so. If we make it, as perhaps we should, the characteristic of modern and romantic art that it presents us with creations which we cannot think of or delineate except as very varied, and, so to say, circumstantial, we must not rank Milton among the masters of romantic art. And without involving the subject in the troubled sea of an old controversy, we may say that the most striking of the poetical peculiarities of Milton is the bare simplicity of his ideas, and the rich abundance of his illustrations.

Another of his peculiarities is equally striking. There seems to be such a thing as secondhand poetry. Some poets, musing on the poetry of other men, have unconsciously shaped it into something of their own: the new conception is like the original, it would never probably have existed had not the original existed previously; still it is sufficiently different from the original to be a new thing, not a copy or a plagiarism; it is a creation, though, so to say, a suggested creation. Gray is

as good an example as can be found of a poet whose works abound in this species of semi-original conceptions. Industrious critics track his best lines back, and find others like them which doubtless lingered near his fancy while he was writing them. The same critics have been equally busy with the works of Milton, and equally successful. They find traces of his reading in half his works; not, which any reader could do, in overt similes and distinct illustrations, but also in the very texture of the thought and the expression. In many cases, doubtless, they discover more than he himself knew. A mind like his, which has an immense store of imaginative recollections, can never know which of his own imaginations is exactly suggested by which recollection. Men awake with their best ideas; it is seldom worth while to investigate very curiously whence they came. Our proper business is to adapt, and mould, and act upon them. Of poets perhaps this is true even more remarkably than of other men; their ideas are suggested in modes, and according to laws, even more impossible to specify than the ideas of the rest of the world. Secondhand poetry, so to say, often seems quite original to the poet himself; he frequently does not know that he derived it from an old memory; years afterwards it may strike him as it does others. Still, in general, such inferior species of creation is not so likely to be found in minds of singular originality as in those of less. A brooding, placid, cultivated mind, like that of Gray, is the place where we should expect to meet with it. Great originality disturbs the adaptive process, removes the mind of the poet from the thoughts of other men, and occupies it with its own heated and flashing thoughts. Poetry of the second degree is like the secondary rocks of modern geology,—a still, gentle, alluvial formation; the igneous glow of primary genius brings forth ideas like the primeval granite, simple, astounding, and alone. Milton's case is an exception to this rule. His mind has marked originality, probably as much of it as any in literature; but it has as much of moulded recollection as any mind too. His poetry in consequence is like an artificial park, green, and soft, and beautiful, yet with outlines bold, distinct, and firm, and the eternal rock ever jutting out; or, better still, it is like our own lake scenery, where nature has herself the same combination—where we have Rydal water side by side with the everlasting upheaved mountain. Milton has the same union of softened beauty with unimpaired grandeur; and it is his peculiarity.

These are the two contrasts which puzzle us at first in Milton, and which distinguish him from other poets in our remembrance afterwards. We have a superficial complexity in illus-

tration, and imagery, and metaphor; and in contrast with it we observe a latent simplicity of idea, an almost rude strength of conception. The underlying thoughts are few, though the flowers on the surface are so many. We have likewise the perpetual contrast of the soft poetry of the memory, and the firm, as it were fused, and glowing poetry of the imagination. His words, we may half fancifully say, are like his character. There is the same austerity in the real essence, the same exquisiteness of sense, the same delicacy of form which we know that he had, the same music which we imagine there was in his voice. In both his character and his poetry there was an ascetic nature in a sheath of beauty.

No book perhaps which has ever been written is more difficult to criticise than *Paradise Lost*. The only way to criticise a work of the imagination, is to describe its effect upon the mind of the reader,—at any rate, of the critic; and this can only be adequately delineated by strong illustrations, apt similes, and perhaps a little exaggeration. The task is in its very nature not an easy one; the poet paints a picture on the fancy of the critic, and the critic has in some sort to copy it on the paper. He must say what it is before he can make remarks upon it. But in the case of *Paradise Lost* we hardly like to use illustrations. The subject is one which the imagination rather shrinks from. At any rate, it requires courage, and an effort to compel the mind to view such a subject as distinctly and vividly as it views other subjects. Another peculiarity of *Paradise Lost* makes the difficulty even greater. It does not profess to be a mere work of art; or rather, it claims to be by no means that, and that only. It starts with a dogmatic aim; it avowedly intends to

“assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.”

In this point of view we have always had a sympathy with the Cambridge mathematician who has been so much abused. He said, “After all, *Paradise Lost* proves nothing;” and various persons of poetical tastes and temperament have been very severe on the prosaic observation. Yet, “after all,” he was right. Milton professed to prove something. He was too profound a critic,—rather, he had too profound an instinct of those eternal principles of art which criticism tries to state,—not to know that on such a subject he must prove something. He professed to deal with the great problem of human destiny; to show why man was created, in what kind of universe he lives, whence he came, and whither he goes. He dealt of necessity with the greatest of subjects. He had to sketch the

greatest of objects. He was concerned with infinity and eternity even more than with time and sense; he undertook to delineate the ways, and consequently the character, of Providence, as well as the conduct and the tendencies of man. The essence of success in such an attempt is to satisfy the religious sense of man; to bring home to our hearts what we know to be true; to teach us what we have not seen; to awaken us to what we have forgotten; to remove the "covering" from all people, and "the veil" that is spread over all nations; to give us, in a word, such a conception of things, divine and human, as we can accept, believe, and trust. The true doctrine of criticism demands what Milton invites—an examination of the degree in which the great epic attains this aim. And if, in examining it, we find it necessary to use unusual illustrations, and plainer words than are customary, it must be our excuse that we do not think the subject can be made clear without them.

The defect of *Paradise Lost* is, that, after all, it is founded on a *political* transaction. The scene is in heaven very early in the history of the universe, before the creation of man or the fall of Satan. We have a description of a court. The angels,

appear "By imperial summons called,"

"Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
Of hierarchies, and orders, and degrees."

To this assemblage "th' Omnipotent" speaks:

"Hear, all ye Angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand:
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son; and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your Head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confess him Lord:
Under his great vicergerent reign abide
United as one individual soul,
For ever happy. Him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Int' utter darkness, deep ingulph'd, his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end."

This act of patronage was not popular at court; and why should it have been? The religious sense is against it. The worship which sinful men owe to God is not transferable to

lieutenants and viceregents. The whole scene of the court jars upon a true feeling. We seem to be reading about some emperor of history, who admits his son to a share in the empire, who confers on him a considerable jurisdiction, and requires officials, with "standards and gonfalons," to bow before him. The orthodoxy of Milton is quite as questionable as his accuracy. The old Athanasian creed was not made by persons who would allow such a picture as that of Milton to stand before their imaginations. The generation of the Son was to them a fact "before all time;" an eternal fact. There was no question in their minds of patronage or promotion. The Son was the Son before all time, just as the Father was the Father before all time. Milton had in such matters a bold but not very sensitive imagination. He accepted the inevitable materialism of biblical, and, to some extent, of all religious language as distinct revelation. He certainly believed, in contradiction to the old creed, that God had both "parts and passions." He imagined that earth

"Is but the shadow of heaven and things therein,
Each to other like more than on earth is thought."

From some passages it would seem that he actually thought of God as having "the members and form" of a man. Naturally, therefore, he would have no toleration for the mysterious notions of time and eternity which are involved in the traditional doctrine. We are not, however, now concerned with Milton's belief, but with his representation of his creed—his picture, so to say, of it in *Paradise Lost*; still, as we cannot but think, that picture is almost irreligious, and certainly different from that which has been generally accepted in Christendom. Such phrases as "before all time," "eternal generation," are doubtless very vaguely interpreted by the mass of men; nevertheless, no sensitively orthodox man *could* have drawn the picture of a generation, not to say an exaltation, *in* time.

We shall see this more clearly by reading what follows in the poem:

"All seemed well pleased; all seemed, but were not all."

One of the archangels, whose name can be guessed, decidedly disapproved, and calls a meeting, at which he explains that

"orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist;"

but still, that the promotion of a new person, on grounds of relationship merely, above, even infinitely above, the old angels, with imperial titles, was "a new law," and rather tyrannical. Abdiel,

"than whom none with more zeal adored
The Deity, and with divine commands obeyed,"

attempts a defence :

“Grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign :
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten Son ? by whom
As by his Word the mighty Father made
All things, ev'n thee ; and all the Spirits of Heav'n
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory named
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
Essential Pow'rs ; nor by his reign obscured,
But more illustrious made ; since he the Head,
One of our number thus reduced becomes ;
His laws our laws ; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these ; but hasten to appease
Th' incensed Father and th' incensed Son,
While pardon may be found, in time besought.”

Yet though Abdiel's intentions were undeniably good, his argument is rather specious. Acting as an instrument in the process of creation would scarcely give a valid claim to the obedience of the created being. Power may be shown in the act, no doubt ; but mere power gives no true claim to the obedience of moral beings. It is a kind of principle of all manner of idolatries and false religions to believe that it does so. Satan, besides, takes issue on the fact :

“That we were formed then, say'st thou ? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son ? Strange point and new !
Doctrine which we would know whence learned.”

And we must say that the speech in which the new ruler is introduced to the “thrones, dominations, princedoms, powers,” is hard to reconcile with Abdiel's exposition. “*This day*” he seems to have come into existence, and could hardly have assisted at the creation of the angels, who are not young, and who converse with one another like old acquaintances.

We have gone into this part of the subject at length, because it is the source of the great error which pervades *Paradise Lost*. Satan is made *interesting*. This has been the charge of a thousand orthodox and even heterodox writers against Milton. Shelley, on the other hand, has gloried in it ; and fancied, if we remember rightly, that Milton intentionally ranged himself on the Satanic side of the universe, just as Shelley himself would have done, and that he wished to show the falsity of the ordinary theology. But Milton was born an age too early for such aims, and was far too sincere to have advocated any doctrine in a form so indirect. He believed every word he said. He was not conscious of the effect his teaching would produce in an age like this, when sciep-

ticism is in the air, and when it is not possible to help looking coolly on his delineations. Probably in our boyhood we can recollect a period when any solemn description of celestial events would have commanded our respect; we should not have dared to read it intelligently, to canvass its details and see what it meant: it was a religious book; it sounded reverential, and that would have sufficed. Something like this was the state of mind of the seventeenth century. Even Milton probably shared in a vague reverence for religious language. He hardly felt the moral effect of the pictures he was drawing. His artistic instinct, too, often hurries him away. His Satan was to him, as to us, the hero of his poem. Having commenced by making him resist on an occasion which in an earthly kingdom would have been excusable and proper, he probably a little sympathised with him, just as his readers do.

The interest of Satan's character is at its height in the first two books. Coleridge justly compared it to that of Napoleon. There is the same pride, the same satanic ability, the same will, the same egotism. His character seems to grow with his position. He is far finer after his fall, in misery and suffering, with scarcely any resource except in himself, than he was originally in heaven; at least if Raphael's description of him can be trusted. No portrait which imagination or history has drawn of a revolutionary anarchy is nearly so perfect; there is all the grandeur of the greatest human mind, and a certain infinitude in his circumstances which humanity must ever want. Few Englishmen feel a profound reverence for Napoleon I. There was no French alliance in *his* time; we have most of us some tradition of antipathy to him. Yet hardly any Englishman can read the account of the campaign of 1814 without feeling his interest for the Emperor to be strong, and without perhaps being conscious of a latent wish that he may succeed. Our opinion is against him, our serious wish is of course for England; but the imagination has a sympathy of its own, and will not give place. We read about the great general—never greater than in that last emergency—showing resources of genius that seem almost infinite, and that assuredly have never been surpassed, yet vanquished, yielding to the power of circumstances, to the combined force of adversaries, each of whom singly he outmatches in strength, and all of whom together he surpasses in majesty and in mind. Something of the same sort of interest belongs to the Satan of the first two books of *Paradise Lost*. We know that he will be vanquished; his name is not a recommendation. Still we do not imagine distinctly the minds by which he is to be vanquished; we do not take the same interest in them that we do in him; our sympathies, our fancy, are on his side.

Perhaps much of this was inevitable; yet what a defect it is! especially what a defect in Milton's own view, and looked at with the stern realism with which he regarded it! Suppose that the author of evil in the universe were the most attractive being in it; suppose that the source of all sin were the origin of all interest to us! We need not dwell upon this.

As we have said, much of this was difficult to avoid; if indeed it could be avoided in dealing with such a theme. Even Milton shrank, in some measure, from delineating the divine character. His imagination evidently halts when it is required to perform that task. The more delicate imagination of our modern world would shrink still more. Any person who will consider what such an attempt must end in will find his nerves quiver. But by a curiously fatal error, Milton has selected for delineation exactly that part of the divine nature which is most beyond the reach of the human faculties, and which is also, when we try to describe our fancy of it, the least effective to our minds. He has made God *argue*. Now the procedure of the divine mind from truth to truth must ever be incomprehensible to us; the notion, indeed, of his proceeding at all, is a contradiction: to some extent, at least, it is inevitable that we should use such language, but we know it is in reality inapplicable. A long train of reasoning in such a connection is so out of place as to be painful; and yet Milton has many. He relates a series of family prayers in heaven, with sermons afterwards, which are very tedious. Even Pope was shocked at the notion of Providence talking like "a school-divine." And there is the still worse error, that if you once attribute reasoning to Him, subsequent logicians may discover that he does not reason very well.

Another way in which Milton has contrived to strengthen our interest in Satan is the number and insipidity of his good angels. There are old rules as to the necessity of a supernatural machinery for an epic poem, worth some fraction of the paper on which they are written, and derived from the practice of Homer, who believed his gods and goddesses to be real beings, and would have been rather harsh with a critic who called them machinery. These rules had probably an influence with Milton, and induced him to manipulate these serious angels more than he would have done otherwise. They appear to be excellent administrators with very little to do; a kind of grand chamberlains with wings, who fly down to earth and communicate information to Adam and Eve. They have no character; they are essentially messengers, merely conductors, so to say, of the providential will: no one fancies that they have an independent power of action; they seem scarcely to have minds of their own. No effect can be more unfortunate. If the struggle of Satan

had been with Deity directly, the natural instincts of religion would have been awakened; but when an angel with mind is only contrasted to angels with wings, we sympathise with the former.

In the first two books, therefore, our sympathy with Milton's Satan is great; we had almost said unqualified. The speeches he delivers are of well-known excellence. Lord Brougham, no contemptible judge of emphatic oratory, has laid down, that if a person had not an opportunity of access to the great Attic masterpieces, he had better choose these for a model. What is to be regretted about the orator is, that he scarcely acts up to his sentiments. "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," is, at any rate, an audacious declaration. But he has no room for exhibiting similar audacity in action. His offensive career is limited. In the nature of the subject there was scarcely the possibility for the fallen archangel to display in the detail of his operations the surpassing intellect with which Milton has endowed him. He goes across chaos, gets into a few physical difficulties; but these are not much. His grand aim is the conquest of our first parents; and we are at once struck with the enormous inequality of the conflict. Two beings just created, without experience, without guile, without knowledge of good and evil, are expected to contend with a being on the delineation of whose powers every resource of art and imagination, every subtle suggestion, every emphatic simile, has been lavished. The idea in every reader's mind is, and must be, not surprise that our first parents should yield, but wonder that Satan should not think it beneath him to attack them. It is as if an army should invest a cottage.

We have spoken more of theology than we intended; and we need not say how much the monstrous inequalities attributed to the combatants affect our estimate of the results of the conflict. The state of man is what it is, because the defenceless Adam and Eve of Milton's imagination yielded to the nearly all-powerful Satan whom he has delineated. Milton has in some sense invented this difficulty; for in the book of Genesis there is no such inequality. The serpent may be subtler than any beast of the field; but he is not necessarily subtler or cleverer than man. So far from Milton having justified the ways of God to man, he has loaded the common theology with a new encumbrance.

We may need refreshment after this discussion; and we cannot find it better than in reading a few remarks of Eve.

"That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where

And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a mur'm'ring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n. I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
 Bending to look on me. I started back;
 It started back: but pleased I soon return'd;
 Pleased it return'd as soon with ans'ring looks
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me. What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair Creature, is thyself;
 With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine: to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
 Mother of Human Race. What could I do
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
 Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth wat'ry image. Back I turn'd:
 Thou following cry'dst aloud, Return, fair Eve;
 Whom fly'st thou?"

Eve's character, indeed, is one of the most wonderful efforts of the human imagination. She is a kind of abstract woman; essentially a typical being; an official "mother of all living." Yet she is a real interesting woman, not only full of delicacy and sweetness, but with all the undefinable fascination, the charm of personality, which such typical characters hardly ever have. By what consummate miracle of wit this charm of individuality is preserved, without impairing the general idea which is ever present to us, we cannot explain, for we do not know.

Adam is far less successful. He has good hair,—“hyacinthine locks” that “from his parted forelock manly hung;” a “fair large front” and “eye sublime;” but he has little else that we care for. There is, in truth, no opportunity of displaying manly virtues, even if he possessed them. He has only to yield to his wife's solicitations, which he does. Nor are we sure that he does it well. He is very tedious; he indulges in sermons which are good; but most men cannot but fear that so delightful a being as Eve must have found him tiresome. She steps away, however, and goes to sleep at some of the worst points.

Dr. Johnson remarked, that, after all, *Paradise Lost* was

one of the books which no one wished longer: we fear, in this irreverent generation, some wish it shorter. Hardly any reader would be sorry if some portions of the later books had been spared him. Coleridge, indeed, discovered profound mysteries in the last; but in what could not Coleridge find a mystery if he wished? Dryden more wisely remarked, that Milton became tedious when he entered upon a "tract of Scripture." Nor is it surprising that such is the case. The style of many parts of Scripture is such that it will not bear addition or subtraction. A word less, or an idea more, and the effect upon the mind is the same no longer. Nothing can be more tiresome than a sermonic amplification of such passages. It is almost too much when, as from the pulpit, a paraphrastic commentary is prepared for our spiritual improvement. In deference to the intention we bear it, but we bear it unwillingly; and we cannot endure it at all when, as in poems, the object is to awaken our fancy rather than to improve our conduct. The account of the creation in the book of Genesis is one of the compositions from which no sensitive imagination would subtract an iota, to which it could not bear to add a word. Milton's paraphrase is alike copious and ineffective. The universe is, in railway phrase, "opened," but not created; no green earth springs in a moment from the indefinite void. Instead, too, of the simple loneliness of the Old Testament, several angelic officials are in attendance, who help in nothing, but indicate that heaven must be plentifully supplied with tame creatures.

There is no difficulty in writing such criticisms, and, indeed, other unfavourable criticisms on *Paradise Lost*. There is scarcely any book in the world which is open to a greater number, or which a reader who allows plain words to produce a due effect will be less satisfied with. Yet what book is really greater? In the best parts the words have a magic in them; even in the inferior passages you are hardly sensible of their inferiority till you translate them into your own language. Perhaps no style ever written by man expressed so adequately the conceptions of a mind so strong and so peculiar; a manly strength, a haunting atmosphere of enhancing suggestions, a firm continuous music, are only some of its excellencies. To comprehend the whole of the others, you must take the volume down and read it,—the best defence of Milton, as has been said most truly, against all objections.

Probably no book shows the transition which our theology has made, since the middle of the seventeenth century, at once so plainly and so fully. We do not now compose long narratives to "justify the ways of God to man." The more orthodox we are, the more we shrink from it; the more we hesitate at such

a task, the more we allege that we have no powers for it. Our most celebrated defences of established tenets are in the style of Butler, not in that of Milton. They do not profess to show a satisfactory explanation of human destiny; on the contrary, they hint that probably we could not understand such an explanation if it were given us; at, any rate, they allow that it is not given us. Their course is palliative. They suggest an "analogy of difficulties." If our minds were greater, so they reason, we should comprehend these doctrines: now we cannot explain analogous facts which we see and know. No style can be more opposite to the bold argument, the boastful exposition of Milton. The teaching of the eighteenth century is in the very atmosphere we breathe. We read it in the teachings of Oxford; we hear it from the missionaries of the Vatican. The air of the theology is clarified. We know our difficulties, at least; we are rather prone to exaggerate the weight of some than to deny the reality of any.

We cannot continue a line of thought which would draw us on too far for the patience of our readers. We must, however, make one more remark, and we shall have finished our criticism on *Paradise Lost*. It is analogous to that which we have just made. The scheme of the poem is based on an offence against positive morality. The offence of Adam was not against nature or conscience, not against any thing of which we can see the reason, or conceive the obligation, but against an unexplained injunction of the Supreme Will. The rebellion in heaven, as Milton describes it, was a rebellion, not against known ethics, or immutable spiritual laws, but against an arbitrary selection and an unexplained edict. We do not say that there is no such thing as positive morality; we do not think so; even if we did, we should not insert a proposition so startling at the conclusion of a literary criticism. But we are sure that wherever a positive moral edict is promulgated, it is no subject, except perhaps under a very peculiar treatment, for literary art. By the very nature of it, it cannot satisfy the heart and conscience. It is a difficulty; we need not attempt to explain it away. There are mysteries enough which will never be explained away. But it is contrary to every principle of criticism to state the difficulty as if it were not one; to bring forward the puzzle, yet leave it to itself; to publish so strange a problem, and give only an untrue solution of it: and yet such, in its bare statement, is all which Milton has done.

Of Milton's other writings we have left ourselves no room to speak; and though every one of them, or almost every one of them, would well repay a careful criticism, yet few of them seem to throw much additional light on his character, or add

much to our essential notion of his genius, though they may exemplify and enhance it. *Comus* is the poem which does so the most. Literature has become so much lighter than it used to be, that we can scarcely realise the position it occupied in the light literature of our forefathers. We have now in our own language many poems that are pleasanter in their subject, more graceful in their execution, more flowing in their outline, more easy to read. Dr. Johnson, though perhaps no very excellent authority on the more intangible graces of literature, was disposed to deny to Milton the capacity of creating the lighter literature: "Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones." And it would not be surprising if this generation, which has access to the almost indefinite quantity of lighter compositions which have been produced since Johnson's time, were to echo his sentence. In some degree, perhaps, the popular taste does so. *Comus* has no longer the peculiar exceptional popularity which it used to have. We can talk without general odium of its defects. Its characters are nothing, its sentiments are tedious, its story is not interesting. But it is only when we have realised the magnitude of its deficiencies that we comprehend the peculiarity of its greatness. Its power is in its style. A grave and firm music pervades it: it is soft, without a thought of weakness; harmonious and yet strong; impressive, as few such poems are, yet covered with a bloom of beauty and a complexity of charm that few poems have either. We have, perhaps, light literature in itself better, that we read oftener and more easily, that lingers more in our memories; but we have not any, we question if there ever will be any, which gives so true a conception of the capacity and the dignity of the mind by which it was produced. The breath of solemnity which hovers round the music attaches us to the writer. Every line, here as elsewhere, in Milton excites the idea of indefinite power.

And so we must draw to a close. The subject is an infinite one, and if we pursued it, we should lose ourselves in miscellaneous commentary, and run on far beyond the patience of our readers. What we have said has at least a defined intention. We have wished to state the impression which the character of Milton and the greatest of Milton's works are likely to produce on readers of the present generation,—a generation, almost more than any other, different from his own.

ART. VIII.—THE BERTRAMS.

The Bertrams. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. In 3 vols.
London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS novel is inferior to Mr. Trollope's previous works. It wants something both of the firmness of conception and the delicacy of execution which made his two first essays rank among the pleasantest and wittiest of modern novels. We miss that satire, at once so gay and so trenchant, which laid its lash on Tom Towers and the *Times* newspaper; and find but little of that mixed acuteness and *bonhomie* which handled church dignitaries with so much boldness and so little offence. The lines are coarser, the reflection more forced, the sentiment, not in itself perhaps commonplace, but treated with a certain want of fineness of touch curiously in contrast with the nice lines by which foibles are traced, and the skill with which the lesser defects of character are turned inside out.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Trollope's right-hand has forgot her cunning. If this book had been his first, there is enough in it of his characteristic excellencies to have attracted general attention; and our admiration is increased, not diminished, when we reflect that it is the fifth which he has produced within an incredibly short space of time, and find how much freshness and spirit his writings still contain.

But in this novel he seems to us to trench on ground for which his genius is unsuited, and to deal with matters which do not easily submit themselves to that light crayon-like sketching of his. It is the practice of several modern writers to deal in a peculiar way with the deeper incidents of life, its affections, its passions, especially its sufferings, and its sin; to speak of them as men so often do speak of them, if they mention them at all, with a certain touch of humour, which at once glances away from the subject, and yet gives a glimpse of its real depth and importance. It is perhaps the best mode of speaking of them except under very special circumstances; but one which, though it affords something of the relief of utterance, by no means gives full expression to what it touches on, and which, though it may be used for the purposes of communication, requires for this purpose some answering depth of nature in the person to whom it is addressed, and conveys but half its meaning to a shallow spirit. Sometimes in our writers it is used to give voice to a sort of mild stoicism which trembles at the terrors of life, and takes a passing refuge in the thought that these things are common to men, and are better

as well as more becomingly borne without struggling; sometimes, as with George Eliot, it covers a tenderness which shrinks from directly discovering itself, and a temper which loves to grant indulgence, and the more gladly because to grant it seems to bring a right to ask it. Sometimes, as with Thackeray, it is used with somewhat less reserve to give vent to a passion of melancholy at once indulged, nay fostered, and subdued. This is not Mr. Trollope's view; in matters of sentiment and feeling he boldly and openly writes his best; but, on the other hand, in matters of thought and opinion he indulges in a sort of hide-and-seek style of discussion, which leaves no very pleasant impression on the reader. Mr. Trollope does not confine himself to strict dramatic writing; he loves for its own sake to touch on interesting points of modern opinion; but he handles them in a covert furtive style, snatches a hasty blow and runs away, and has ever at hand two cities of refuge into which to retire,—those which are built on the changeable interpretations, direct or ironical, personal or dramatic, which may be given to human speech. An Eastern story-teller will not use a dramatic form in many cases, lest it should commit the speaker himself. He dares not tell that the infidel said, "I disbelieve in the Prophet," lest he should himself seem to be renouncing his faith; he uses an abstract form, and says, "the distant one disbelieves." Mr. Trollope, on the other hand, loves to employ dramatic forms to ventilate opinions; he loves to avoid any statement of conclusions at which he has arrived; and yet at the same time he loves to leave an impression on the reader which shall be as deep as he can make it without being called to account for it.

In the story of *The Bertrams* the author nowhere himself directly states that the bar is a profession into which no strictly honest man can enter; yet it would be difficult for any person whose ideas were formed on what he read there not to take away this conviction with him. Yet surely this is not an impression which a man should convey, without himself having a matured conviction based on accurate reasoning. It is a common and a very misleading opinion that a really good young man must be a clergyman; that this is the only profession he can enter without doing some violence to his conscience; that the Church is a sort of harbour-of-refuge, combined with the certainty of love in a cottage, if you like that sort of thing,—a plan of life which enables a man to save his soul alive, and perhaps put by something for his children; or, as it appears to a more worldly class of minds, which secures salvation with the chance of a bishopric. Mr. Trollope, throughout the present work, contrasts the two professions by no direct statements, but

by numberless insinuations. He makes it the great fall of his hero's life that he surrendered aspirations which he had formed of being a clergyman, and took up with the worldly and dishonest life of a barrister. We quite admit that in the particular case there is described to be something more than a mere change from one profession to another,—that the choice was expressly made because it gave more scope to worldly ambition, as it undoubtedly does. And a change made from such motives is no doubt a fall.

But all through the book there runs a quiet assumption that the profession of a clergyman is a holy profession, in the exercise of which a man's life may be pure and his conscience unstained; and that the bar is a publican-and-sinner profession, at the threshold of which a man must renounce all lofty purposes, and shake an ungloved hand with downright dishonesty: that if a man wishes to live his religion, to carry it out of his pew and bedroom into the actual business of life, his only resource is the Church, and that he must of all things abjure the Temple. Is there this vital distinction? In the first place, Mr. Trollope is not a very good judge. He is evidently more familiar with the clergy than with the bar. He satirises from personal observation the practical working of the church system; he quarrels with the theory of the lawyer's life. Not to revert to former sketches of the weaknesses, the acerbities, the domineering and worldly spirit, and the coarse nature, of some professionally holy men, with which Mr. Trollope has loved "to tickle the ears of the groundlings," we have here the same spirit of sly animadversion dictating to Miss Waddington to tell us of vicars, that "they are generally fond of eating, very cautious about their money, untidy in their own houses, and apt to go to sleep after dinner." She asks, "Do they never grovel?" She says of an average sample, "an excellent man, I am sure; but is he conspicuous for high-mindedness, for truth and spirit?" She wants to know, "Are they generally men of wide views and enlightened principles?" Mr. Trollope loves to be as close as Montaigne. Those who read his works must judge how far he would indorse Miss Waddington's opinions, and what answer he would give to her questions: but on the same page, whatever may be his individual censures, it seems he assigns to the clergyman a set of "highest hopes" unknown to other men; and it is clear he thinks the ideal clergyman holds an unhampered course towards heaven, and constitutes the "flower and crown of things," and that to take orders is the sole fitting object of a man's loftiest enthusiasm. The profession of the advocate, on the other hand, he attacks as necessarily involving dishonesty in its theory, and as necessarily undermining personal truthfulness in its practice.

George Bertram, in discussing the claims of various modes of life to his notice, doubts "whether a practising barrister can ever really be an honest man." "They have such dirty work to do; they spend their days in making out that black is white; or, worse still, that white is black." "When two clear-headed men take money to advocate the different sides of a case, each cannot think that his side is true." Harcourt and George Bertram thus discuss the question: the former, the heartless villain of the story, is rising in his profession.

"His ice was already broken: he had been employed as junior counsel in the great case of *Pike v. Perch*; and had distinguished himself not a little by his success in turning white into black.

'Then you had decidedly the worst of it?' said Bertram to him, when the matter was talked over between them.

'O, decidedly; but nevertheless we pulled through. My opinion all along was that none of the Pikes had a leg to stand upon. There were three of them. But I won't bore you with the case. You'll hear more of it some day, for it will be on again before the lords-justices in the spring.'

'You were Pike's counsel?'

'One of them—the junior. I had most of the fag and none of the honour. That's of course.'

'And you think that Perch ought to have succeeded?'

'Well, talking to you, I really think he ought; but I would not admit that to any one else. Sir Ricketty Giggs led for us, and I know he thought so too at first; though he got so carried away by his own eloquence at last, that I believe he changed his mind.'

'Well, if I'd thought that, I wouldn't have held the brief for all the Pikes that ever swam.'

'If a man's case be weak, then, he is to have no advocate? That's your idea of justice.'

'If it be so weak that no one can be got to think it right, of course he should have no advocate.'

'And how are you to know till you have taken the matter up and sifted it? But what you propose is Quixotic in every way. It will not hold water for a moment. You know as well as I do that no barrister would keep a wig on his head who pretended to such a code of morals in his profession. Such a doctrine is a doctrine of puritanism—or purism, which is worse. All this moonshine was very well for you when you talked of being a clergyman, or an author, or a painter. One allows outsiders any amount of nonsense in their criticism, as a matter of course. But it won't do now, Bertram. If you mean to put your shoulders to the wheel in the only profession which, to my mind, is worthy of an educated man's energies, you must get rid of those cobwebs.'

'Upon my word, Harcourt, when you hit on a subject you like your eloquence is wonderful. Sir Ricketty Giggs himself could hardly say more to defend his sins of forty years' endurance.'

Harcourt had spoken in earnest. Such milk-and-water unpractical scruples were disgusting to his very soul. In thinking of them to himself, he would call them unmanly. What! was such a fellow as Bertram, a boy just fresh from college, to animadvert upon and condemn the practice of the whole bar of England? He had, too, a conviction, clearly fixed in his own mind, though he could hardly explain the grounds of it in words, that in the long-run the cause of justice would be better served by the present practice of allowing wrong and right to fight on equal terms; by giving to wrong the same privilege that is given to right; by giving to wrong even a wider privilege, seeing that, being in itself necessarily weak, it needs the more protection. He would declare that you were trampling on the fallen if you told him that wrong could be entitled to no privilege, no protection whatever—to no protection, till it was admitted by itself, admitted by all, to be wrong."

Ultimately we are told, "George, after thinking over the matter for some days, gave it as his opinion that Chancery barristers were rogues of a dye somewhat less black than the others, and that he would select to be a rogue of that colour. The matter was therefore so settled."

At a subsequent period he tells a clerical friend that he has "panted to have the privileges of an ordained priest," he has "looked forward to ordination as the highest ambition of a man;" but it was not destined to be his lot. "I have given myself over to the glories of a horsehair wig; 'whereas' and 'heretofore' must now be my gospel; it is my doom to propagate falsehood instead of truth. The struggle is severe at first; there is a little revulsion of feeling; but I shall do it very well after a time." He indorses the vulgar opinion that a lawsuit is always a struggle between a villain and an honest man.

Now we may assume that George Bertram speaks more or less exactly the opinions of the author; there are many slight indications which lead to this conclusion: and certainly if the writer thought these opinions to be false, he must also see that they are extremely mischievous, and it would be unpardonable in him to give no hint of his conviction of their falsehood, especially as in matters of less importance he does often enter his personal protest against the actions and opinions of his characters.

It is a curious thing, surely, for a man gifted with the average reasoning powers intrusted to human beings to describe the clergyman as, by the condition of his profession, engaged in propagating truth, and the barrister, by the conditions of his, as engaged in propagating falsehood. It is a shocking thing, indeed, if this be true; and the stupidest and most slothful incumbent that ever droned to a congregation or neglected a parish, may be congratulated on the superiority of his position

over that of the ablest and most conscientious judge that ever graced the English bench. For the one, however little he may have done, that little was at least good; he has spent his life in "propagating truth," though to an infinitesimal amount: the other, the more active, the more learned, the more energetic he has been, the more mischief he has done. He has waded through seas of falsehood to his present elevation.

We all feel pretty well satisfied that this is not really so; but the want of clearness of view on the subject has the most miserable consequences. Men with delicate consciences are particularly liable to start at the theory of an advocate's life: some take refuge in the Church; a few look the matter in the face with a steadfast resolution to abide by the result of their inquiry; more shirk the question, or do as George Bertram does, hardly condemn the whole atmosphere, and determine to accustom themselves to breathe it. As men grow older, they are apt to look back with something of contempt on the questions of casuistry which engaged their youth; they have long ago solved them in practice if not in theory, or have cast them behind them in the pursuit of more substantive ends. But young men cannot be made to feel them unimportant, nor are they so; and about as heavy a moral fall as a man can get early in life, is that which he suffers when he strangles the scruples which may beset his entrance to his profession. Nor is it the young barrister alone who is exposed to it. The noble nature of Arnold did not preserve him from such a fall at the door of the Church.

The fact is, that in entering any one of the three first professions (for it is not so with medicine), a man becomes the member of a highly artificial system, and must be content to work within the limits of that system. A remarkable little book was written some years ago, entitled *The Lawyer*, and laying down the rules of his religious life on the assumption that he was the servant of his client for the obtaining of justice. That a man so believing, and religiously adhering to his supposed duty of satisfying himself of the justice of his client's cause before he undertook it, should have succeeded, as we believe was the case, in obtaining a considerable share of practice, is, we think, some answer to such animadversions as those of Mr. Trollope: we do not the less think, however, though with the profoundest admiration for the spirit in which his book was written, that Mr. O'Brien was mistaken. The lawyer can claim to be no more than an instrument to secure men law, not justice. All experience has proved that a more or less rigid system of law is the most effectual mode in the long-run of securing justice, and that it is safer to submit cases to be arbitrated

according to fixed rules than to the conscientious decisions of the best of men. If, as cannot but be admitted, law is in the main consonant with justice, his cannot be an ignoble office whose duty it is to help men to ascertain what is law, and to avail themselves of its decisions. Practically the barrister's business is to adduce all that can be said on one side of a question, as part of the machinery for enabling a judge or a jury to decide on the legal rights and truth of fact involved in that question; and he does so independently of his own conviction (if he have formed one) of what that decision ought to be. He is not to help to decide what a man's moral or just rights are, but what his legal rights are; and how far the two in the main coincide will depend upon how far the system of law is a just one. Theoretically, therefore, as helping to administer a system of law in the main coincident with justice, and from which again, in an artificial state of society, a number of just rights take their origin, the functions of a barrister are clearly, we apprehend, not inconsistent with honesty. The theory, like all others, has its exceptions; cases may arise in which a man's insisting on his legal rights is in such evident monstrous and flagrant opposition to natural justice, that a barrister is justified in declining to become an instrument in obtaining them; but such cases are rare, and they must be very clear before they can so justify the lawyer in refusing to undertake them. In all the affairs of the world there must be a limit, and a very narrow limit, to one man's call to become the guardian of another man's conscience; and a man who thinks the protection of legal rights in the main a good thing, is justified in helping men to prosecute their legal rights, without inquiring too closely into the motives which may actuate them, or the consequences which may follow in the particular case. If he is to examine whether his client is strictly just in what he is doing, by the same rule he is to inquire whether he is kind, and forgiving, and humble; and he would overwhelm himself with responsibilities which would soon bring all action to a stand-still. The same practical limitations prevail in all our dealings among men, even in buying and selling. A man is not justified in buying goods he knows to have been dishonestly come by; but he is not bound when he goes into a shop to ascertain whether the seller has paid a fair price for the article he offers, whether he is just to his servants, a good father, and a faithful husband. Men will not submit their disputes to be decided in the conscience-court of a barrister's breast, they require the decision of law; and it is vastly in the interests of justice, that in obtaining that decision each side should be enabled to avail itself of the services of a trained advocate, skilled in statement and reasoning, and fur-

nished with adequate knowledge. Such a system alone can place the weak and the strong upon a level, or at least far more nearly upon a level than they would otherwise be ; it places the same weapons in the hands of each, instead of leaving them to fight with teeth and fists. Moreover the interposition of paid advocates does much to soften the acrimony of the contest. A barrister cannot, and will not, enter into the motives and passions of the parties ; he gets the question into as abstract a form as he can ; and nothing more disgusts a client whose temper is roused than the way in which his personal views are set aside, and his legal claims alone attended to.

Such is, we apprehend, the true theory of the barrister's profession ; and we venture to say that it is in itself—we have not yet spoken of the practice—but we say that the theory is a more defensible one than that of either the army or the church. The soldier, too, is a part of a system. He cannot claim to be the defender of just rights and the defeater of wrongs by the strong hand ; he is only part of a complex machinery, which has for its theoretical object to establish such defence and such defeat ; and he must be content not always to inquire too nicely into the rights of the cause for which he is ordered to draw the sword ; while there yet are some cases which may justify him in resigning his commission.

As for the clergyman, so far from enjoying that perfect liberty to follow the dictates of his own conscience which is often claimed for him, he is perhaps more than either of the others strictly tied up in a close net of artificial arrangements. He is the minister of religion only in the same one-removed sense in which the barrister is the servant of justice, that is, he administers the rites of a church which has the furtherance of true religion for its object, and which doubtless does, in the main, further true religion. But he must serve within the limits of the church ; and if the church fall short of the truth, he must teach with the same limitations. His very first step, on being admitted to his holy functions, is solemnly to tie himself up from any further investigation of theological truth. He agrees to move strictly within the limits of thirty-nine articles of belief, and to worship in accordance with certain fixed forms. In order to secure the order and regularity, and other advantages, which result from uniformity of opinion, he accepts with more or less consideration a particular set of opinions and a particular mode of worship, and binds himself never to depart from them. He may strain his chains as much as Mr. Maurice or Dr. Pusey, and assume in them what strange variety of attitude he will ; but he must not unfasten a single link. If, knowing the conditions under which he serves, he is bold

enough to inquire into truth, and unfortunate enough to arrive at conclusions which no ingenuity of interpretation can bring within the formulary, he must cease to be a clergyman of the Church of England. Here also the limit is a practical one, left to each man's conscience, and not capable of being fixed by any definite line. The clergyman has this advantage, that he serves in a system more nearly perfect than that of the barrister, or, at the least, one which he conscientiously believes to be so; the barrister has the advantage that, in his more imperfect system, he is allowed more liberty to move freely. We are by no means disposed to say that the members of the bar are all honest men; but the vulgar impression of the dishonesty necessarily involved in their lives is not only, to a great extent, caused by confusion of ideas, but also by the fact, that whenever there is any real or supposed abuse of legal rights, the barrister always stands there the open instrument, exposed to the first burst of indignation; while his client, who is really responsible, is screened from view, and often, so far from being identified with his pleading, is exonerated from any share in it, and congratulated on the result. A very technical and successful defence, which afterwards became very common in the time of the railway crash, was, we believe, first put forward on behalf of a clergyman, in an action in which he was sued for the price of shares which he had bought, and to pay for which, under the circumstances, would ruin him. It was a horrid dishonest advantage for the pleader to take, no doubt; but how lucky for the poor dear clergyman! And who can tell by what false representations the seller may have compassed the sale? It was for the clergyman to consider whether he would defend the action at all. He having decided to do so, it was for the lawyer to prove that he was not legally bound to pay. No doubt it is often the case that the lawyer becomes intimately bound up with the personal objects of the client, and helps to further them; identifies himself with his cause more closely than either the theory or the practice of his profession demands; and that it is often very difficult to avoid doing this in cases of doubtful honesty. But a man must guard his steps in each particular case by his own sense of honour and his own principles; and difficult though it is admitted to be, some men there are who can and do walk with guarded steps and unseared consciences through the intricate pathways of an advocate's profession.

Any of the great professions have in their very constitution a tendency to harden men, and make them override small scruples. The barrister incurs this danger, but so does the clergyman in his vaunted state of security. The occupant of a

back row in the Queen's Bench, though he can prove the landlord's notice to quit to be bad, defends it in a profound argument which makes Lord Campbell test the strength of his chair-back. But he shuts his eyes to the consequences to the tenant, just as the clergyman, when he reads the Athanasian creed, wishes no harm to his religious and sober-living neighbour who has confessed to doubts about the equal divinity of the Holy Spirit. He does not wish poor Jones not to be saved; he hopes, nay believes, that a way will be made for him; but it is his business to say that without doubt he shall perish everlastingly, and he does say so, sonorously and emphatically, on Easter and other appropriate days, while the honest women around nod their bonnets in pious assent. They think that Jones really will be damned; the clergyman knows better; but, as we have said, it is his business to read the service, and he will not permit himself to consider too closely whether it is exactly true of Jones, or what effect it may have on the believing women.

The temptations which beset men in the practice of the two professions are perhaps much on a level. If in the life of an advocate they are sudden and sharp in their attacks, and ally themselves with strong passions,—vanity, ambition, love of victory, covetousness,—in that of a clergyman they are more covert in their approaches, more subtle in their operation, and, if succumbed to, more vital in their consequences. No doubt it is excessively difficult for an advocate to be perfectly honest and truthful, almost as difficult as it is for a clergyman to be free from any tinge of spiritual pride, and never to seem what he is not, or simulate what he does not feel. For the very reason that the practice of a barrister bristles with temptations to distort facts, to strain evidence, to be sophistical in argument, and especially in addressing a jury to feign a passion or a conviction, the more necessary is it that strong and high-minded men should enter the lists. There are abundance of dishonest barristers to be found; some so dishonest that they do not even observe the fair rules and understood conditions of the contest, take mean advantages, and cannot be trusted to read an affidavit correctly, or to denounce a forgery that serves their purpose. But there are others of a different stamp, and the profession needs such men; nor can we conceive a nobler ambition for a genius and powers such as those assigned to George Bertram, than to be an honest lawyer, and to do what in him lies to raise the standard and the tone of his profession. He who nourishes such a purpose seems to us to fix his eye on as lofty a cynosure, and certainly to meditate a much more arduous flight, than he who undertakes the functions, holy and inestimable in value as they may be, of a parish priest. And he who, having nourished

such a purpose in his heart, either from self-indulgence, worldliness, vanity, or sloth, relinquishes or lets it fade away, falls from as lofty a height, and bears about with him the same eating anguish and shame of a divinely-suggested purpose unfulfilled, as George Bertram did when, after having on the brow of Olivet devoted himself with outstretched hands to the service of the Church, he denied his vow at the call of a self-centred and ambitious woman.

There is abundance in the practice of the bar and in the habits of its members to afford food for satire, and the trial in the *Three Clerks* contains one of the sharpest and most laughable caricatures of forensic effort that was ever written; but it is a different thing to stigmatise the whole profession as an arranged system of falsehood and dishonesty. A mistake here is important. The sort of assertions or insinuations in which Mr. Trollope indulges do really affect the actions of young men, mislead them where they most need help, obscure their judgments, and give strength to morbid and ill-founded scruples, which yet must be solved, not stifled. And the real fact is, that Mr. Trollope's strictures are very false in their basis and very mischievous in their influence.

There is another point in which we have a quarrel with the author,—in which we regret the absence of rather a plainer face, of more candour, and more courage.

George Bertram is described as writing a book which asserts that the Bible, or perhaps only the Old Testament, is not in every respect adequately translated; and that to ascertain its true meaning we must examine the circumstances under which it was written, and give a certain weight to oriental character and oriental forms of expression. His production of this work is represented as the natural result of a mixture of spleen and dissipation, produced by the refusal of his affianced mistress to name an early day for their marriage. The performance is moreover stigmatised as "infidel." Now "infidel" is a very useful ugly word; but so useful and so ugly, that it has been somewhat overworked, and it is no longer very easy to say what it is understood to mean. Perhaps, in the most general sense in which it is used, it implies that you differ in theological opinion from the opponent to whom you apply it, and wish at the same time to impute to him a want of religious conservatism and an inferiority in social position. In its original and more restricted sense, however, a book such as that in question will be either infidel or not according to the spirit in which it is written. If it represent the discontented and scoffing temper of a man who, because his belief has failed from moral weaknesses, or the withering of the sources of religious faith in his own breast,

loves to fasten on what he fancies the weak points in the belief of others, and to hold them up to condemnation and ridicule, then it is truly an infidel work. If, on the other hand, it represents the sincere and firmly-grounded convictions of a competent inquirer, who believes that the interests of religion are better served by truth than by error, however venerable, however fenced by conventions, and however important to the interests of the clerical profession, and that God and God's truth do not really require to be bolstered up by a *suppressio veri*,—then it is not an infidel work.

"Men," says Mr. Anthony Trollope, "may be firm believers and yet doubt some Bible statements—doubt the letter of such statements. But men who are firm believers will not be those to put forth their doubts with all their eloquence. Such men, if they devote their time to Scripture history, will not be arrested by the sun's standing on Gibeon. If they speak out at all, they will speak out rather as to all they do believe than as to the little that they doubt. It was soon known to Bertram's world that those who regarded him as a freethinker did him no great injustice."

Now if the ugly word "infidelity" is to be bandied about, we think it not unfairly applicable to language of this sort, which implies that the system of Christian belief is, in the writer's inmost heart, considered as a somewhat precarious structure, in which the true and the false are so closely intermingled, that any attempt to touch the latter, though it be but to remove a bit of moss from the building, may result in the whole coming to the ground. It is true that a certain degree of caution should be used in the promulgation of any truth which interferes with long-standing convictions. There are some whom it is useless to shock; there are some who are incapable of judgment; some whose system of faith, though in the main true, is so constructed, that if you remove a decayed prop the whole comes rushing down, and who have no power to reconstruct it on a truer foundation. But how often is this fitting caution made the cover of moral cowardice and worldly temporising—of a placid acquiescence in things as they are, a stifling of one's own doubts, and a zealous imputation of unorthodoxy to others,—for it is unpardonable that others should indulge in doubts which we have at some cost forbidden ourselves to entertain. Besides, there is a convention in these things which ought to be observed; class interests require it. For a clergyman to say in the pulpit, "This is a modern misconception of a passage, it conveyed a totally different meaning to those for whom and amongst whom it was written;" or "this is sheer mistranslation;" or "this is a proved interpolation,"—is as if a barrister should say in open court his client was a

rogue, and his cause indefensible. "So very unprofessional!" They would say that outright at the bar. In the Establishment they would shake their heads, whisper about "injudicious," "undermining conviction," and so on; and the uneasy vicar would very likely hear that he is pointed at as a freethinker by those of his congregation who have been disturbed in their favourite persuasion, that every text in the English version contains a separate morsel of divine truth, wrapt up by itself, and capable of being used in complete independence of its connection.

The sort of caution which should be used in these cases is that which makes some selection of its audience, and is shy of dealing with mere suggestions in which no definite conclusions are indicated; and which, while it does not exonerate a man from the duty of revealing what he believes to be important truths, forbids him to ventilate mere hypotheses of doubt without possessing or affording any clue to definite convictions of his own. It is a sort of caution which would hardly select the pages of a novel for loose and indeterminate arguments on important theological subjects. If any one will carefully read the conversation between the "infidel" Bertram and his friend the clergyman, in the second volume of the book we are reviewing, he will be in a position to judge whether this sort of ideas ought to be thus tumbled out before every casual novel-reader, without any kind of key as to the true result towards which they are to be supposed to point, or the author's position in regard to them. At the very least, we may say that a writer who speaks as he does of George Bertram's work ought to feel himself precluded from such a course. If he thought Wilkinson right, and Bertram wrong, he has done very unwisely to give Bertram so incomparably the best of the argument; if he thought Bertram in the main right in what he here says,—if, as is possibly the case, all his girding at him as an infidel is irony closely masked,—then we think we may express our dislike of religious irony in general, and of Mr. Trollope's irony in particular, and say that there is a certain want of straightforwardness and boldness in the adoption of this elaborate ambush in order to "hint a doubt and hesitate dislike," instead of openly avowing any opinions he may entertain on the subject.

ART. IX.—REVELATION; WHAT IT IS NOT AND WHAT IT IS.

What is Revelation? A Series of Sermons on the Epiphany; to which are added "Letters to a Student of Theology on the Bampton Lectures of Mr. Mansel." By the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan, 1859.

Preface to the Third Edition of Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures on the Limits of Religious Thought. London: Murray, 1857.

Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles: Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. By F. B. Westcott, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan.

As there is a substance, we believe, which not only burns in water, but actually kindles at the very touch of water, so there certainly are insatiable doubts, which not only resist the power, but seem to kindle at the very centre of Christian faith. There is one question which we should have supposed set at rest for ever in the mind of any man who believes either in the revelations of conscience or those of Scripture,—the question whether or not it is permitted to man to *know*, and grow in the knowledge of, God. If that be not possible, we, for our part, should have assumed that religion was a name for unwise, because useless, yearnings in the heart of man; and the Revelation—whether natural or supernatural—which professes to satisfy those yearnings, simply a delusion. Yet so numerous and closely twined are the threads of human faith and scepticism, that probably half the Christian world scarcely knows whether to think God Himself the subject of Revelation, or only some fragment of his purposes for man; while professed apologists for Christianity are often, like Mr. Mansel, far firmer believers in the irremovable veil which covers the face of God, than in the faint gleams of light which manage to penetrate what they hold to be its almost opaque texture. And, as we have intimated, this doubt is not only not extinguished by the Christian Revelation, but it seems in some cases even to feed on its very essence. Mr. Mansel seems to regard the Christian revelation almost as express evidence that God is inscrutable and inaccessible to man, in that it only provides for us a "finite" type of the infinite mystery, and presents to us in Christ not, he thinks, the truth of God, but the best approximation to that truth—though possibly infinitely removed from it—of which "finite" minds are capable. In other words, he believes in the veil even more intensely than in the revelation: nay, he seems to think

this profound conviction—that the veil is inherent in the very essence of our human nature, and indissoluble even by death itself, unless death can dis sever the formal laws of human and finite thought—likely to enhance our reverence for the voices, so mysteriously “adapted” to finite intelligence, which float to us from behind it. “In this impotence of Reason,” he says, “we are compelled to take refuge in faith, and to believe that an Infinite Being exists, though we know not how; and that He is the same with that Being who is made known in consciousness as our Sustainer and our Lawgiver.” And again, in the preface to his new edition :

“It has been objected by reviewers of very opposite schools, that to deny to man a knowledge of the Infinite, is to make Revelation itself impossible, and to leave no room for evidences on which reason can be legitimately employed. The objection would be pertinent, if I had ever maintained that Revelation is, or can be, a direct manifestation of the Infinite nature of God. But I have constantly asserted the very reverse. In Revelation, as in Natural Religion, God is represented under finite conceptions, adapted to finite minds; and the evidences on which the authority of Revelation rests are finite and comprehensible also. It is true that in Revelation, no less than in the exercise of our natural faculties, there is indirectly indicated the existence of a higher truth, which, as it cannot be grasped by any effort of human thought, cannot be made the vehicle of any valid philosophical criticism. But the comprehension of this higher truth is no more necessary either to a belief in the contents of Revelation, or to a reasonable examination of its evidences, than a conception of the infinite divisibility of matter is necessary to the child before it can learn to walk.”

The fact of Revelation, as it is conceived by Mr. Mansel, is, then, a mere adaptation of Truth to human forms of thought, whether it come through conscience or through Scripture; in both cases alike it is the formation in our minds of a “representative idea,” or type, of God, not the direct presentation of the Divine Life to our spirits, which he believes that we could not receive and live. By conscience the vision of a holy but finite Judge, Lawgiver, Father, is borne in upon our hearts, namely, through the consciousness of our dependence and of moral obligation; by Scripture the historical picture of a finite law, a Providence adapted to finite minds, and lastly, a finite but perfect Son is presented to our eyes. Thus certain messages have issued from the depths of the infinite mystery, which have been mercifully translated for us into the meagre forms of human thought: some of them are spontaneously welcomed by human consciences; others, attested as they are by superhuman marvels, and not inconsistent with the revelations of the conscience, are accepted as convincing

by human reason; and both alike help to teach us,—not what God is,—but how we may think of Him with least risk of unspeakable error. By these necessarily indirect hints, as the truest of which our nature is capable, Mr. Mansel entreats us to hold, and to guide our footsteps; calling them “regulative truths,” by which he means the best *working hypothesis* we are able to attain of the character and purposes of God. They are the only palliatives of that darkness, to which the blinding veil of a human nature inevitably dooms us. Revelation, we are told, cannot unloose the “cramping” laws of a limited consciousness; it cannot help the finite to apprehend the infinite; but it can do something to guide us in our blindness, so that we may not unconsciously fall foul of the forces and laws of that infinite world which we are unable to know; it can give us a “conception” of God, which is quite true enough as a practical manual for human conduct. But, to use Mr. Mansel’s own words, “how far that knowledge represents God as He is, we know not, and have no need to know.”

With this theory of Mr. Mansel’s we have already dealt in part.* We should rejoice that it had been given to the world if only for the reply which it has called forth from Mr. Maurice, —a reply which is not merely an embodiment of a completely opposite conviction, but the insurrection of an outraged faith, the protest of a whole character against a doctrine which pronounces that all the springs of its life have been delusions, and which tries to pass off human notions of God in the place of God. Books generally go but a little way below the outer varnish of men’s individual culture; and it is not a little delightful to meet with any that has all the various life and complexity of the mind itself. The somewhat thin and triumphant logic of the Bampton lectures, the evident preference for analysing the notions of man rather than returning to the study of the realities from which those notions were first derived; the dogmatic condemnation of human Reason to be imprisoned as long as it remains human in “the *Finite*,” and finally, and most of all, the gospel of God’s inaccessibility,—might in any case probably have drawn from Mr. Maurice a solemn protest; but when all these instruments are used avowedly in defence of Christianity, and Christ is himself put forward, not as the perfect Revelation, but as the least inadequate symbol of the divine nature, we do not wonder that the tone of Mr. Maurice’s reply is, if always charitable, often sad and stern. Mr. Mansel preaches that the sphere of Reason is the field of human things; Mr. Maurice, that every fruitful study of human things implies a real insight into things divine. Mr. Mansel holds that the human mind is “cramped

* In our January Number (No. XV., Art. IX.).

by its own laws;" and that divine realities, therefore, so far as they can be the subject of its thoughts at all, must be stunted, or, as the phrase is, "accommodated" to the unfortunately dwarfed dimensions of the recipient: Mr. Maurice holds that the mind of man is "adapted" to lay a gradual hold of the divine truth it is to apprehend, and to grow into its immensity; instead of the divine truth being "adapted" to the little capacities of the human mind. Mr. Mansel holds, as we have seen, that Christianity tells us just enough to keep us right with a God whom we cannot really know; Mr. Maurice, that the only way we can be so kept right is by a direct and, in its highest form, *conscious* participation in the very life of God.

In attempting to discuss, with the help of our authors, the true meaning and objects of a divine Revelation, we shall not again travel over the ground which we have before disputed with Mr. Mansel. His position, that the so-called laws of human thought are 'laws' in the sense of arbitrary restrictions on intellectual freedom, and not qualifications for real knowledge of any thing deeper and wider than our own minds, we have already sufficiently examined. We saw every reason to think that the phenomena which induced him to despair of our capacity for any divine insight were phenomena inherent in all intelligence, human or divine, because describing the very essence of intelligence.* To this ground, therefore, we shall

* Mr. Mansel, in his new preface, quotes our observation, that "relative apprehension is always and necessarily of two terms together; if of sound, then also of silence; if of succession, then also of duration; if of the finite, then also of the infinite;" and replies: "This is true as regards the meaning of the words, but by no means as regards the corresponding objects. If extended to the latter, it should in consistency be asserted that the conception of that which is conceivable involves also the conception of that which is inconceivable; that the consciousness of any thing is also the consciousness of nothing; that the intuition of space and time is likewise the intuition of the absence of both." Mr. Mansel has here supplied us with an excellent illustration of the truth of our special position as to Finite and Infinite Space. No doubt the *general* law of relative apprehension, as applied to language, would require only that we should apprehend equally the meaning of the relative *terms*, and not the corresponding *objects*. To understand what I mean by "conceivable," I must understand what I mean by "inconceivable;" and perhaps the case of "sound" and "silence" is, as applied to the knowledge received by a special sense, a discrimination of the same kind. We insisted on this universal law, that the whole force of *apprehension* really consists in *discrimination*, only because Mr. Mansel seemed to us to represent this relativity of human thought as an imbecility requiring apology to those higher intelligences which, as he seems to suppose, can apprehend all things without discriminating one thing from another. But this general relativity of human apprehension was not the main fact referred to in the passage from which Mr. Mansel quotes. We were referring more particularly then to *special* pairs of relative apprehensions, which are not merely united together in logical significance, but which, as thus united, carry with them a conviction of objective reality, or in other words, which carry belief. In the case of "succession" and "duration," "change" and "cause," "Finite Space" and "Infinite Space," the tie is not logical, but real. No one can conceive "succession" without postulating infinite

not now return; but assuming at once that there is nothing in the essential character of human thought to betray its own *à-priori* incapacity for venturing into every region into which human wants force us to gaze, let us take up the argument at once in its direct bearing on our communion with God, and see whether Mr. Mansel has really any adequate ground for the assumption which his opponent, we think truly, regards as destructive of the very spring of faith,—that though able to convince ourselves that God does exist, the mere “infinitude” of his Nature renders it impossible for us to hold converse with Him. Passing as rapidly as may be over these somewhat artificial earlier difficulties, we shall reserve Mr. Maurice’s help for the more positive and constructive part of our inquiry.

On what, then, does Mr. Mansel base his assumptions? Mainly on this, that if we really do hold direct and conscious converse with God, we should find the results of that converse, and of aptitude for it, inscribed on our mental constitution. “A presentative revelation implies faculties in man which can receive the presentation; and such faculties will also furnish the conditions of constructing a philosophical theory of the object presented.” With the first part of this sentence every one must agree; if God can be present, as we believe, to the human mind, there must be faculties in us which enable us to discern that presence. But the latter assertion, that such faculties will also enable us to construct “a philosophical theory of the object presented,” seems to us a most amazing and gratuitous assertion.

duration, nor awake to the consciousness of duration without an actual succession. No one can think of finite space without postulating infinite space, nor awake to the consciousness of infinite space without an actual experience of finite space. No one can think of a “change” without postulating a “cause,” nor ask for a “cause” without consciousness of a “change.” The “conceivable” and the “inconceivable” are mere logical correlatives, in which neither term carries any belief. “The conceivable” is not a district cut out of a Whole described as “the inconceivable,” as Finite Space is with respect to the Whole of Infinite Space. The very word “finite” bears in itself testimony to the positive meaning in infinite, and therein alone differs from “definite,” which would be fully adequate to express all that is expressed by “finite,” if there were no more than an unsuccessful attempt to lay down a limit—if there were not an absolute denial of a limit—in the word Infinite. In the special cases referred to, then, the correlative is not formal and logical, but a real correlative in belief. We must say we cannot even understand what thinkers so accomplished as Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel mean when they talk of “Infinite” and “Infinitesimal” as purely negative ideas, implying only *failures* to think. Almost every one knows that mathematicians practically use these ideas,—distinguishing even between various *orders* of infinitude with accurate results. The merest schoolboy knows, for instance, that an infinitely small line, though of course impossible to picture, is a reality, and so different in kind from a point, that it can be shown geometrically to contain as many points as the longest line in Nature. Is this all a jargon without meaning, though it is a demonstrable certainty? As applied to “personalities,” which are neither capable of increase nor diminution, the terms “Infinite” and “Finite” have either no meaning, or a totally different one; and hence much of Mr. Mansel’s confusion.

A philosophical theory is possible when we stand above our object, not when we stand beneath it. The learner has faculties by which to learn; but if what he studies is inexhaustible, he will never have a "philosophical theory" of it. Principles, no doubt, he will reach; certain truths to mark his progress he will discover; he will know that he *understands* better and better that which he can never *comprehend*; but a theory of the whole he can never attain unless the whole be within the limited range of his powers. Hence we entirely deny Mr. Mansel's assumption, that direct converse with God implies faculties for constructing "a theory" of God. This is the fundamental error of his work. He admits no knowledge except that which is on a level with its object. Nothing is easier than to prove that no plummet of human Reason can measure depths of the divine mind; nothing falser than to suppose that this incapacity shuts us out entirely from that Mind, and proves it to be the painted veil of "representative notions" of God, and not God Himself, who has filled our spirits in the act of worship.

We hold, then, that this is Mr. Mansel's first, and perhaps deepest, error. He sees that we have no "theory" of God which is not presumptuous and self-contradictory, and he argues therefrom that we have no knowledge. Surely he might have learned better from the simplest facts of human life. Have we any "theory" of any human being that will bear a moment's examination? Yet is our communion with our fellow men limited to a consciousness of our own notions of them? Are not "fixed ideas" of human things a sign of a proud and meagre intellect? Yet Mr. Mansel practically denies all knowledge of divine things, except knowledge through "fixed ideas." He mistakes that which hides God from us for that which reveals Him. "Notions," "fixed ideas," of God, no doubt, and very poor ones too, we have in abundance; but instead of being the media of our knowledge, they are more often the veil which every true moral experience has to tear aside. When we turn to Him with loving heart and conscience, we find half the crystallised and petrified ideas, professing to represent his attributes, dissipated like mists before the sun. To know is not to have a notion which stands in the place of the true object, but to be in direct communion with the true object. And this is exactly the most possible, where theory, or complete knowledge, is least possible. We know the "abysmal deeps" of personality, but have no theory of them. We know love and hatred, but have no theory of them. We know God better than we know ourselves, better than we know any other human being, better than we know either love or hatred; but have no theory, simply because we stand under and not above Him. We can recognise and learn, but never

comprehend. It is therefore idle to argue that knowing faculties imply the means of "constructing a philosophical theory," when every case in which living beings share their life and experience with us adds to our knowledge and to our grasp of principles; whereas we can construct "theories" about only the most simple and abstract sciences.

But this point granted, Mr. Mansel takes his next stand in favour of a merely "notional" theology on the *infinite* nature of God. Admit, he says, that we cannot adequately comprehend our relations with finite realities, still such knowledge as we have of them may be direct, because our knowing power bears some definite proportion to the object known. But knowledge of an infinite being should either imply or generate,—so he reasons,—infinite ideas in your own intellect. Have you such ideas? If so, produce them. If not, admit at once that what knowledge you have of such beings is not direct, not first-hand at all, but at best only by representative ideas—miniature copies of the Reality on an infinitely reduced scale. The object to be known is unlimited; the intellectual receptacle a very narrow cell. There can be no room there for that which it professes to hold; if, therefore, any thing which gives a real notion of that object actually has managed to squeeze in, it can only be a minute image, a faint symbol, an "adaptation" to the poverty of human nature. Only a finite fraction of the infinite Reality could be apprehended by a finite intelligence at best; and that, of course, would give far less conception of the whole than a representative idea, reduced proportionately in all its parts to suit "the apprehensive powers of the recipient." Such is, as far as we understand it, the nature of Mr. Mansel's objection. "In whatever affection," he says, "we become conscious of our relation with the Supreme Being, *we can discern that consciousness only by reflecting on it under its proper notion.*" Mr. Mansel does reflect on it, through many lectures, under several "notions," which he at least conceives to be "proper;" and finding them all what he terms finite, he ends by telling us that the human mind can only apprehend a finite type of God, and yet is compelled to believe that God is infinite: whence he argues we can have no direct knowledge of God at all, but can only study a limited symbol of Him, which He Himself has mercifully introduced into our minds, and reproduced in an objective and more perfect form in the incarnation of Christ. And if, still dissatisfied, any one suggests to Mr. Mansel that knowledge of God, like knowledge of human things, may be partial, but yet direct, and progressive, in short, a real and growing union of our mind with his,—he replies:

"The supposition refutes itself: to have a partial knowledge of an

object is to know a part of it, but not the whole. But the part of the infinite which is supposed to be known, must be itself either infinite or finite. If it is infinite, it presents the same difficulties as before; if it is finite, the point in question is conceded, and our consciousness is allowed to be limited to finite objects. But in truth it is obvious, on a moment's reflection, that neither the Absolute nor the Infinite can be represented in the form of a Whole composed of parts. Not the Absolute, for the existence of the Whole is dependent on the existence of its parts; not the Infinite, for if any part is Infinite, it cannot be distinguished from the Whole; and if each part is finite, no number of such parts can constitute the infinite."

Now what does all this prove? This, and this only: that if we take the words "Absolute" and "Infinite" to mean that He to whom they are applicable *chokes up* the universe, mental and physical, and prevents the existence of every one else, then it is nonsense and clear contradiction for any one else, who is conscious of his own existence, to use these words of God at all. Surely this might have been said without so much circumlocution. And what does Mr. Mansel thereby gain? Simply, as far as we can see, that he has established the certain non-existence of any Being *in this sense* "absolute" or "infinite." Mr. Mansel denies this, and says, "No, I have only proved that a philosophy of the Absolute and Infinite is impossible to man." But if we ask, Why not to God also, and to all rational beings who do not believe in any philosophy of self-contradictions and chimeras? he will immediately turn upon us and say, "Because, after all, you must admit that there is an 'Absolute' and an 'Infinite,' and that these terms ought to apply to God. It is our incompetence to conceive that involves us in all these self-contradictions. If you are going to deny the existence of the 'Absolute' and 'Infinite,' you will get into as much trouble in another direction as if you admit and try to reason upon them. Suppose there is no Infinite and Absolute, and we must assume the universe to be made up of finites, and to be itself finite; which is the more inexplicable alternative of the two?"

Now, in reply to this reasoning, we must say very explicitly that it is a mere playing fast and loose with words. Mr. Mansel first wants the words "Infinite" and "Absolute" to exclude all limitation or order of all sorts. Every thing like essential laws of mind or character,—every mental or moral condition or constitution, self-imposed or otherwise, under which the Divine mind could act,—he calls a limitation, and excludes from the meaning of the words. When he has proved, what is exceedingly easy to prove on such an hypothesis, that we can only speak of the Infinite in self-contradictions, he says, "Well, then, here is an end of the Absolute and Infinite. Clearly we are

unable to grasp this; but the only alternative is the 'relative' and 'finite;' an alternative still more inexplicable." And now, by "finite," we must remember, he means, not that which acts under given conditions,—under the limitations, say, of a Perfect Nature, infinitely rich in creative power, though of *ordered* Creative Power, issuing from the depths of an Eternal Holiness and Eternal Reason,—but limited in every direction; conditioned every where, not by the life-giving order of Character, but by the helplessness of external bonds. We have no hesitation in saying that between unlimited Infinitude, understood in that sense in which Mr. Mansel professes to think that less imbecile mental constitutions than ours would find no contradictions, and the absolutely cramped and fettered Finitude, understood in the sense in which there is no realm of unlimited development and free creation at all,—between these extremes, we say, the whole universe of mind, from the Divine to the human, is necessarily comprehended. The one alternative, which Mr. Mansel does not deign to admit into his religious dilemma even hypothetically,—that of unlimited energy, conditioned by definite laws, moral and spiritual,—is that which the Revelation of Conscience and the Revelation of history alike reveal to us as the actual standard of perfection. The sense in which the "Absolute" and "Infinite" are really self-contradictory terms, is the sense in which we try to make them proof against every limitation; and they are so in that case for the very simple reason, that the *absence* of all positive characteristics is, as Mr. Mansel has himself admitted, not only as great, but really a far greater limitation than the presence of those characteristics would be. A vacuum is certainly not limited, like a human being, by any specific mode of life; but it must be said to be still more limited by the absence of all modes of life whatever. On the other hand, the sense in which the Conscience and Reason of man eagerly assert the reality of an "Infinite" and "Absolute" Being, is not in the least the sense in which they are self-contradictory terms. We are forced to believe in a being whose moral and intellectual constitution is, not vaguer and less orderly, but infinitely distincter and more rich in definite qualities and characteristics than our own; but whose free Creative Energies, as determined by those characteristics, are infinitely greater also. The mental constitution which impresses Order on the operation of Power is not, we are taught alike by conscience and inspiration, a true *limitation* on life, in the sense of a fetter; but is rather in itself a proper fountain of fresh life, and a conservation of Power which would otherwise neutralise itself. Our incapacity to conceive the "Infinite" and "Absolute," in the sense in which they repudiate all conditions, turns out to be a positive

qualification for conceiving them as names of God. We want them as describing attributes in which we can *trust*, and we can only trust in the attributes of a perfectly holy, and therefore, in some sense, defined Nature.

We may be fully satisfied, then, as the great revelation of all experience, that the real fullness and perfection of character which we vainly strive to express by the word "infinite" is not gained by the absence, but by the expansion and deepening, of those defined moral qualities which Mr. Mansel wants to persuade us are to be considered mere *limitations* of nature. When, for instance, he applies the word "infinite," in its physical sense, to the divine personality, and asks if it does not exclude all other beings, because any other really free will must impose a limit on the operation of the divine will,—we ask if there would not be far deeper limitation in the denial to God of the possibility of that divine love which can exercise itself only on free wills. That only can be considered a real limitation which chokes the springs of spiritual life; and all self-imposed limitation on absolute power which is the condition of a real exercise of the spiritual or higher springs of life is the reverse of real limitation. This is the lesson of every human responsibility. Is not every new duty, social or moral, a limitation of some kind—an obligation to others which at least in some direction appears to impose a limit on us, and yet which enlarges the whole scope of our nature? And is it not equally clear that a divine solitude would be more limited by the necessity of solitude, than by the freedom of the beings who are learning to share the divine life?

Mr. Mansel will say that all this is playing into his hands. He had desired to persuade us that all direct knowledge of God was impossible, because we cannot tell what is limitation and what is not; in other words, we can form no adequate "conception" of fullness or perfection of life. What seems to us limitation, may be, not limitation, but a mode of divine power; what we reverently think of as belonging to God because it is included in our notion of power, may not really belong to Him, but be, in fact, a human limitation. Assuredly this is so. We have already admitted that if adequate or exhaustive notions, not of God only, but of any living being, were needful to us for direct knowledge, we should have no direct knowledge of life at all. But we have been protesting against Mr. Mansel, not for saying that we have no adequate conception of God, but for saying that we cannot be conscious of his presence with us, conscious of the life we do receive from Him, conscious of what He really is, in the same, indeed even in a far higher, sense than that in which we are conscious of what human beings are.

We cannot tell whether this or that would be a limitation on the divine essence ; but we can tell whether love and righteousness and power flow from Him into us. Does this give us no *knowledge* of God ? Does this give us no communion with Him ? "No," says Mr. Mansel ; "for 'love,' and 'righteousness,' and 'power,' can be received into your minds only in *finite* parcels, which give no approximation to a knowledge of their infinite fountain." Here, again, we come upon that delusive and positive use of the word "infinite" which, in spite of Mr. Mansel's protest that "infinite" has only a negative meaning, runs through his whole book. He says we do not know what "infinite" means, and therefore cannot know that the "finite" is like the "infinite." We know God's love, and are obliged to believe that it is immeasurably deeper than we can know ; and Mr. Mansel wishes to persuade us that this last faith may change the whole meaning of the first, that the very depth and truth which we assert ourselves unable to gauge ought to be a source of doubt whether we know the reality at all. A life comes into a man, the depths of which he cannot sound ; and his very conviction that he has not the capacity to comprehend its fullness is to empty it of all defined meaning ! Surely Mr. Mansel must see that "infinite" is a mere hollow word when used in this way. The conviction we express by that word is simply that what we know to be restraints on our highest and fullest life do not exist in God ; but this conviction, instead of leading us to fear that righteousness and love change their nature in Him because He is "infinite," fills us with certainty that they do not. In short, righteousness and love are qualities which, if we are competent to know them really at all in any single act of God's, we know to be the same in all acts ; and all that we mean by calling them infinite is, that we have more and more to learn about them for ever, which will not change and weaken, but confirm and deepen, the truth gained in every previous act of our knowledge. Mr. Mansel's notion, that because our knowing capacity is limited and God inexhaustible, we can never know directly more than such a fraction of his nature as would be rather a mockery than a personal revelation, is a mere physical metaphor. Our capacity for knowing may be limited either so that partial knowledge is *delusive* (as of one corner of a figure) if taken for the whole ; or so only that it is true in kind, and extends to the whole, but utterly inadequate in depth. The latter is of course true of all direct knowledge of a *personality*, which we know to be one and indivisible. What we do not know is, then, mainly, the immeasurable range and inexhaustible depth of that which in a single act we do know. Or if there be other characteristics as yet wholly unknown, we know them to be in harmony, because

belonging to the same perfect personality with those we do know.

In brief, we may sum up our differences with Mr. Mansel on this head by saying, that if "infinite" is to mean the exclusion of all definiteness of nature and character,—then we do know, and he himself admits that it has no application to God, if only because it would itself be a far greater limitation than that which it excluded; that if, on the other hand, it be admitted to be consistent with a defined character and constitution, and to mean rather "perfect,"—then that we certainly have not an abstract idea of what this is, but have positive faculties for gradual conscious recognition of such a Perfect being when manifested to our Conscience and Reason, and an inextinguishable faith in his perfection even as unmanifested. Finally, that if it be maintained that what we can thus recognise is as nothing when compared with what is beyond our vision, we may admit it, provided only that what we do know is direct knowledge, and knowledge of God, not of a part of God; and that it carries with it not merely a hope, but a *certainty*, that the inexhaustible depths still unrevealed will only deepen and extend, instead of falsifying, that knowledge at which we have arrived.

We have dwelt somewhat long on what seem to us the most transparent sophisms, because it is on them that Mr. Mansel relies for his assertion that our knowledge of God cannot be direct; that Revelation cannot reveal Him, but only a finite type of Him, more or less different from the reality—how different no one can dare to say. Such a position destroys all interest in the Revelation when it comes. If it be only a working hypothesis, to keep us, while confined in the human, from blindly and unconsciously dashing ourselves against the laws of the divine; if it merely says, "Take this chart, which necessarily alters the infinite infinitely to make it finite; but nevertheless, if you steer by it, it will save you as much from the rocks as if it were true,"—we do not believe any body would care much for Revelation at all. We should say, "Show us fresh realities, and whether they be finite or infinite, we will attend; but as for these magical clues, which only promise to keep us right, without showing us how or why, we would rather be wrecked against one really discovered rock, we would rather founder in the attempt to sound on our own 'dim and perilous way,' than be constantly obeying directions which are mere accommodations to our ignorance, and which will leave us, even if we obey them strictly and reach the end of our voyage in safety, as ignorant of the real world around us as when we began it." Yet Mr. Mansel's great plea for Revelation, as he understands it, is, that it provides us with *regulative* though not with *speculative* truth,—

that it gives us wise advice, the wisdom of which we can test by experience; though furnishing nothing but guesses at the true grounds of that advice.

Now if any one is disposed to admire the apparent modesty of this conclusion, and to acquiesce in it as the true humility of mature wisdom, he will do well to study in Mr. Maurice's profound volume the evidence that every living movement of human thought, *religious or otherwise*, cries out against it. All regulative truth, all truth, that is, which has a deep influence on human action, all truth in which men trust, is founded in the discovery of ultimate causes, not of empirical rules. The distrust of empirical rules in science, in art, in morals, in theology, is all of the same root. It may be safest to act on probabilities where there is no certainty; to act by empirical rule where the principle of the rule is undiscovered; to follow a plausible authority where there is no satisfying truth; and by such rules, no doubt, *in the absence of all temptation to disregard them*, men are occasionally guided when they cannot reach any basis of fact. But, as Mr. Maurice very powerfully insists, there is no single region of life in which these "regulative" and approximate generalities exercise any *transforming* influence on the mind. The smallest probability will outweigh the greatest if it fall in with our wishes; the empirical rule suddenly appears specially inapplicable to the exceptional case in which it becomes inconvenient. The plausible authority is disputable where its recommendations are irritating or painful. It is quite different where we have reached a fresh certainty, a new cause, a new force, a new and self-sustaining truth, a new fountain of actual life. Actual things and persons we cannot ignore; we may struggle with or defy them, but we cannot forget to take them into account. For the lottery-prize we will pay far more than it is worth, the number of blanks scarcely affecting the imagination; the danger of detection never checks the *bond-fide* impulse to crime; a single certain suffering which will be independent of success or failure,—the anguish of conscience, which success rather intensifies,—will outweigh it all. Exactly in proportion to the exclusion of hypothetical and the presence of known and tested elements is the really "regulative" influence exerted on the human will. Believe with Mr. Mansel that Revelation gives us a more or less true notion of God, and it will cease to kindle us at all. Recognise in it with Mr. Maurice the direct manifestation of God to the conscience, and the life thus manifested will haunt us into war, if it do not fill us with its peace. If faith give no certainty, it is not "regulative," but itself speculative; if it does not satisfy the reason, it cannot overawe the will. Mr. Mansel appears to regard the

phrase "satisfying to the reason" as applying to that sort of knowledge which can answer every query of human curiosity. He tells us that the influence of mind on matter is a regulative truth, of which we cannot give the least account,—and not, therefore, satisfying to the Reason. In this sense, clearly, no living influence in the universe is satisfying to the reason; for we cannot reason any thing into life. But this is a totally different sense from that in which he invites us to surrender our desire for a reasonable knowledge of God, as distinguished from a regulative message from Him. Reason in the highest sense does not pursue its questions beyond the point of discriminating between a real and permanent cause or substance, and a dependent consequence or a variable phenomenon. It asks, "why" only till it has reached something which can justify its own existence, and there it stops. True Reason is *satisfied* when it has traced the stream of effect up to a living Origin, and discriminated the nature of that Origin. It is not the impulse of Reason, but, as Mr. Maurice has finely said, the disease of Rationalism, which continues to make us restless questioners in the presence of those living Objects which ought to fill and satisfy the Reason,—inducing us to ask for a reason deeper than Beauty before we can admire, for a reason deeper than Truth before we can believe, for a reason deeper than Holiness before we can love, trust, and obey. But no true Reason is, or ought to be, satisfied with an echo, a type, a symbol, of something higher which it cannot reach. If it find transitory beauty in the type, it turns by its own law to gaze on the Eternal beauty beneath; if it find broken music in the echo, it yearns after the perfect harmony which roused the echo. Reason might be defined to be that which leads us to distinguish the sign from the thing signified,—which leads us back from the rule to the principle, from the principle to the purpose, from the purpose to the living character in which it originated,—which, in short, will *not* be satisfied with any image, but cries after the Original.

If this be Reason, then, to satisfy Reason is to find out truly regulative truth: for what is it which, in the passion and fever of life, truly transforms and chastens human purposes? Surely nothing but the *knowledge* of realities,—sensible realities more than spiritual abstractions,—spiritual realities most of all; mere *things* painful or delightful far more than any abstract ideas; men far more than things; men present more than men absent; but men absent more than the dream of an absent God, because we have lost our faith in God altogether when we have lost our faith in his direct presence with us. We need scarcely take more than one example of what Mr. Mansel calls regulative moral truth. It will be quite sufficient to test the utterly hollow

and unregulative character of the gospel which he can alone deliver to his disciples. He tells us that our human morality, like our human objects of faith, is an adaptation to our condition ; though it surely must resemble, with quite inconceivable differences, the divine morality from which it has been epitomised for us. What is his illustration ? One so extraordinary, that it is difficult to believe he was not trying to prove that such reduced and "adapted" rules and types can have *no* regulative influence on the human will. He is arguing that there is not, and cannot be, "a perfect identity," or even "exact resemblances" between the morality of God and man,—that actions may be "compatible with the boundless goodness of God which are incompatible with the little goodness of which man may be conscious in himself." The case he takes is the duty of human forgiveness. It is the duty of man, he says, to forgive unconditionally a repented sin. People who argue that God cannot be less good than man, assume that God must do likewise. The fallacy lies, he maintains, in forgetting that the finite form of human duty essentially alters the moral standard in the mind of God. This he proves as follows :

"It is obvious, indeed, on a moment's reflection, that the duty of man to forgive the trespasses of his neighbour rests precisely upon those features of human nature which cannot by any analogy be regarded as representing an image of God. Man is not the author of the moral law ; he is not, as man, the moral governor of his fellows ; he has no authority, merely as man, to punish moral transgressions as such. *It is not as sin, but as injury, that vice is a transgression against man ; it is not that his holiness is outraged, but that his rights or his interests are impaired.* The duty of forgiveness is imposed as a check, not upon the justice, but upon the selfishness of man ; it is not designed to extinguish his indignation against vice, but to restrain his tendency to exaggerate his own personal injuries. The reasoner, who maintains 'it is a duty in man to forgive sins, therefore it must be morally fitting for God to forgive them also,' *overlooks the fact that this duty is binding on man on account of the weakness, and ignorance, and sinfulness of his nature :* that he is bound to forgive as one who himself needs forgiveness ; as one whose weakness renders him liable to suffering ; as one whose self-love is ever ready to arouse his passions and pervert his judgment."

We scarcely ever met with a passage in any thoughtful writer which seems to us to contain deeper and more disastrous misreadings of moral, to say nothing of Christian truth, than this. To us the profound and deadly falsehood lies exactly in that which constitutes its value to Mr. Mansel—the assumption that man's duty to forgive is not grounded in his likeness, but in his unlikeness, to God. But it is not to this point we wish to call

attention, but to the *worth* of such a truth as regards its power to *regulate* human conduct. If there be any where a duty hard of performance, it is the duty of human forgiveness. If there be one which the ordinary nature of man spurns as humiliating, and almost as a wrong to his whole mind, it is that duty. Ground it in the very nature of God, in the holy living will which, ever close to us, ever able to crush, is ever receiving fresh injury, and yet, even in inflicting the supernatural anguish of divine judgment, is ever offering anew both the invitation and the power to repent,—and you open the spirit to a reality which cannot but awe and may melt it, in the hour of trial. But ground it with Mr. Mansel on the old, worn-out, lax sort of charity which is indulgent to others because it is weak itself, and it will be the least regulative, we suspect, of regulative duties. Mr. Maurice's exposure of the hollowness of this foundation is too fine to omit:

“ ‘The duty of forgiveness is binding upon man on account of the weakness and ignorance and sinfulness of his nature.’ But what if the weakness, ignorance, and sinfulness of my nature dispose me *not* to forgive? What if one principal sign of this weakness, ignorance, sinfulness of my nature is, that I am unforgiving? What if the more weak, ignorant, and sinful my nature is, the more impossible forgiveness becomes to me, the more disposed I am to resent every injury, and to take the most violent means for avenging it? It is my duty to forgive, because I am ‘one whose self-will is ever ready to arouse his passions and pervert his judgment.’ To arouse my passions; to what? To any thing so much as to acts of revenge? To pervert my judgment; how? In any way so much as by making me think that I am right and other men wrong, and that I may vindicate my right against their wrong? And this is the basis of the duty of forgiveness! The temper which inclines me at every moment to trample upon that duty, to do what it forbids! The obvious conclusion, then, has some obvious difficulties. Obvious indeed! They meet us at every step of our way; they are *the* difficulties in our moral progress. Forgiveness is ‘to be a check on the selfishness of man.’ Where does he get the check? From his selfishness. It is the old, miserable, hopeless circle. I am to persuade myself by certain arguments not to do the thing which I am inclined to do. But the inclination remains as strong as ever; bursts down all the mud fortifications that are built to confine it; or else remains within the heart, a worm destroying it, a fire consuming it. Whence, O whence, is this forgiveness from the heart to come, which I cry for? Is it impossible? Am I to check my selfishness by certain rules about the propriety of abstaining from *acts* of unforgiving ferocity? God have mercy upon those who have only such rules, in a siege or a shipwreck, when social bonds are dissolved, when they are left to themselves! All men have declared that forgiveness, real forgiveness, is *not* impossible. And we have felt that it is not impossible, because it dwells somewhere in beings above man, and is

shown by them, and comes down as the highest gift from them upon man. . . . And whenever the idea of Forgiveness has been severed from this root,—whenever the strong conviction that we are warring against the nature of God and assuming the nature of the Devil by an unforgiving temper has given place to a sentimental feeling that we are all sinners, and should be tolerant of each other,—then has come that weakness and effeminacy over Christian society, that dread of punishing, that unwillingness to exercise the severe functions of the Ruler and the King, which has driven the wise back upon older and sterner lessons, has made them think the vigour of the Jew in putting down abominations, the self-assertions of the Greek in behalf of freedom, were manlier than the endurance and compassion of the Christians. Which I should think too, if, referring the endurance and compassion to a divine standard, I did not find in that standard a justification of all which was brave and noble in the Jewish protest against evil, in the Greek protest against tyranny. Submission or Compassion, turned into mere qualities which we are to exalt and boast of as characteristic of our religion, become little else than the negations of Courage and Justice. Contemplated as the reflections of that Eternal Goodness and Truth which were manifested in Christ, as energies proceeding from him and called forth by his Spirit,—submission to personal slights and injuries, the compassion for every one who is out of the way,—become instruments in the vindication of Justice and Right, and of that Love in the fires of which all selfishness is to be consumed."

We have done our best to explain why we utterly disavow Mr. Mansel's interpretation of Revelation, as a message intended to regulate human practice without unfolding the realities of the divine mind. It is a less easy task, but not less a duty, on the part of those who are gravely sensible of the emptiness of such an interpretation, to give some exposition of the deeper meaning which the fact of revelation assumes to their own minds. We hold that it is an unveiling of the very character and life of the eternal God; and an unveiling, of course, to a nature which is capable of beholding Him. It is not, in our belief, an overclouding of divine light to suit it for the dimness of human vision, but a purification of human vision from the weakness and disease which render it liable to be dazzled and blinded by the divine light. It is, in short, the history of the awakening, purifying, and answering, of the yearnings of the human spirit for a direct knowledge of Him. It proceeds from God, and not from man. The cloud which is on the human heart and Reason can only be gradually dispersed by the divine love; no restless straining of turbid human aspiration can wring from the silent skies that knowledge which yet every human being is formed to attain. Coming from God,

this method, this "education of the human race," as Lessing truly termed Revelation, has been unfolded with the unfolding capacity of the creatures He was educating to know Him. Its significance cannot be *confined* to any special series of historical facts ; but it is clear that the Divine government of the Jewish race was meant to bring out, and did bring out, more distinctly the personality of God, while the history of other races brings out more clearly the divine capacities of man. Hence the coöperation of different nations was requisite for the fulfilment of the Revelation. Centuries were required for the complete evolution even of that special Jewish history that was selected to testify to the righteous will and defined spiritual character of the Creator. Centuries on centuries will be required to discipline fully the human faculties that are to grow into the faith thus prepared for them. The blindness of the greatest men, of the highest races, of wide continents, cannot shake our faith that this purpose will be fulfilled ; for the term of an earthly life is adequate at best for its conscious commencement, and only under special conditions even for that ; nor are there wanting indications that both in the case of men and nations the longest training, and the dreariest periods of abeyance of spiritual life, are often preparations for its fullest growth. By tedious discipline, by slow Providence, by inspirations addressed to the seeking intellect of the philosopher, to the yearning imagination of the poet, to the ardent piety of the prophet, to the common reason and conscience of all men, and by the fulfilment of all wisdom in the Son of God's life on earth, has the Divine Spirit sought to drive away the mists that dim our human vision. Through its wants and powers alike human nature has been taught to know God. Its every power has been haunted by a want till the power was referred to its divine source, its very wants have become powers when they have turned to their divine object. If this, then, and nothing short of this, be Revelation, a living and direct unfolding of that divine mind in which, whether we recognise it or not, we "live and move and have our being,"—an eternal growth in our knowledge of the eternal Life,—we ought not to rest satisfied with showing that Mr. Mansel's reasons for disputing the possibility of such a wonderful truth are unsound,—we ought also to show by what criteria we judge that this is the actual fact, the great reality, on which all our love of truth and knowledge rests.

The first stage in any revelation must be, one would suppose, the dawning knowledge that there is a veil "on the heart" of man, and that there is a life unmanifested behind it. In Mr. Mansel's, as in our view, this is a knowledge which can be

gained by man; but he makes it the final triumph of human faith and philosophy to recognise and *acquiesce* in it; while we hold it to be the very first lesson of the personal conscience, the very first purpose of that external discipline which was intended to engrave the Divine personality on Jewish history, to teach that such a cloud may ever threaten the mind and conscience, but that it *can be dispersed*.

What, indeed, is the first lesson of the human conscience, the first truth impressed upon the Jewish nation, but this, that a presence besets man behind and before, which he cannot evade, and which is ever giving new meanings to his thoughts, new direction to his aims, new depth to his hopes, new terror to his sins? Where, then, if this haunting Presence be so overpowering, if it follow us as it followed the deepest minds among the Jewish people, till it seem almost intolerable,—where is the darkness and the veil which Revelation implies? Just in the fact that this presence does seem intolerable; that it is so far apart from that of man, that, like a dividing sword, it makes his spirit start; that he seeks to escape, and is, in fact, really able to resist it; that he can so easily case-harden his spirit against the supernatural pain; that instead of opening his mind to receive this painfully-tasking life that is not his own, he can so easily, for a time at least, set up in its place an idol carved out of his own nature, or something even more passive than his own nature, and therefore not likely to disturb his dream of rest. This, we take it, is the first stage or act of revelation, whether in the individual conscience, or in that special history which is intended to reveal the conflicts between the heart of a nation and the God who rules it. It is the discovery of a presence too pure, too great, too piercing for the natural life of man,—the effort of the mind, on one pretence or another, to be allowed to stay on its own level and disregard this presence,—the knowledge that this must end in sinking below its own level,—the actual trial and experience that it is so,—the reiterated pain and awe of a new intrusion of the supernatural light,—the reiterated effort to “adapt” that light to human forms and likings,—the reiterated idolatry which all such adaptations imply, whether physical, as in the Jewish times, or intellectual, as in our own,—and the reiterated shame of fresh degradation. If this be, as we believe, the human conscience testifies, whether as embodied in the typical history of the Jews, or in the individual mind, the first stage in that discovery which we call Revelation, what becomes of Mr. Mansel’s theory, that Revelation is the “adaptation” of the “infinite” to the “finite,” of the perfect to the imperfect, of the absolute morality to the poor capacities of a sinful being? If so,—why this crav-

ing of the nature to be let alone,—this starting as at the touch of a flame too vivid for it,—this comfort in circumscribing, or fancying that we can circumscribe, the living God in some human image or form of thought, and worshiping that by way of evading the reality? Does the human spirit ever quail thus before a mere notion? If God Himself is inaccessible to knowledge, should not we find it extremely easy to adapt ourselves to any abstract or ideal conception of Him? It is the living touch of righteousness, even though human only, that makes us shrink; not the idea of righteousness, which, as all theologies testify, is found pliant enough. But if it be a righteous life and will, not merely the idea or idol of a righteous life and will, that stirs human nature thus deeply, and finds us, as it found the Jews, afraid to welcome it, awestruck at the chasm which divides us from it, fearful to surrender ourselves to its guidance, ready to adapt it in any way to us, unready to adapt ourselves to it,—if, we say, we know it to be a *living* will that thus checks, urges, and besets us, Mr. Mansel's theory as to the narrow limits of human knowledge would scarcely induce him to deny that it is God Himself; for there is nothing in his theory which is not almost as much contradicted by *any* living spiritual converse between the human spirit and a spirit of perfect holiness as by direct converse with God.

This first stage of Revelation, which we have called the Jewish, may be said to discriminate the divine personality of God *more* sharply from his own works and creatures than is possible or true in any subsequent and maturer stage of his unfolding purpose. It is, in fact, the first stage in the divine "education" of the individual conscience, as well as of the human race; and is so vividly reflected in the national history of Israel, only because that is the only history in which the appeals of God to the corporate conscience of a whole nation are recorded as fully as the actual national deeds in which those appeals were complied with or defied. In the history of other nations the divine will for the nation has been at once far less vividly interpreted, and, even when adequately interpreted, far less carefully recorded; it has been allowed to gleam forth only fitfully through the often uneducated consciences of national heroes; while in the case of the Jews, we find a succession of great men, whose spirits were more or less filled with the divine light, in order that the world might see in at least one national history some continuous record of the better purposes of God for the nation, as well as of the actual life by which those purposes were partially frustrated or fulfilled. This, we believe, is the only peculiarity of Jewish history,—that a race of prophets was permitted to proclaim,—with varying truth of insight, no doubt, but still with

far clearer and more continuous vision of the divine purpose than any other nation has witnessed,—what God would have had the people do and abstain from. To the nation itself this was not always a gain; probably that which was evil in it would not have grown into so stiff and hard a subsistence but for the power inherent in divine light to divide the evil from the good (for the vision of a purpose too holy for the life of a people issues in greater guilt as well as greater goodness); but for the world at large no doubt it has been and is an immeasurable blessing,—strictly speaking, a Revelation,—to see written out, parallel with the national life of a single people, the life to which God, speaking through the purest consciences of each age of their history, had called them. But the phase of Revelation which we see in Jewish history is simply, on the scale of national life, what the first discovery of God by the individual conscience is in individual life. In both cases there is a contrast presented between God and man, between God and nature, sharper than belongs to any other stage of his unfolding purposes. The separate personality of God is engraved on Jewish history with an emphasis which indicates that to the Jew there seemed scarce any common life between God and man,—any bridge between the supernatural will and the easy flow of Nature. And is it not thus engraved on the individual conscience when first man becomes aware that the natural veins and currents of his character tend to a thousand different ends, whither the brooding Spirit of God forbids us to go,—or whither if we do go, it haunts us with throes of supernatural anguish till we turn again? Is it not simply the discovery that the actual bent of our whole inward constitution is not divine,—the despair of seeing how it is ever to become so,—which makes us, like the Jew, separate the divine Spirit so sharply from his living works and creatures, that for a time we doubt whether the nature within us can be used by God at all—whether, much rather, its forces must not be wholly cancelled, before the will can be set free?

But this sharp contrast between the personality of God and the nature of man, and in lesser degree of the external universe, is not and cannot be final. And if the Jewish history witnesses that the Will of God is the starting-point of a new order, that the forces of human nature must be brought into subjection to that, if they can be used by God at all,—then the history of a hundred other nations, more especially of the Greeks, and in later centuries of the Teutonic races, does testify with equal explicitness that natural life is essentially divine, and requires at most remoulding by the Eternal Spirit,—a remoulding which is so far from cancelling, that it brings out the true nature in all its freshness,—in order to become the fitting organ of a Supernatural

Righteousness. In other words, while man takes his stand on the level of his own motives and affections, and shrinks from the transforming influence of the Spirit of God, these motives and affections are the veil which needs taking away; but if he will permit himself to be raised above that level, and will open his heart freely to the supernatural influence at which he trembles, then it will not be *against* the voice, but *by* the voice of his own spiritualised motives and affections, that God Himself speaks. The veil itself becomes transparent; the glass that was dark, luminous. Accordingly the revelation to conscience, which is more or less Jewish, and sets all the fibres of the natural life quivering like an aspen-leaf in the wind, is necessarily partial and temporary. Even in the highest of the prophetic strains there is perhaps an undervaluing of nature, and human nature in its natural manifestations,—a disposition to anticipate something like a revolution rather than a regeneration in its constitution, to represent direct praise of God as better and more worthy than the indirect praise implied in its perfect natural development. Could God's Self-Revelation have been stayed at that point, we doubt whether Gentile nations,—the Greek for instance,—could ever have embraced it. Deep sensibility to the divine beauty of all human faculty and life was so deeply wrought into the very heart of Greece, that the Greek only recoiled at the Hebrew vision of a God before whose presence human faculty seemed to pale away like starlight in the dawn. Nor could the Hebrew faith itself have lived on permanently in that phase. Already, before the Jewish era came to a close, the danger of idolatry with which Jewish faith was first threatened,—the danger that God would be confounded with his works,—had merged in the danger that He would not be recognised as living in his works. There is an exactly parallel movement in the history of the Revelation of God to the individual conscience. When first

“Those high instincts before which our mortal nature
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised”

come upon us, we feel that man is nothing, and God every thing; but soon human nature reasserts its dominion; and if there be no full reconciliation between the two, either the “high instincts” become ossified into dogma, and the mortal nature runs a fouler course in their presence than it would in their absence, or they fade away again altogether.

There is a natural and legitimate revolt in man against any Supernaturalism which does not do full justice to nature: and the opposite risk of a deification of nature, such as Greece and the Gentile nations were prone to, produces perhaps less fearful, certainly less unlovely results than the error which divorces

nature from God, and by disclaiming in the name of piety any trace in Him of the life of the world, strips that world bare of all trace of God. Judaism taught us for ever that Nature must be interpreted by our knowledge of God, not God by our knowledge of Nature; but it was only the perversion of Judaism which completely dissolved the tie between the two. The Greek shuddered, and with reason, at the sacrilege of ignoring the breath of divine life in the harmony of the world; but it was but a perversion of Hellenism when the Pantheist sought to identify the two,—to multiply his delight in natural organisms until their influences fell into a kind of musical harmony in his mind, which he called the Divine Whole. Both of these opposite tendencies are equally perversions. And both alike witness to the expectation in the human mind of some Revelation of the true tie between the life of God and the life of his creatures,—the yearning to know, not only what God is in his essential character, but what seed of his own life He has given to us, and what power it is by which that seed may be guarded through its germination from the extinction or corruption with which it is threatened. Accept with the Greek the capacity for a divine order in man and the universe; accept with the Jew the reality of the "Lord's Controversy" with man; and how are the two to be reconciled? how is the supernatural righteousness to avail itself of the perverted growths of human capacity? how is the "Lord's Controversy" to be set at rest?

This was a question which the Jewish Revelation never solved for the questioner,—except so far as it taught him that God could *conquer* the most rebellious nature. But even then he recognised the Supernatural will as *triumphing over* the poverty of human and natural life, rather than as revealing itself actually *through and in* the divine springs of that life. The "Controversy" was solved for him rather by the power of God over nature than by the power of God in nature. But what was it that the Gentile nations craved? Some new conviction that the supernatural was not at war with the constitution of nature, but the eternal source of it; that the gradual growth, the seasonal bloom, the germinating loveliness of the natural and visible universe, culminating in the wonderful life of man, is itself not a veil but a revelation, a harmony of voices addressing us from the Divine life, and claiming our allegiance to One higher than themselves. They too saw, what the Jew had been taught, that in fact this was not really so, that there was a jar, a discord somewhere; but if they saw far less clearly whence came the power which could command the discord to cease, they saw far more clearly that, if it could cease, the *true* nature would be restored and not conquered, vindicated and not extinguished, strengthened not exhaled.

The human condition of this revelation, as of all other Revelation, is born with the human mind. The Supernatural and Righteous Will, who besets and confronts on every side the unruly impulses of our lower self, is revealed to the Conscience, and without the Conscience could not be revealed at all. But besides this, there is another experience of man's which renders him capable of another revelation. Quite apart from the conscience and the sense of guilt and the law,—quite apart from the living Will, who looks into our hearts and searches out their evil,—there is, we suppose, in every man a more natural and genial experience of the spontaneous growth and unfolding, or it may be only the *effort* to unfold, of the true nature as it ought to grow,—a gentle spontaneous resistance to the shapes into which our faults and imperfections force or try to force it,—the effort of the true man within us to grow into his right and perfect state in spite of the resistance of frailty, incapacity, and sin. What we are now speaking of is not an experience merely of the moral life, but of the whole nature. Does not every man feel that there are unused capacities of all kinds within him, gently pressing for their natural development?—that a living tendency urges us to grow, not merely in moral but in physical and intellectual constitution, towards the individual type for which we were made?—that the various frictions of evil, moral or merely circumstantial, which prevent this, when it is prevented, distort the true divine growth, and leave us less than what we might have been? It was this experience which the religion of Greece has preserved so vividly,—the faith that, beneath the deformity of real life, there is a formative plastic power that is ever urging us towards our truest life; beneath ungainliness, a growth, or effort to grow, of something more harmonious; beneath ignorance, a growth, or effort to grow, of the true understanding; beneath impurity and evil, the growth, or effort to grow, of the true moral beauty.

It was, we believe, to this experience in every man's mind,—an experience which cannot be called moral so much as the true instinct of *life*,—that the unveiling of God in Christ appealed, and which fitted the Christian revelation to include the Greek as well as the Jew. There at last was the harmony of the Supernatural and the Natural,—the divine effort at harmonious growth which seemed to be in every man, unfolding from the germ to the full fruit without the canker or the blight, and yet at the same time revealing to all of us exactly what the Supernatural vision reveals to the conscience, the absolute will of good, the divine anger against sin, the infinite chasm between evil and good, the power and holiness of God. What was this life, in which the unity of God and man was at length vindicated? Did

it not utter in clearer accents the awful Will which had spoken within the Jew? Did it not image in living colours the perfect nature which had stirred so gently and breathed so deep a sense of divinity into the finer folds of Grecian life? Was it not at once the answer to that craving for a true vision of the moral nature of God which had haunted the Hebrew conscience, and the answer to that craving for a true vision of the undistorted life of man which had haunted the Grecian imagination? True, it was a vision of the Father only as He is seen in the Son, of the filial and submissive Will, not of the original and underived Will; but as it is the perfection of the filial Will to rest in the Will of his Father, the spiritual image is perfect, though the personal life is distinct. And this was, in fact, exactly what answered the yearning of the Greek for an explanation of that living germ of divine life within him. Was it not a perfect *nature*, filial like his own,—the very nature into which he was capable of growing,—that had thus been pushing against the weight of deformity, stirring the sources of *natural* perfection, and warning him that his mind was growing in wrong directions, and not blossoming into the beauty for which it was designed? He was ready to recognise as the divine Word, which had grown into perfect humanity in Christ, the very same higher nature which had been in him but not of him; which had filled his mind with those faint longings after something that he might have been and was not; which was still stirring within him whenever a new blight, or a new failure, or a new sin, threatened to divert him still further from the destiny to which he knew he was capable to attain. The secret Will of God was, according to the longing of the Jews, first fully manifest in Christ; the secret hopes of man were, according to the “desire of all nations,” there first fulfilled.

If Christ, then, was to the Jew mainly the Revelation of the Absolute Will as reflected in the perfect filial will; to the Greek mainly the revelation of that perfect human nature which had been so long stirring within him, we might expect to find acts in which he especially revealed the living Ruler of the Universe, and acts in which he especially revealed the inward influences which were to restore order to the human heart;—acts in which he manifested the Father, and acts in which he unsealed the eternal fountains of purity in human life. Mr. Maurice, in answering Mr. Mansel's assertion that the Absolute is beyond human vision, calls attention especially to the former class. He intimates that in the miracles and the parables, for instance, we have Revelations of the spiritual source of the physical world. Mr. Westcott's thoughtful little book pursues the same track with regard to the miracles only. The tenor of both writers is

the same. There had been ever in man an awe at the mighty powers of the physical universe, and the apparent recklessness with which these powers acted. The Jew, who loved to see in God the source of all power, still hardly dared to refer these crushing forces to the same national Providence which had guarded and governed his race with a personal care so express. The Greek thought them in their awful undeviating order far more sublime than he could have done had he held them to be exercises of a mere Supreme Will. But yet he would willingly have connected them with an order, spiritual as well as physical, such as he recognised in the destinies of men. Christ, by manifesting the power which controlled and upheld them, and yet manifesting it with a healing and life-giving purpose, answered both these cravings. "These powers," the miracles said, "which seem so physical, so arbitrary, sometimes so destructive,—which sometimes appear to be wielded by an evil spirit,—are in the hands of one who would heal men's miseries, restore their life, moral and physical, purify them from disease, and hush the storm into a calm: if it ever seem otherwise, be sure that the seeming destruction has a life-giving purpose, the physical disease a deeper healing influence; that the tempest is a bringer of serener peace, the blindness a preparation for diviner light. The order of the universe has a spiritual root; the purpose of love which changes, is also the purpose of love which directs it. He who can bind and loose the forces of nature, has thus revealed the eternal purposes in which they originate."

So again, Mr. Maurice, in a sermon of great beauty, claims for the parables that they were intended to reveal the spiritual significance which had been from the first embodied in the physical processes of the universe,—that the analogy between the light of the body and the light of the spirit, the sowing and reaping of the external and of the spiritual world, and the other analogies in what we usually call Christ's "figurative" language, are not really metaphorical, but exhibit the perfect insight of the divine mind of the Son into the creative purposes of the Father. If it be true that the creator of our spirits is the creator of our bodies also, we might only expect that he who revealed the true life of the one, would know and exhibit its close natural affinities with the life of the other. Is not the physical universe as a whole meant to be for man the vesture of the spiritual universe? Is not all the truest language, therefore, necessarily what we call figurative; and only false when the spiritual is interpreted by the physical, instead of the physical by the spiritual?

"But if there is in this correspondence between the organs of the spirit and the organs of sense, if experience assures there is, does not

that explain to us the meaning and power of the parables? May not all sensible things, by a necessity of their nature, be testifying to us of that which is nearest to us, of that which it most concerns us to know, of the mysteries of our own life, and of God's relation to us? May it not be impossible for us to escape from these witnesses? They may become insignificant to us from our very familiarity with them; nay, we may utterly forget that there is any wonder in them. The transformation of the seed into the full corn in the ear may appear to us the dulllest of all phenomena, not worthy to be noted or thought of. The difference in the returns from different soils, or from the same soils under different cultivation,—the difference in the quality of the produce, and the relations which it bears to the quality of the seeds,—may be interesting to us from the effect such varieties have upon the market, from the more or less money we derive from the sale; not the least as facts in nature, facts for meditation. The relation between a landholder or farmer and those who work for him, between a shepherd and his sheep, all in like manner may be tried by the same pecuniary standard; apart from that, they may suggest nothing to us. Thus the universe becomes actually 'as is a landscape to a dead man's eye;' the business in which we are ourselves engaged, a routine which must be got through in some way or another, that we may have leisure to eat, drink, and sleep. Can any language describe this state so accurately and vividly as that of our Lord in the text? Seeing we see and do not perceive; hearing we hear, and do not understand."

This revelation, however, through Christ,—by his life, by his miracles, by his parables, by his resurrection and ascension,—of the Supreme Will, would not have fulfilled as it did the "desire of all nations," had it not also revealed that living power in man by which human nature is wrought into his likeness. To know God has been, in all ages, but an awful knowledge, until the formative influence which is able to communicate to us his nature is revealed also. And accordingly, Christ no sooner disappears from earth than all the Christian writings begin to dwell far more on the new strength he had revealed within them than on his outward life. The interior growth of divine nature thus revealed might be called new, because now first they recognised it as a divine power, as a power they could *trust*, as a life that would grow by its own might within them if only they did not smother it and were content to restrain their own lower self from any voluntary inroads of evil. This power had been there, no doubt, in all men and all times; the germinating life of an inward spirit of involuntary good had never been a stranger to man; it had always pushed with gentle pressure against the limits of narrow minds and narrow hearts and of positive evil,—not, indeed, with the keen and piercing thrusts of divine judgment, but with the spontaneous movement of better life striving to cast off the scale

of long-worn habit. But now this power was not only felt, but its origin was revealed. It was that same-divine human nature which had been embodied in the earthly Christ that was stirring in the hearts of all men. It was he, whose life had been so strange and brief a miracle of beauty, to whom they might trust to mould afresh the twisted shapes of human imperfection, to push forward the growth of the good seed and the eradication of the tares within them. The same life which had shed its healing influence over the sick and the sinful in Galilee and Judea, was but the human form of that which fostered the true nature beneath the falsehoods of all actual life, and worked within the disciples as they preached their risen Lord. It was not they, but "Christ that worked in them." Here was the true explanation of the unity of the human race, the common life which was the source of all that was deep and good ; as separative influences grew out of all that was profoundly evil. They were all members of Christ ; his nature was in them all, drawing out the beauty and chastening the deformity, breathing the breath of universal charity, and kindling the flame of inextinguishable hope. This was a power to trust in, the image of the Father's will, because breathing the very spirit of that will ; and fuller of hope than any vision of a holy king commanding an allegiance which they could not bend their stiff hearts to pay, or conquering their moral freedom without acting on the secret springs of their humanity. They had known this power in themselves before ; but they had not read it aright, because they had not estimated aright its source and the certainty and universality of its operation. They had not before known it as directly manifested in him who opened the eyes of the blind, and cleansed the leper, and stilled the storm ; who forgave sins, and wrestled with temptation ; and finally passed through the grave, and trouble deeper than the grave, without being "holden" of it, because his will was freely surrendered to his Father.

Here, then, was a revelation not simply of the Absolute nature of God, but of the formative power of Christ that is at work to cancel distorted growths, and even mere natural deficiency in every human heart. But it was to do more than this,—it was to take away sin itself from those who could bring themselves to trust their hearts freely to his influence ;—to reveal to them, in short, the great divine law that, as through the unity of human nature "if one member suffers, all the members suffer with it," so through the same unity a new life may spread into even the weakest and corruptest member. It was to reveal it as the highest privilege of this great central human life to purify others when once their will begins to turn towards him by entering into the very heart of their evil and reaching the very core of

their inward misery; so that while new life returns to *them*, the shadow of pain inseparable from the perfect knowledge of human guilt falls back on the spirit of the great Purifier. This was the revelation of the true nature in man; a nature that not only, as the Gentile nations felt, asserted the primitive truth and goodness properly belonging to every human creature, but that is capable of restoring that truth and goodness, cancelling the sinful habit, melting the rigid heart, emancipating the sullen temper, by the mere exertion of its spontaneous fascination over any spirit which once surrenders to its control. And this, accordingly, is the great subject of Christian writers after once Christ had left the earth. It was to them a new discovery that the restorative power in every heart was *not* the power of their own wills, which they knew to be limited at most to a rejection of evil acts, but the very same power which had grown up into a perfect humanity in Christ, and only required an act of continuous trust to claim them for its own. To trust in such a power was not hard, to stifle the active rebellion of their own wills was possible; but to purge the turbid fountain of their human life, had that also been required of them, as both Jew and Gentile had often dreamed, was mere impossibility. To *know* who it was who was working in them, was to multiply infinitely the regenerating power of his life.

Such, then, we hold to be the essence of the divine Self-Revelation of God. Into the question of its exact relation to the historical narrative in the Bible, slightly touched upon both by Mr. Mansel and Mr. Maurice, we cannot here enter. While accepting gratefully the many new and brilliant lights which all Mr. Maurice's writings, and this last perhaps most of all, have cast on the deepest subject into which the human heart can enter, we should perhaps differ most from him in his biblical criticism. A mind so rich in meditative wisdom as his, so ready to snatch a religious truth from the strangest confusion of historical incident, seems scarcely able to appreciate the kind of impression which inconsistent and sometimes inconceivable statements, supported by no appreciable evidence,—such, for instance, as that of the star which is said to have guided the Magians to the manger at Bethlehem,—make on ordinary students with regard to all historical details, indeed to all the historical elements of Revelation. Mr. Maurice is as deeply persuaded as we are that the fullest and freest criticism will work out the most happy issues. For ourselves, we feel little doubt that such criticism will show a large admixture of untrustworthy elements in the narrative of both Old and New Testament; and that if it prove so, the mere emancipation of the intellect from what seems a purely literary superstition as to the truth of the Bible narratives, will pro-

bably bring far more gain to the spiritual freedom of man, and do far more to direct attention to the spiritual evidences of all divine truth, than any other result could educe. We believe Bibliolatry has been, and is likely long to be, the bane of Protestant Christianity. Spiritual realities would indeed be recognised *as* spiritual realities by few, had they had no perfect manifestation in the actual works and Providence of God,—had not the desire of the heart been embodied in the desire of the eyes. But that no minute history was needful of the earthly life of him who can interpret his own meaning, and who came that he might draw the veil from eternal power and truth, and not to fascinate men's eyes and hearts to one single illuminated point of space and time,—is sufficiently proved by the absence of all records of his life which can be called minute, or which do not rely on the faithfulness of memory even for their outlines. Human vanity, eager to guarantee its own immortality, carries laboriously about all the paraphernalia for setting down every word and action before its transient life is spent. He who is solving the agonising problems of ages, speaking to the depths of the human spirit in generations on generations yet unborn, and uttering “the things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world,” can afford to dispense with the minute history of his life, when he has power to turn every human conscience into a new witness of his truth, and every heart into a new evangelist of his glory.

ART. X.—ITALY; ITS PROSPECTS AND CAPACITIES.

History of the Kingdom of Naples, 1734-1825. By General Pietro Colletta. Translated by S. Horner. With a Supplementary Chapter, 1825-1856. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 1858.

The Roman State from 1815 to 1850. By Luigi Carlo Farini. Translated by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for the University of Oxford. London: Murray, 1851.

Storia di Quattro Ore, dalle 9 antemeridiane alle 1 pomeridiane del 27 Aprile 1859. Firenze: Barbera, Bianche e C^{te}. 1859.

Life in Tuscany. By Mabel Sharman Crawford. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1859.

La Question Romaine. Par Edmond About. Bruxelles et Londres: Jefs, 1859.

For the first time in the lapse of centuries there has dawned upon Italy a prospect of union and independence, in the realisation of which even the most sober minds may venture to indulge

a hopeful confidence. The movements towards freedom created by the first great convulsion in France, were speedily overwhelmed in the flood of war and conquest which spread over Europe; and moreover, at that time freedom was far less understood, and far less earnestly desired, by the citizens of the Peninsula than it is now, for the tyranny that pressed upon them was less cruel and less crushing in itself, and less embittered by the spectacle of better things around them, and the memory of better things behind them. When Napoleon fell, the opportunity for the organisation of a great Italian state was thrown away in the conflict of complicated claims, old and new, and in the presence of one paramount danger just escaped and still weighing on the fears and clouding the reason of all European statesmen. In 1848—though for a moment, and as it were by magic, every kingdom and duchy shook off its fetters and inhaled one invigorating breath of liberty—there was no material power or military preparation capable of resisting the trained and countless armies of one of the mightiest monarchies of Europe, as soon as it had time to recover from its surprise and gather its vast resources and concentrate its enormous strength. It was obvious to all who were distant enough, and cool enough, to be *observers*, that the patriotic enthusiasm and even the superior numbers of the most gallant and devoted race, just emerging from the unarmed helplessness in which a relentless and suspicious tyranny had long kept them, though able by one mighty and unexpected effort to cast off the yoke, must, if destitute of foreign aid, be inevitably worsted in the conflict with disciplined troops, scientific fortresses, and an enemy amply provided with guns, ammunition, money, and all the indispensable and unimprovisable *matériel* of war. So it turned out: and from that time every foreign sympathiser, and every Italian statesman worthy of that appellation, resigned themselves to the conviction that they must wait for the realisation of their hopes of independence till some political complication or convulsion should give them one of the great powers of Europe as their cordial and sincere ally. Since 1815 the one insuperable obstacle—the only obstacle, but still an insuperable one—to the liberation and *creation* of Italy, has been the supremacy of Austria: the moment that should be neutralised by the active alliance of France, Russia, or England, the field would be free for the operation of Italian energies and the proof of Italian capabilities. France has stepped forward to assume that splendid function—glorious, if honestly performed; and Romans, Neapolitans, Tuscans, Lombards, and Venetians, must now, or never, show what they are worth, and win their spurs on as noble a battle-field as was ever cleared before a nation.

We need not say how strongly and ardently our individual sympathies go with them to the strife; but we cannot deny that these sympathies are by no means universally, at all events only languidly, shared by statesmen, or even by the liberals of Europe. Both in France and England, some of our ablest and most experienced politicians look on but coldly, and express themselves doubtful of the final issue—not so much of the mere contest between France and Austria, as of the Italian results which are to follow. Now, as this coldness and distrust constitute one of the greatest dangers and impediments which at the present moment the cause of Italian independence and nationality has to encounter; and as we believe it arises almost solely from an idea, which prevails very widely, that the Italians are incompetent to manage and nerveless to maintain constitutional freedom, we propose to devote a few pages to prove that no idea can be more utterly unwarranted, either by the written history of the past, or by the living history that is now before our eyes.*

For thirty years Europe was content to leave to Austria the duty of keeping the peace in Italy; and European statesmen accepted, tamely or credulously, the representations of that power as to the manner in which her duty was performed, and the necessity of the ever-vigilant severity which she exercised. The events of 1848 compelled their attention, awakened doubts in the minds of the most apathetic as to the truthfulness of the tales with which they had been amused so long, and forced upon the notice of the world the character and consequences of Austrian domination in the Peninsula. Italy then, for the first time, fairly won the ear of foreign nations, and thenceforward could not again be left to be dealt with according to the mere pleasure of the masters of Lombardy and Venetia. But the influence of the representations which for thirty years Austria had made without fear of contradiction, regarding the revolutionary tendencies of Italy, the utter unfitness of her inhabitants for the enjoyment of liberty, and the necessity of a strong and stern repression to prevent them from flinging their country into anarchy, has not yet died away. It is not easy to efface impressions which have been busily taught during a whole generation. It is not easy to remove from the minds of statesmen and diplomatists, proverbially and reasonably cautious even to timidity, the undefined dread which they have always entertained of some terrible convulsion, certain to arise if once the Italian people were left to settle their own affairs after their own fashion. It is not easy

* A considerable portion of the materials for the following pages is drawn from private sources of the most original character and the highest and surest authenticity.

even to satisfy a public like that of England, naturally inclined to mistrust the mobile and demonstrative character of a nation so unlike ourselves in temper and disposition, that others are fit to enjoy at least a portion of those ample liberties which we have achieved by the struggles and toils of eight centuries. Nor is the difficulty of satisfying them concerning the possibility of combining freedom and order in any country but their own at all diminished by the failures of 1848 in almost every corner of Europe. That over half the Continent liberal institutions were in that year established in some shape or other, and that scarcely a trace of them now remains, are facts sufficiently well known to all; while the reasons which explain that failure in so many instances, and show the extinction of freedom to have been the result at least as often of foreign force or royal falsehood as of any misconduct on the part of the people, are known only to those who have bestowed some degree of attention to the subject. Over and over again do we hear the events of 1848 quoted in proof of the hopelessness of establishing constitutional government in continental countries, even with reference to cases which, if fairly considered, prove the exact reverse,—cases in which the people manifested a patience and forbearance, an appreciation of liberty, a respect for order, a quickness to comprehend the nature of new institutions and the value of new rights and obligations, at least as signal and meritorious as our own. And this is more particularly true of the Italians, whose incapacity for freedom has been proclaimed with such especial confidence; though in truth, of all the failures that signalised that year of revolution, the least discreditable to themselves, and the most obviously attributable to forces beyond their own control, were those of the Romans, Venetians, Neapolitans, and Tuscans.

The detractors of the Italians are met at the outset by one stumbling-block of a peculiarly awkward kind. It does so happen that the one country which has retained unimpaired the constitutional liberties achieved in 1848 is Italian; is exactly that one of the Italian states which, while it has had the sorest internal difficulties (excepting those of Rome) to contend against, is yet the only one which has been secured against interference from without. While Germany, Hungary, and France, have fallen back into a worse and lower condition than they enjoyed in 1847, Sardinia has preserved her liberties, has gone forward in the path of civil progress and political amelioration, has amended her laws, developed her resources, and established her finances on a satisfactory basis, notwithstanding the burden of an inevitable debt and the expense of a costly war. She has preserved peace within her own frontiers, though embarrassed by the scarcely cemented union with Genoa, once republican, and still

jealous of her ancient independence and her former fame. She has remodelled the feudal institutions and inconvenient land-tenures of her insular dominions; a task which in itself reflects no little lustre on the first decennium of her parliamentary government. It is easy for English advocates of Austrian domination, while admitting all this, to deny that the Piedmontese are to be taken as examples of what we are to expect elsewhere; to say that in blood and disposition they are French rather than Italian. Such, however, is not the argument of the Austrians themselves. According to Count Buol, Sardinian liberty is mere anarchy; her subjects run riot in the wildest license; and the extension of the state of things which there prevails would be in itself a fearful calamity to the Italians, who now rejoice in the blessings of arbitrary rule. No doubt the late Foreign Minister of Austria believes sincerely what he says; but it is somewhat strange that he should have ventured to address such an opinion to the ministry of England. For the freedom enjoyed by the subjects of Victor Emmanuel would be considered very inadequate by those of Queen Victoria. The liberty of the press at Genoa and Turin means something very different from that unlimited immunity which is enjoyed by the *Times*, the *Herald*, or the *Daily News*. The civil rights of Sardinian subjects would be considered by English Conservatives too narrow and restricted for this country; the power of the Sardinian executive and of Sardinian magistrates is far greater than would be tolerated in England. In the circumstances in which that little state is placed, this is right because it is necessary. But it is certain that the "anarchy" of Count Buol would pass in England as very guarded and moderate freedom; certain too that the acquiescence of the Sardinian Liberals in such restrictions proves them to possess in a full degree that spirit of prudence and compromise which is so peculiarly requisite for the harmonious working of representative institutions.

Before passing from the north to the south of Italy, it may be worth while to anticipate two facts which may be alleged in proof of the unfitness of Lombards and Genoese for constitutional freedom. We cannot imagine that any one will attempt to substantiate a charge of unworthiness against the defenders of Venice,—the temperate, self-possessed, devoted countrymen of Manin. But the reputation of Milan is unhappily stained by the recollection of the riot which preceded its evacuation by Charles Albert; and the insurrection which immediately succeeded the battle of Novara was in the last degree discreditable to Genoa. But in regard to the first event, it is just to recall the condition of Milan, the excitement of the time, and the terror which drove the inhabitants to frenzy. Charles Albert

was beaten outside the walls. To defend the city appeared to him, as a military man, impossible; and accordingly he accepted a capitulation. His new subjects, who not many weeks before had driven out unaided the foe who was now before them, could not comprehend the dangers of resistance, while they knew but too well those of surrender. They protested, threatened, implored. The king was moved, and promised them that he would fight to the last, and bury himself and his army under the ruins of Milan. Then, according to the constitutionalist historian Farini, who bitterly reprobates the conduct of the populace, the municipal authorities wavered, shrank from so desperate a defence, and induced the king to renew the capitulation he had cancelled. The people, unaware of this act of the municipality, but seeing the king about to withdraw, conceived themselves betrayed. There was a dark spot in the early life of Charles Albert which made him seem not incapable of treachery. The Milanese remembered the "five days," and expected a terrible retribution at the hands of the enemy to whom they were abandoned. Then it was that they were goaded into frenzy; that they cursed their retreating sovereign, and actually threatened his life. Their madness is not to be defended; but when we remember what was the nature and source of their terror, and what was the temper of the Austrians, we may be permitted to doubt whether Englishmen might not have been smitten with a like fury.

The Genoese insurrection is a much worse matter. It, however, was not the act of the people at large, but of a party only, naturally strong in a city which never quite forgave its annexation to Piedmont; and it took place at a time of universal confusion and dismay, when suspicions of treachery were in every mind; and no more proved a general spirit of lawlessness or violence, than the flight of part of a British regiment under sudden panic, when the ground beneath them was reported to be mined, would reflect upon the general courage of our soldiers.

To argue the fitness of the Venetians for the maintenance and management of freedom, will appear almost superfluous to those readers of history who remember that when the Republic of Venice was violently and treacherously destroyed by the military power of France, wielded by the young Napoleon, it was immeasurably the oldest government in Europe. For thirteen centuries that remarkable constitution had kept afloat, and vivid with most energetic life, amid all the deluges that had swept over the world; the wealth, the wisdom, and the military prowess of the Venetians had rendered them at one period, and for some centuries, one of the most formidable and influential people in Europe; and in spite of the crimes and oppressions of their go-

vernment, they contrived to be respected abroad, and usually peaceful and dignified at home. As other nations rose and prospered, Venice sank in relative importance; but she maintained her singular constitution, amid all mere revolutions of the palace, unchanged and vital to the last. And when the convulsion of 1848 once more gave her back her freedom, the manner in which, under Manin and Tomaseo, she conducted both her internal affairs and her long and hopeless struggle against Austria, called forth the admiration and surprise of all observers. At no period of the contest or the siege, though the privations were severe and the suffering prolonged, did the inhabitants, gentle and soft almost to a proverb, ever murmur against their chiefs, or lose confidence in them, or hamper their action by any turbulence or timidity. They endured cheerfully and they fought well, and at last extorted fair and clement terms even from their conquerors. Manin especially showed qualities both of sagacity and of nobleness which marked him out as fitted for the highest destinies. We knew him well, and loved him much. His was about the finest, most elevated, and most truly-balanced mind it ever was our privilege to commune with. And the only sad reflection that now comes in to mar our gladness in the prospect of Italian liberation is, that he is no longer among us to witness with the eyes of the flesh, and to aid by a human arm, and to secure by the resources of his mature and sober wisdom, the triumph of that cause for which he lived and died.

The people of the Two Sicilies have been worse treated by, and more maligned in, this country than the people of any other part of Italy. Not only have they been reputed to be cowardly, treacherous, and ferocious as individuals, but England has allowed herself to be persuaded of their unfitness for freedom; and in an evil hour actually allowed the constitution she had guaranteed to the Sicilians to be snatched from them by the perjured king to whom they had been, in his hour of exile and defeat, "faithful found among the faithless." The islanders have a claim on us which it is impossible to gainsay; and it can hardly be alleged against them that they have done any thing to merit our desertion of their interests. They have been at least as forbearing under injury, at least as resolute in self-defence, at least as prudent and moderate in success, as we are wont to pride ourselves on being. After being robbed of the Constitution which, in 1812, we had guaranteed to them (and which was but a modification of ancient rights and immemorial franchises), they waited for years before, in 1820, they broke out in rebellion; and even when in arms against the royal authority, they merely demanded of the King that he should grant

them "the Spanish Constitution," and a separate administration for Sicily; a demand which the mutual jealousy between the two portions of the Neapolitan kingdom rendered natural, if not altogether unobjectionable. When defeated in their endeavour to obtain this just claim, the Sicilians took part in the conduct of the short-lived Constitutional Government in Naples. After its suppression, they remained quiet for sixteen years; and the insurrection provoked by Ferdinand II. in 1837 was in itself trivial, though it was repressed with a ferocity which has hardly a parallel in modern history. A trifling riot at Messina, in September 1847, was made the excuse for similar barbarities. In December of that year the patience of the Sicilians approached its term. The Liberal party had made up their mind and ascertained their strength. They gave notice to the government that they were resolved, if they could not obtain concessions by peaceful means, to extort them by force; and a printed manifesto, placarded on the walls of Palermo, named the 12th of January as the term of their endurance. That day came, and the king had made no other sign than the arrest of eleven gentlemen of the highest standing in the island, while the police had shown *their* temper by tearing down the arms of Great Britain from the house of her consul. The insurgents made their appearance in the streets of the island capital, and attacked the patrols. The garrison was withdrawn to its quarters, and messages were despatched to Naples. The strictest order was maintained in the city by the revolutionary Junta, under the venerable Ruggiero Settimo. The king had meantime despatched a strong force to Palermo, with orders "to make it a garden if it did not submit." But Palermo and Messina were bombarded, and the country around laid waste, in vain. The royal troops were beaten and forced to retire, after committing frightful atrocities. Even after this the Sicilians were willing to accept the Constitution offered by the King, if he would withdraw the Neapolitan soldiery altogether from the island. Lord Minto approved the demand. This condition was not complied with; and when the island parliament met at Palermo, the Bourbons of Naples were pronounced to have forfeited the Sicilian throne. It was decided that Ruggiero Settimo should act as regent until the crown could be offered to an Italian prince. Business proceeded; arrangements were completed, and the second son of the King of Sardinia was elected King of Sicily. His refusal, the subsequent conflict, and its disastrous issue, are matters too well known. Cities laid in ruins; men, women, and children butchered and tortured; the wounded deliberately burned alive in the hospitals,—such are the mercies for which Sicily has reason to bless the memory of Ferdinand II.

Through this long series of conflicts, marked over and over again by distinguished moderation on the one hand, and by the foulest treachery and cruelty on the other, we find nothing in the conduct of the Liberals of Sicily deserving of condemnation. In their last struggle especially, they behaved with exemplary wisdom, patience, and prudence. It may be that the deposition of the King of Naples was ill-advised; that it would have been wiser to acknowledge his title while resisting his tyranny. But this cannot be imputed as a fault to the Sicilians by the descendants of those who expelled James II. from England, just a hundred and sixty years before. The Bourbons were not better than the Stuarts, the wrongs of their subjects assuredly not less than those endured before England rose against the son of Charles I. If rebellion, provoked as that of Sicily was provoked, and conducted as that was conducted, prove a people unfit for liberty, what claim can Englishmen advance to the constitutional freedom they enjoy?

The case of the Neapolitans is even stronger than that of their fellow-subjects and fellow-sufferers of Sicily. They have shown even more patience, forgiveness, and trustfulness; they have been even more ruthlessly betrayed and more cruelly wronged. They trusted Ferdinand I., whom Alexander of Russia is said to have called "the butcher-king," when he swore to the constitution of 1820; they allowed him to depart for Laybach, there to advocate the cause of his realm and people before the congress of Holy Alliance; and Ferdinand returned with an Austrian army to trample down the constitution he was pledged before God and man to maintain. They trusted Francis I., then Duke of Calabria, who had sworn along with his father to protect the liberties of the kingdom, and who betrayed them to the invader. They trusted Ferdinand II. exactly as they had trusted his grandfather; and we all know how their confidence was rewarded. It is not necessary to repeat the terrible revelations of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. The names of Poerio and Settembrini remind us sufficiently what was the treatment of those who were loyal enough to obey the summons of the Constitutional King, or simple enough to believe in the good faith of a Bourbon. They were condemned on pretence of connection with an imaginary plot; but two-thirds of the Chamber of Deputies are at this moment, or were lately, in prison or in exile, a great number of whom have never been convicted of any other offence than that of having been constitutionalists when the king had proclaimed a constitution. Despite these recollections, however, if the present sovereign shall show himself better advised; if he shall give but a sign that he is willing to grant to his subjects the liberties which are theirs by right and by law,—to carry out honestly that con-

stitution of 1848 which still remains *de jure* the law of the Two Sicilies, — those who know Naples well, affirm unhesitatingly that the perjury of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather will not be remembered against him, that the crimes of three generations of tyrants will not prevent the Neapolitans from accepting in good faith the advances of the youthful prince who has just ascended the throne. Whether such advances can be expected from him, is a question on which we shall presently have more to say.

Twice has Naples enjoyed a Constitution; and twice have the Neapolitans had an opportunity of showing how far they are capable of appreciating the value of that blessing, and of using its privileges without abusing them. In 1820-21 the "Spanish Constitution" was extorted by a bloodless demonstration, directed by the Carbonari, who were then all-powerful. A Parliament was summoned; the elections were conducted without disorder or confusion; the Chamber met, and proceeded to business in a manner perfectly quiet, loyal, and business-like. So rational was its demeanour, so moderate its temper, and so competent did it approve itself to the duties before it, that it attracted the notice of English statesmen, and drew forth public expressions of their favourable opinion in the House of Commons. Had there been good faith on the other side, or had the Parliament and the King been left to arrange matters without foreign assistance, that Constitution might now have been in existence, or might have given birth to a better; the fair kingdom of the Two Sicilies, instead of being the reproach and scandal of European civilisation, might at this moment have been as free and as prosperous as Belgium or Sardinia. But the Holy Alliance decided otherwise; and the Constitution, which had worked well and harmoniously during its short existence, was abolished by the Congress of Laybach. An irresponsible despotism, administered by the king as vicegerent of Austria, succeeded, and lasted for more than a quarter of a century. On the 27th of January 1848, when Sicily was already in rebellion, another grand but peaceable demonstration in the capital drew from a second Ferdinand the promise of a Constitution. On the 29th the basis of that Constitution was published; and well would it have been had those who were intrusted with the duty of framing it made speed in their task, so that the electoral law might have been published before the events of the 24th February threw Europe into convulsion. Had the Chambers been able to meet two months earlier than they did, events might have assumed a different aspect. But Bozzelli, who was responsible for the framing of the constitution and the subsequent arrangements, had so ordered it that the electoral law was not published till the 29th February, and the Chambers were only ordered to

meet on the 1st of May. The qualification required in an elector was so high and so narrowly limited as to shut out not only the lower classes, but also a great part of the lower middle class; while the qualification at first fixed for the Deputies would have excluded from the Lower Chamber many of those who became its most distinguished ornaments. When Carlo Troya and the so-called Radical party acceded to office, in the beginning of April, this statute was modified. But Radicals in Naples would be considered Conservatives in England. The enlarged franchise proposed by the Troya administration did not admit the working classes, and even excluded the great mass of the small shopkeepers and tradesmen of the towns. Only men possessed of a certain small amount of freehold property (about double the English county qualification in nominal value, and of course indicating a very much higher social grade in Naples than in this country), men of the liberal professions, and men holding property invested in one or two specified ways, were admitted to the full privileges of citizenship. The electors must therefore have belonged almost entirely to the educated and well-to-do classes; and from such a constituency,—the constituency, be it remembered, considered wide enough by the leaders of the “advanced Liberals,”—no rash Radicalism, no revolutionary violence, could possibly be apprehended. Accordingly the elections passed over in perfect order, with far less confusion than is generally witnessed in certain English boroughs which no one proposes to deprive of constitutional privileges. The meeting of Parliament had been postponed till the 15th of May, in order to give time for the elections to take place under the amended statute of April 5th. The day of meeting approached. In the mean time the King showed signs of a reactionary tendency, perhaps we might more justly say of a returning courage. The Pope had, in a secret Consistory of Cardinals, denounced the war in which his troops had joined by the orders of his responsible ministers; and Ferdinand, who had been always greatly influenced by the course of the Papal court, took heart of grace on learning this change in its disposition, and began to assume a more decided tone, and to refuse concessions which he had formerly promised to the Liberals, particularly in regard to the constitution of the Upper Chamber. And from a misunderstanding between him and the Liberal party in regard to the form and manner of the oath to be taken to the Constitution, which involved the revocation or maintenance of those concessions, arose the conflict which gave to the King an opportunity, whereof he availed himself with great adroitness, to resume at once the reality, and ere long the appearance, of absolute power. It is not necessary that we should enter into an elaborate account of the events of the 15th May, or seek to determine on whom

rests the guilt of the crime which gave a death-blow to the cause of liberty in Naples; all that concerns us is the certainty that the Deputies, the constitutional party, and the people generally, meditated no breach of the peace, and were in no way answerable for the ruin and bloodshed of that day.

On the 14th the Deputies were assembled to arrange the order and form of their proceedings on the morrow, when the session was to be opened. The disputes still pending between them and the King approached an amicable solution. The long delay which had been interposed between the promulgation of the Constitution and the convocation of the Chambers had given every advantage to the party out of doors, who were disposed to seize any opportunity for a revolutionary movement; a party formidable less by its numbers than by its daring, and by the secret support accorded by the agents of the French Republic. A well-known member of that party entered the place where the Deputies were met, in the uniform of an officer of the National Guard. "The King," said he, "has ordered his troops to attack you; they are marching hither; suffer me to make preparations for your defence." "No," was the immediate and unanimous reply; "no, we will not permit it." The officer hurried out, and exclaimed to the people assembled in the street, "The King is going to attack the Deputies. The Deputies order me to defend them; they order us to raise barricades for their protection." The false report spread far and wide; the youth of Naples hurried to arms in support, as they fancied, of the Parliament. Barricades were thrown up in the principal streets, under the immediate instigation, as is affirmed by eye-witnesses, of French officers, who superintended in uniform the preparations for a street conflict like those with which Paris has been made so sadly familiar.* Meantime messages were continually passing between the Deputies and the court; and by morning all differences were composed, and the minds of the people so far calmed that the demolition of the barricades had already begun. At this moment a shot was fired from a balcony in the street of Toledo, the main thoroughfare of Naples, by which one of the troops drawn up so as to command the street was wounded. General Ischitella, the officer in command, at once ordered his men to fire upon the people who thronged the street; and thus began the battle which ended in handing over Naples to the license of the soldiery and

* It is said, on excellent authority, that Merenda, hereafter to be mentioned, the Secretary of Police, and one of the most active of the extreme Reactionists, was seen by the Prince San Giacomo actually engaged in encouraging and directing the builders of the barricades. That nobleman's carriage was taken from him to form part of one of these defences; and on that spot was the agent of the police, stimulating the preparations for a conflict by which his party were to gain so much.

the tyranny of the king. The shot which gave the signal for the outbreak is admitted to have been fired, intentionally or not, by a servant of one of the royal family, in presence of Merenda, the Royalist Secretary of Police. Thus the dishonesty of an agitator, and the treachery or carelessness of a domestic, produced the most frightful disaster that marked that period of confusion and calamity ; a disaster fatal to the progress of constitutional freedom in Naples, and of evil augury for the rest of Italy.

On the next day the Troya Ministry was dismissed ; on the 17th the Parliament, which had never met, was dissolved. On the 24th the King, alarmed by the demonstrations of the provinces nearest to the capital, endeavoured to calm the excitement of the people by publishing a proclamation in which he solemnly protested his intention to remain faithful to the oaths he had sworn, and exhorted his subjects to confide in his royal honour. Unhappily he was again believed. The threatened disturbances subsided. An electoral law of a more restricted character was substituted for that promulgated by the late Government. A new Parliament was summoned, and allowed to meet on the 1st of July. For two months this assembly sat, while war was raging in Calabria, while Sicily was in open revolt, and while the King was as despotic in fact as he had ever been in theory. But no disorderly conduct, no disloyal expression, could ever be laid to the charge of the Deputies. The good sense of the majority, and the paramount influence maintained by their admirable President, Capitelli, secured them against the errors which might have been expected from their inexperience and the embarrassing difficulties of their position. They did not interfere with the war against the Calabrese and Sicilians ; they did not waste their time in fruitlessly arraigning past misdeeds. Their attention was devoted to questions of internal reform ; their discussions were carried on in a manner as decorous and quiet as that of our own House of Commons. They seemed studious to prove, by the moderation of their conduct, the sobriety of their demeanour, and the careful avoidance of all cause of quarrel or offence towards the Government, that freedom and order were not incompatible, even in Naples ; and to give no excuse to the King for snatching from the people that shadow and form of liberty which they still enjoyed, and which, if preserved till happier times, might afford the means of making the Constitution once more a reality. Nevertheless, when General Filangieri had sailed for Sicily, it was thought convenient to have no Parliament to sit by even in silent disapproval of his course and his orders ; and the session of nine weeks was closed by a prorogation, which was prolonged from September 5th to February 1st, 1849. What was the con-

dition of Neapolitan affairs in the interim may be judged from the following letter, addressed by the leader of the moderate party in the Chamber to General William Pepe, Commander-in-Chief at Venice :

Naples, 4th December 1848.

"MY EXCELLENT AND HIGHLY-RESPECTED FRIEND,—I begin by repeating the expressions of my lively gratitude for your kindness and affection, for the efforts you made, and the care you bestowed, to preserve the life of my much-loved brother. It was ordained that he should seal his political faith, and his pure love for Italy, with his blood. Enough, he died fighting our eternal foe. . . . My good mother feeds her grief in the desire to come and weep over the stone which covers the bones of the beloved dead. I have promised her, as soon as my parliamentary duties give me leisure, to accompany her to fulfil this wish of her heart. . . . Our misery has reached such a climax, that it is enough to drive us mad. Every faculty of the soul revolts against the ferocious reactionary movement, the more disgraceful from its execrable hypocrisy. We are governed by an oligarchy. The only article maintained is that respecting the taxes. The laws have ceased to exist ; the statute is buried ; a licentious soldiery rules over every thing, and the press is constantly employed to asperse honest men. The lives of the Deputies are menaced. . . . Another night of St. Bartholomew is threatened to all who will not sell body and soul. Meantime the Ministers vacillate, and confess they have no power to arrest or diminish all these abominations. We Deputies are resolved to submit to die in our places in Parliament rather than sacrifice the rights of the nation. Our last cry will be for the freedom of our country : our blood will bear fruit. Yesterday Filangieri arrived from Messina, it is said, to form a new Ministry, and put a stop to the license of these brigands, who, three days ago, maltreated twenty peaceable unarmed citizens, and among them two Frenchmen. Rayneval has made an energetic protest on the subject. The Government has given out an order for the day, but (who would believe it ?) the chiefs of the army dare not publish it. . . . All fear a violent crisis. Heaven preserve this country from final ruin ! . . .

CARLO POERIO."

During their last short session, the policy of the Deputies continued, as before, one of caution and conciliation. The offence for which they were finally dismissed, on the 12th March, was that of addressing the King, praying that he would remove his Ministers, who had by that time become thoroughly unpopular, having earned the distrust and suspicion of all parties, and whose supporters in the Chamber of Deputies were not more than one-tenth of the whole number. The Cabinet revenged themselves by presenting a memorial to the King, advising him to dissolve the Parliament. He assented ; and Ruggiero, Minister of Finance, a man especially obnoxious to the Chamber, was charged with the duty of reading to the Chamber the decree which terminated

its existence. As a rumour of his intention had got abroad, and as his personal unpopularity was great, and not without reason, the Minister was not a little alarmed at the possible consequences of such a step; and, in fear for his own safety, went to consult the President Capitelli, avowing himself in dread of insult, if not of actual violence, from the wrath of the Deputies. Capitelli rebuked the craven with the sternness and dignity that became his character and office. "You have to deal with gentlemen, sir," he said; "what can you have to fear?" So great was the President's authority, that private intimation of his wishes secured for Ruggiero a respectful hearing; and when the decree of dissolution was read, and the President, covering himself, declared the session at an end, the members passed out without a word, bowing courteously as they passed the representative of the King, whose share in that day's work was perfectly well understood by all. The King reserved to himself the appointment of a day for the new elections. Ten years have elapsed, and the day is not yet fixed. Naples still remains in possession of representative institutions, but without a Parliament; the monarchy is still constitutional by law, although the monarch is absolute in fact.

Attempts have been made to represent the Neapolitans as having been, if not hostile, at least indifferent to the Constitution; to depict the demonstrations which compelled Ferdinand II. to concede it as the work of a small band of agitators; and to insinuate that the restoration of absolutism was welcomed by a great majority of the nation. The fact is, that among the educated classes abhorrence of the royal despotism was strong and universal; and that a Chamber, elected under a law framed by the King himself, after the 15th of May, by those very classes which form in other countries the bulk of the Conservative party,—land-owners and professional men,—hardly contained a single partisan of absolute monarchy. The Royalists in that Chamber were numerically weak and personally insignificant; the great body of the Deputies belonged either to the Moderates, led by Poerio, or to the advanced Liberals, at whose head was the late premier, Carlo Troya,—all of whom acted as one party. This could not possibly have been the case had the reactionary party possessed the sympathy of the upper classes. Among the working men of Naples itself the King had a faction, by whom demonstrations and disturbances were sometimes made against the Constitution. But the Liberal party were the stronger even among the population of the capital. The newer portion of the city was attached to them; the inhabitants of the older and poorer districts adhered to the Reactionists; and in the riots which occasionally took place, the latter were always worsted until the soldiery interfered in their favour. So far was the public of Naples from being

indifferent to the proceedings of Parliament, that the tribunes—or, as we say, the galleries—were always crowded; and in order to obtain admission on any occasion to the reserved seats in the gift of the President, it was necessary to send in the name of the applicant a week or more beforehand. The debates were listened to with fully as much interest as is manifested in those of our own House of Commons. The dissolution of the 17th May created an excitement in the provinces which compelled the King to preserve the appearance of good faith for a long time afterwards. The youth flew to arms on learning the news of the civil conflicts of the 15th; and but for the confidence reposed in the royal protestations, would have marched on the capital. Against all these proofs of attachment to the Constitution there are paraded, on the other side, petitions extorted from officials, and demonstrations got up by courtiers, on behalf of absolutism; both so well understood as to be still a byword of contempt and ridicule among the Neapolitans.

One party, indeed, the late King did form for himself; in one class he did succeed in arousing a devotion to the Throne, and a hatred for law and liberty and the Constitution. Nor was he by any means scrupulous as to the price he paid for their support. We in this country are wont to suppose that a Government, however bad in its nature, however ill-administered, is at least the guardian of public order, the protector of life and property. We may grant that its subjects have just cause for rebellion; we may even think them wise in perilling security for the sake of liberty: but we always imagine the party of the Government to be the party of order, and the advocates of revolution to be in danger of producing a confusion which may lead to a state of things temporarily much worse than that against which they would rise. But in Naples the Government itself is one of the chief sources and fomenters of disorder, in its endeavour to use the lowest classes against the educated and intelligent portion of the nation. It is true, that since the restoration the Bourbon princes have followed out the policy of Joseph Bonaparte and Joachim Murat, in endeavouring to suppress the Lazzaroni of the capital. They had found them dangerous friends; not so fond of their King as to lose an opportunity of pillaging his palace, nor too loyal to be perilously fond of the confusion which gave them a chance of plunder. At present their temper was all that could be wished; but it was hardly safe to retain, within reach of the royal abode, an organised mob of twenty or thirty thousand homeless vagabonds, who might one day become a terrible instrument of rebellion in the hands of a skilful leader. The royal policy has been so carefully carried out, that for many years the Lazzaroni, as a class apart, have ceased to exist; and those who appeared under

that name in the newspapers of 1848, and subsequently, are merely the working-classes of the metropolis. But in the provinces it has suited the policy of the royal family to stir up the peasantry and the lower orders generally against the higher and middle-classes—the gentry and the landed proprietors. As the land in the kingdom of Naples is held, to a great extent, in small portions, the latter term is one of much wider comprehensiveness than in England, the owners of land in the rural districts forming the bulk of all classes except the lowest. As those classes who are not wholly sunk in poverty and ignorance are generally Liberals, it has been the policy of the Court to depress them as far as possible, and to favour all complaints and alleged grievances on the part of the labourers. The latter have even been encouraged to rise against the landowners; and many cases of outrage, plunder, and murder have been the consequence. The farmer, the yeoman, the landlord, hold their lives at the mercy of a peasantry stirred up against them by the agents of the Court. A story is told of the late King, on good authority, which illustrates this policy in its worst light. The King was on a progress through Calabria, with his son, the present Sovereign. As he was leaving Cosenza, his carriage was surrounded by a mob of labourers, complaining loudly of the low rate of wages, the difficulty of obtaining land of their own, and winding up with the usual cry of envious and ignorant poverty, in vituperation of the landowners. "Well," said the King, "*why don't you treat them as you treat pigs at Christmas?*"—a significant invitation to wholesale massacre. Such hints as these are, of course, acted upon but too frequently; and no justice is to be obtained by prosecutors suspected of Liberalism against criminals who enjoy the favour of the Court. In such a country there is no possibility of order or security but in a termination, however effected, of that *régime* which has been described as "the negation of God erected into a system of government." In such a country it is the advocates of change who are really the party of order.

The condition of Sicily since 1848 has been much more fortunate than that of Naples. General Filangieri, despite the brutalities at Messina, and the arbitrary manner in which he was wont to dispose of obnoxious Liberals at Palermo and elsewhere, was a man of sense, and incapable of imitating in Sicily the gross and stupid despotism that had been re-established on the mainland. So long as the people were disposed to remain quiet, and abstain from any overt sign of hostility to the Government, he was content to let them hate it in their hearts and curse it in the bosom of their families. He did not harass them by continual police visitations and inquisitorial interference with their private concerns; he was remote from the fountain of evil, and could

mix a little common sense with the tyranny demanded of him by his function and his responsibility to the King. But he was thought too good for the Sicilians, and recalled; Castelcicala, a mere creature of the Court, being sent in his place, and the real power of government being divided between the prefect of police at Palermo and the Sicilian Minister at Naples. Even since that change, however, the Sicilians have been better off than their neighbours; partly because they share with Apulia and others of the remoter provinces the blessing of distance from the withering sunshine of the royal presence, and partly because there is in Sicily no Royalist party to stimulate and direct by its local animosities the tyranny of the central government. Such a thing as the temporary return of a refugee—a thing out of the question in Naples—is occasionally permitted in the sister kingdom. Nevertheless the Bourbon family has there no partisans; and the hopes of the Constitutionalists—that is, of all the intelligent part of the nation—are directed, as we have cause to believe, rather towards Victor Emmanuel and a union with Piedmont than towards a better government under the Crown of Naples.

The present position of affairs in Naples is critical in the extreme. During the last days of the late reign a silent but severe struggle was being waged almost in the very chamber of the dying King concerning the succession to the throne. The Duke of Calabria, the natural heir, was son of the first Queen of Ferdinand II., a daughter of the House of Savoy. His Sardinian blood, while it commanded the respect of the Constitutionalists, inspired distrust in the extreme Royalists, which induced them to listen favourably to the schemes of the Queen-Consort, a Princess of Austrian descent and sympathies, in favour of her own son, the Count of Trani. This royal lady had uniformly treated her stepson with harshness and injustice, and was incited by dread of retribution as well as by maternal ambition to her conspiracy against his undoubted rights. The Reactionists, for similar reasons, were disposed to lend her a certain support. Ever since 1848, the kingdom of Naples has been divided into opposite factions, engaged in frequent quarrels, and embittered against one another as well by the dread of the future as by the recollection of the past. Every town, every village, every *commune*, has its liberal and its reactionary party; the former by far the more numerous, even among the higher classes; the latter admirably organised, backed by the police, and wielding the whole power of the Government. For the last ten years the Reactionists have exercised a vexatious and irritating petty tyranny over their neighbours in every borough and parish, by virtue of the favour received from the authorities; and thus the passions and feuds of national politics are reproduced on a small scale in all the rela-

tions of life. A change in the policy of the Government would subject the party at present dominant to the humiliation of defeat and the certainty of retaliation, not only in the capital and in the higher kind of political questions, in the appointment of Ministers and Governors, but in every corner of the kingdom, in every affair of local or municipal administration. Knowing this, and dreading lest, in revenge for the ill-treatment he had received from the Queen-Consort and her party, the hereditary Prince should on ascending the throne throw himself into the arms of the Constitutionalists, the more violent section of the Reactionists (best represented to English readers by the name of Carafa) lent themselves to the designs of the conspirators, of whom Merenda, so deeply implicated in the worst crimes of the late reign, was the most active and influential. The Duke of Calabria allowed himself at last to be persuaded into vigorous measures, and the arrest of Merenda secured to him an almost undisputed succession to his inheritance. The Count of Trani was, we believe, proclaimed King in some provincial places of small importance; but no serious demonstration was made in his favour, and Francis II. ascended the throne in peace. On the first movement of the young sovereign appeared to hang the fortunes of the realm. The Reactionists were uneasy; the Liberals hopeful. Had an English envoy then arrived, had a Liberal British government sent to Rome beforehand a confidential agent, to be ready to seize the opportunity of the death of Ferdinand to offer to his young successor the counsel and support of England, all might have been well. As it was, the King hesitated awhile, halting between the two courses open to him; apparently uncertain whether to govern as his father had done in defiance of the law, or to adhere to the Constitution, and convoke the Electoral Colleges to return a new Parliament. The intrigues of the Court party prevailed. Anxious and timid, and already biased by the influences of a bad education, Francis II. yielded to their representations. The Austrian party, availing themselves of the fact that the young Queen is sister to the Empress of Austria, succeeded in accomplishing a reconciliation between her and her mother-in-law. To the latter they pointed out that by perseverance in her course of intrigue against the throne of her step-son she would ensure her own banishment from the realm, and ultimately that of her children; and would probably so irritate the King as to drive him into the arms of the Liberals, who would certainly avail themselves of their accession to power to join with France and Piedmont in the war against Austria. To the Queen they urged the peril to her husband's throne of any advances towards a party so ill-affected as the Constitutionalists; dwelt on the certainty that the effect of summoning a Parliament

would be to call forth a general demand for war against Austria; that if the King resisted that cry, he would be exposed to the danger of a conflict with his people, of which the issue would be exceedingly doubtful; that if he consented to the war, he would either provoke the vengeance of Austria if the allies should be beaten, or in the event of their success, would be at the mercy of France, and would probably be superseded by a Murat. By these means, or such as these, the danger of a Constitutional policy on the part of the new King has apparently been averted. Three members of the more moderate section of the Royalist party—all Reactionists, but less extreme and more rational than the section hitherto in sole possession of power—were admitted to seats in the Cabinet without portfolios: General Filangieri, whose administration of Sicily gained him the credit of being at least an intelligent despot, and half atoned for the atrocities perpetrated at Messina; the Duke of Serra-Capriola, the nominal head of the first Constitutional Ministry, but understood since then to have become decidedly Royalist, a good but timid man; and Cassero, also of respectable character and moderate opinions. This was the only concession made, if not exactly to Liberalism, yet to common sense and public opinion; and it is well to note exactly what this concession was worth. There is no affinity between the position which those gentlemen held in the Neapolitan Ministry and that of Lord Lansdowne or Lord John Russell in the English Cabinet of 1853. All that the rank of "Minister without portfolio" gave them was the privilege of attending at the deliberations of the Cabinet when specially summoned by the King. It did not give them a right to assist *ex-officio*, to share the confidence and the consultations of their colleagues. It was, in fact, worth little more than is the nominal rank of Privy Councillor in this country. Meantime the real administration remained precisely what it had been in the late reign. The instruments of the worst crimes of Ferdinand II. were still the advisers and executive Ministers of his son; and we believe that no signs of improvement were, or are yet, visible in their conduct of public affairs. Such was but a poor satisfaction for the hopes raised by the known dissension between Francis II. and the Queen-mother, the patroness of Reaction.

But even the poor satisfaction afforded to the Constitutionalists by the nominal honour bestowed upon moderate men has been since taken away from them. Serra-Capriola and Cassero were dismissed. The news of the battle of Magenta arrived. The King, following the policy of his father in 1848, when the course of the Neapolitan Court was directed by the progress of the war in Upper Italy, determined on a change of ministry. Had this been at once announced, the mere nomination of Filan-

g
w
di
on
V
it
so
it,
Fi
an
pa
tur
the
the
sto
am
wo
roy
Ma
of a
the
of l
clas
the
app
the
—a
who
Min
Lib
vou
unu
184
and
his
nistr
The
The
shak
sels.
V
save
price
again
anted
as hi

gieri to the premiership might have prevented the demonstration which took place that evening. The French Consulate and Sardinian Legation were illuminated, of course; and a large body of the youth of Naples marched thither, uttering loud cries of *Viva l'indipendenza d'Italia!* Peaceful as this manifestation was, it aroused at once the ire of the authorities. Gendarmerie and soldiers charged the crowd, which made no resistance; dispersed it, and made numerous arrests. Next day, it was announced that Filangieri was President of the Council; while, to counterbalance the misfortune of being obliged to appoint one reputable partisan of his family, the King named several of the worst creatures of the Reaction for important offices. Mandarinini, the author of that most scandalous of false and disreputable pamphlets, the official reply of the Neapolitan Government to Mr. Gladstone's accusations; a man noted for infamy and corruption even among the judges of Naples; a man who drew up several of the worst sentences passed by the courts on the most innocent of the royal victims; accused of complicity in the affair of the 15th of May; a man who was afterwards appointed to the government of a province, and who left behind him a worse reputation than the worst of his predecessors,—is admitted to the Cabinet. One of his colleagues is Gallotti,—of old a police spy of the higher class, and a judge after the example of Navarro; a creature of the notorious Del Carretto, and a member of the commission appointed by him in 1847 to repress by the severest measures the growing symptoms of liberal opinion. Another is Ajossa,—among the very worst leaders of the reactionary movement,—who has obtained for himself the nickname of “the hyena.” The Minister for Sicily is the Cavaliere Cumbo,—once a Sicilian Liberal, and reputed to have saved his life and obtained the favour of Del Carretto, in 1837, only by compliances involving unutterable degradation; since then, an agent of the police till 1848; after which period he has lived in comparative oblivion and obscurity, until he is now called to administer the affairs of his native country as the adviser of the King. Such an administration excites not merely hatred, but loathing and contempt. The patience of the Constitutional party is well-nigh exhausted. Their hopes are deceived, their plans disappointed, their influence shaken, and the time is ripe for dangerous and desperate counsels.

What the King will do, no one exactly knows. If he would save himself by securing the support of the people, he knows the price to be paid,—immediate and cordial coöperation in the war against Austria. This, and this only, will be accepted as a guarantee of his sincerity. He might grant a Constitution to-morrow, as his father did ten years ago; and resume his absolute authority

step by step,—as the Austrians recover their ground,—as his father did. The defeat of Austria is the only security for liberty in Naples, as elsewhere in Italy. War against the stranger is the only proof of good faith that will suffice an Italian people, and it is the only one they demand from their rulers. They would almost be content to leave the Constitution in abeyance for the present, if the King would declare war, and carry it on in good faith, certain that the expulsion of Austria would enable them to obtain their own terms. If he will do this, he is safe; and the Constitution-
 alists will not regret that they, in their own phrase, “gave a chance” to the present King, in consideration of his youth and his Sardinian blood. If not, it is only a question of time; it may be of weeks, perhaps of months, possibly of years; but the dynasty is doomed.

If the Neapolitans are driven to seek liberty by revolution, there are two courses open to them. The partisans of Murat have been busy ever since 1849 in endeavouring to effect an alliance with the Constitutionalists. Hitherto they have failed, the Liberal party having resolved to await the determination of the heir-apparent, who has just succeeded to the throne, between absolutism and the Constitution. His choice appears to have been made. Should he abide resolutely by it, his subjects have but two alternatives,—two possible issues to a revolution,—a Murat dynasty, or a fusion with Piedmont. We have at present no means of judging to which they will rather incline. The preference which we believe the Sicilians to entertain for the House of Savoy may have some weight in the one scale; the desire of local independence in the other. But which way the balance will turn we cannot now pretend to determine.

If we turn to Tuscany, we find there a somewhat different, if not a more satisfactory, state of affairs. The Tuscan people have not been butchered as the Neapolitans and Sicilians were butchered, nor ground down by such an inquisitorial tyranny as that which afflicts the unhappy subjects of the Papacy. They have not suffered under a despotism so mean and wicked as that of Parma and Modena; nor have they been quite so miserable as their neighbours of the Veneto-Lombard kingdom. For Italians, perhaps, they have been tolerably well governed. Leopold II. is not a Ferdinand, or a Francis Joseph; his subjects are a race by nature gentle and peaceable, and altogether indisposed to those violent demonstrations of popular discontent which, if they find the monarch a coward, never fail to make him an oppressor. Nevertheless the case of Tuscany, as against the now fugitive Grand-Duke, is at least as strong as that of Naples or Rome against their rulers. In 1848, he was one of the first to grant a

Constitution, which was loyally and gratefully accepted by the people. The general agitation of Europe, his own weakness and timidity, a certain degree of mismanagement on the part of his Ministers, and the turbulent spirit of Leghorn (always noted for a fierce and lawless temper very strikingly in contrast with the placid and kindly disposition which characterises the Tuscans generally), led to disturbances which frightened Leopold from his dukedom, and established a short-lived Republican Government in Florence. That Government subsisted only so long as it retained its Livornese guard. When the discontent of the Florentines compelled Guerrazzi—a violent but well-meaning man—to dismiss these men homewards, a conflict broke out on their way to the railway-station, in which the men of Florence had the best of it; and immediately a very quiet and orderly demonstration on the part of the Constitutionals deposed the Republican Government, and restored that of the Grand-Duke, who was at the time in Gaeta. A deputation was sent to him to announce the accomplishment of the counter-revolution, and to stipulate only for two conditions of his restoration,—that he should maintain the Constitution which he had voluntarily granted and sworn to preserve, and that he should not invoke a foreign occupation. Leopold readily assented, and sent Serristori to carry on the government as Regent in his name. When he himself returned, he broke both his promises; he called in the Austrians, and he first suspended and then abolished the Constitution. To the decree of abolition were affixed the names of the very Ministers who had signed the spontaneous grant of liberal institutions in 1848. This was not all. Having thus discredited the Constitutionals, broken faith with his people, betrayed the very men to whom he owed his restoration, the unprincipled sovereign began to discountenance, persecute, and disgrace them. The effect of his conduct was seen this year. When the agitation in Northern Italy began, the Commendatore Buoncompagni, Sardinian Minister at Florence, over and over again warned the Tuscan Government of the perils that impended, and urged them to ally themselves heartily with Piedmont. All remonstrances and counsels were disregarded. Count Cavour wrote to the Tuscan Premier, Baldasseroni, warning and entreating, but to no purpose. The telegraphic despatches sent to Buoncompagni were written plainly, instead of in the usual cipher, that the Government might profit by them. But a judicial blindness seemed to have befallen the Grand-Duke and his counsellors, and the disinterested warnings of Piedmont passed unheeded, or were answered almost with a sneer.

In the mean time, the public mind of Tuscany became more and more excited; plans of a nature all but revolutionary were generally discussed; and it was evident to all who were not ut-

terly blind to the signs of national feeling that an explosion was imminent. Nor had the Government any reliable means of repression at hand. In ordinary seasons of peril, they might have entreated a renewal of the Austrian occupation. But this year Austria had her hands full; and she could not spare a force sufficient to do police duty in Tuscany, even if she had been willing, by such an act, to draw upon herself the unanimous reprobation of Europe. An Austrian general commanded the Tuscan army, and was prepared to do his best against the people; but every one knew that he could not depend on his troops. Formed during the years of the Austrian occupation, the Tuscan army feels to the full that universal hatred of the stranger which has been, since 1848, the strongest passion of the Italian people; and they had already shown their temper so publicly, that the popular party were able to count securely on the impossibility of any military resistance on the part of the Grand-Duke. Still the Government remained immovable. Warning after warning was sent to Baldasseroni by the foremost statesmen of the Constitutional party, only to be contemptuously disregarded. The soldiers might fraternise with the people; crowds might collect in every part of the city, demanding war with Austria, or crying for the abdication of Leopold; but Baldasseroni remained impassable. Thus matters continued up to the 26th of April; the popular demonstrations increasing in numbers and audacity, the disaffection of the troops becoming every hour more evident. On the morning of the 27th, after orders had been given to the commanders of the forts to fire upon the town, which they refused to execute, the Grand-Duke yielded; and at 9 o'clock A.M., Don Neri Corsini, Marchese Laiatico, was summoned to the palace. The terms proposed to him, in the name of the Sovereign, by Baldasseroni, were, the formation of a Constitutional Ministry, the restoration of the Constitution, and an immediate proclamation of war. Having consulted his friends, the Marchese replied, in the name of the Constitutional party, that one more concession was indispensable,—the abdication of the reigning Prince in favour of his son. Leopold II. had so thoroughly earned the hatred and distrust of the Constitutionalists, and of the people generally, that to form a Liberal administration in his name would have been impossible; and, if accomplished, would only have given the signal for fresh disturbances. The Grand-Duke, after consulting the *corps diplomatique*, refused his assent, and decided to quit the country. He departed accordingly with the whole of his family, without molestation or any sign of disrespect from the people. Arrangements were quietly made for the preservation of order and the temporary direction of affairs; the dictatorship, until the end of the war, being tendered to the King

of Sardinia. So terminated the Tuscan Revolution,—without bloodshed or riot; no sign of alarm having been given, no shops shut, no business suspended, during the whole crisis. It is difficult to conceive how the people who could with so little excitement or confusion overthrow a dynasty and create a government, can be deemed unfit for the enjoyment of constitutional freedom.

The proverb, that “revolutions are not made with rose-water,” has almost been falsified in the history of Tuscany during the last eleven years. The changes that have taken place in that happy country have cost so little suffering and bloodshed, that the sterner nations of northern Europe look upon them with a surprise not unmingled with contempt. It seems as if only men indifferent to political questions or to personal consistency, could pass so easily from one form of government to another; as if it could only be among a cowardly people that four Radical revolutions could have taken place in twelve years, without any stand being made by the defeated party on behalf of the sovereign or the people. But the fact is, that there is only one party in Tuscany that has strength enough to effect a movement,—the party which desires a Constitutional Government under an hereditary monarchy. The Grand-Duke has no native partisans, or at least none who will fight for him; the Republican party has very few adherents, except in the seaport of Leghorn. Consequently, in 1848, there was little or no disposition on any part to support the Grand-Duke in opposing the demand for a Constitution, and it was immediately conceded. When the excitement caused by the Parisian news of February and the mismanagement of the Government had given a temporary ascendancy to the Republicans, their Administration had neither strength nor root in the land, and fell as soon as the Constitutionalists had time to rally and resolve. Neither party had any desire to mark its triumph by bloodshed; for neither had to revenge injuries that blood only could atone. The restoration of absolutism was effected by the overwhelming force of Austria; the Constitutionalists, betrayed by their King and overmatched by their enemies, wisely retired from a contest in which there was no hope, no possibility of success, and waited for a happier opportunity. When the occasion came, when the forces of Austria were engaged with a foe that required their whole attention, and precluded from interference in Tuscan affairs, the moderate party resumed their ascendancy at once without a blow, simply because there was no one to resist them. They disposed of the whole country at their pleasure; and when they found it impossible to come to an understanding with their Sovereign, they set him aside as quietly as an English Ministry might set aside an unpracticable colleague, and proceeded to make arrangements for a change of dynasty and poli-

tical condition as easily and calmly as a change of Administration is effected in England. One evil effect springs from these frequent changes, and the consequent want of stability in the Government,—a want of consistency in the political views and constancy in the political faith of those who live in such an atmosphere of uncertainty. Too many of the highest class in Tuscany reproduce on a small scale the vices of English statesmen between 1640 and 1700, when frequent changes and perpetual peril induced, in all but the most honourable and resolute of men, an amount of faithlessness and levity discouraging in the highest degree to disinterested spectators. But such is the inevitable result of political confusion. Men who stand on a perpetually shifting soil seldom attempt to hold a steady position ; and the mass of mankind, not being of that stuff which makes heroes and martyrs, become demoralised amid the perils of a crisis which makes loyalty an act of heroism, and martyrdom its penalty. But any reproach that may be drawn from these vices against the Tuscans of 1859, applies with equal force to the England of 1688. The description given by Miss Crawford of the Siennese Republicans is applicable to too many of the chief actors in most periods of revolution in every country.

“ ‘The concluding days of our revolution’ [the beginning of April 1849] ‘were truly disgraceful ones,’ observed a lady whose husband had taken a prominent part in the proceedings of the time. ‘It was really pitiable to see the way in which many of our most prominent Liberals deserted their ranks, through the influence of gold or fear. I was in Sienna when the news of the reaction in Florence arrived. The mob in the streets began to hurrah for the Grand-Duke. On hearing this, I saw the chief man of our party in the town grow pale as death, and tremble like a child. “What must I do?” he faltered out. “Stick true to your colours and principles,” I replied. “I, though a woman, would scorn to do less!” Vain words! A few minutes had not passed before he was shouting for Leopold, with the ducal colours attached to his dress. Gold, too, did its work. Few were found like my husband to refuse the proffered bribe ; republican patriots became transformed into ducal partisans in a few hours’ time.’ ”

There are passages in the lives of eminent statesmen of the English Revolution quite parallel to this. The cowardice and meanness above described, as they are by no means peculiar to Tuscany, so prove nothing against the fitness of the people for a Government under which stability should be possible and consistency safe. It may be that the Tuscans could hardly be depended upon to maintain their own liberties against a restored Grand-Duke, who should have the skill to bring over the army to his side, and who should be able to rely on its fidelity. But there seems little doubt that they would play their part happily

and contentedly under a Constitution which they might share with others as part of an Italian monarchy. Such seems to be their present hope. No one wishes to restore the late dynasty ; the only question is as to their successor. At first, after the departure and deposition of the Grand-Duke, there was, we believe, a division of opinion among the chiefs of the Revolution as to who or what should be his successor ; one party desiring to be Tuscan rather than Italian, and anxious to maintain intact the municipal independence of the Duchy under some new dynasty ; the other anxious for union with Piedmont and Lombardy under the sovereignty of the House of Savoy. We believe the latter party to be the more numerous, and to be daily gaining ground. The accession to the Government of Savagnoli, a warm and well-known partisan of Piedmont, and the rumoured retirement of the Marchese Redolfi, the chief of the Municipalists, are indications of the current of public opinion. We have not the least hesitation in expressing our belief that the fusion would be by far the wiser course, combining security for the interests of Italy with unmixed benefit to the Tuscans themselves. Florence, in ceasing to be the capital of a petty principality, would lose less than perhaps any capital in Europe. Her site, her buildings, her attractions for foreign visitors and native residents, will be as great when she is a free city as they have been when she was the seat of an insignificant and dependent Court. The national independence of Tuscany will be safe against foreign force or intrigues, and her Government strong enough to make all attempts at internal disturbance hopeless ; advantages which municipal independence might not a little endanger. The safest, as well as the most patriotic, plan seems to us to be that of the Unionists, both for the sake of Tuscany, of Italy, and of Europe. It is of no trifling importance to the world that the north of Italy should be in the hands of a single Power, strong enough to hold its own against the ambition of any neighbour who may be tempted to repossess himself of dominion or influence formerly enjoyed within the Peninsula.

But the great difficulty of Italy lies elsewhere ; the difficulty which embarrasses at once the foreign diplomatist and the Italian patriot, which renders foreign interference in the affairs of the Peninsula a matter of necessity all but absolute. That difficulty is not in Lombardy, which may be wrested from Austria by force, and which needs only independence to render it happy and prosperous ; not in Naples, which will be contented with such degree of liberty as is essential to security and self-respect ; not in Tuscany, which will be at rest under any Italian government that is not intolerably bad or insufferably mean and treach-

erous. The difficulty is in Rome, in the States of the Church; in the contest perpetually pending between three millions of Italians and an old man in the palace of the Vatican, who claims to be at once the Vicar of Christ and an earthly sovereign. Force, or diplomacy, or the progress of events, may solve all other embarrassments, and set the remainder of the Italian question at rest for ever. But force has been tried at Rome to the utmost, and without effect; the Pope has been forcibly expelled by the Romans, only to be forcibly restored by France; and things remain as they were, except that the Papal throne now rests openly on that foreign support on which it always tacitly depended. Diplomacy pauses in despairing perplexity when the wrong cause is inseparably allied with the passions, prejudices, superstitions, and religious convictions, of more than a hundred millions of men, and of two of the most powerful nations of the Continent. France and Austria, now at war on this very question of Italian independence, are both Catholic, both pledged to maintain on his throne the most intolerable burden of the Italians. It is difficult to see what can be hoped even from the "chapter of accidents" towards a satisfactory solution of this most complicated of European perplexities. It is notorious that the Papal government is about the worst in the world, certainly the most despised and detested by its subjects. It is admitted on all sides that, if left to settle accounts with them alone, it would not exist for a day longer; it is feared by many that its crimes and follies would be avenged by a slaughter almost as frightful as those that marked the first Revolution in France. We remember to have heard that one of the Roman clergy, a man of high standing and reputation, expressed his opinion to a French officer of rank in very strong terms. "The moment," said he, "that your troops shall quit the Roman States, we shall all be massacred; *and it will serve us right.*" Those who believe that the evacuation of the Papal territory need not be followed by such a carnage, avowedly base their hopes of a more pacific issue upon the impossibility of a contest. "There would be no massacre," said an Italian who had fought at Rome in 1849, "there would be little bloodshed; for there would be no resistance. Every one knows that the Papal troops would not act against the people; every one around the Pope knows that defence would be impossible; and they would simply take measures for immediate flight, as soon as they should be left to themselves." That the Romans would tolerate the Ecclesiastical government, if they saw the smallest chance of ridding themselves of it, no one imagines for a moment. That the Pope could maintain it, except by the aid of foreign bayonets, no one can seriously believe. The choice, then, is between its

abandonment, or its maintenance, as at present, by a foreign army. Either the ecclesiastical rule must cease, or Rome must be perpetually under foreign occupation, and a sore continually kept open to revive at any moment the discontents and sufferings of Italy.

How intolerably bad is the latter alternative; how detestable is the continued presence of French troops as supporters of a loathed government, at once scorned and hated; how vile the tyranny which they are there to maintain and uphold,—it is not necessary to describe at length. The very existence of a foreign occupation, a badge of slavery for ever before the eyes of the Romans, is a source of constant and bitter irritation. It is a degradation, an insult, which they are never permitted to forget; which is repeated night and morning by the bugles which summon the strange soldiers to their duty; of which they are reminded at every hour of the day by the sight of strange uniforms in their streets.

It is worth remembering, too, what sort of administration that is for the support of which the French troops are now occupying Rome, and the Austrians were, a fortnight ago, occupying the Legations. Pius IX. is not a bad man, nor disposed wantonly to ill-use his subjects. Quite the contrary. He is by natural temper perhaps one of the best and most kindly of elderly gentlemen, the worthiest and most benevolent Pope who has ever filled the Chair of St. Peter. He is very weak and somewhat silly, and that is the worst that can be said of him. If ever we might expect to find Rome decently governed, it is under him. This, then, is the time to learn how bad the ecclesiastical government is at its best. What its worst must be is a contemplation truly appalling.

In the first place, there exists in Rome nothing answering to what an Englishman understands by law. The pleasure of the government is the code of Rome; the creatures of the Secretary of State can do what they please,—can perpetrate robberies, embezzlements, oppressions, and if not murder, outrage much worse than murder, with perfect impunity. No man who ventures to offend a prelate or a priest can be secure that his adversary may not be able to send him for twenty years to the galleys. No man who entertains, or is suspected to entertain, liberal opinions, dares to hope for justice in any civil or criminal suit in which he may be engaged before a Papal court. The judges, always ecclesiastics,—churchmen by profession, and bound by the vows of celibacy, if not actually priests,—are the mere slaves of the government, as in the Neapolitan courts, and never think of pronouncing a verdict obnoxious to the higher authorities. The officials who administer the provinces, also ecclesiastics, govern at their own will and pleasure, subject only to rebuke from the

supreme power, if disturbances unrepressed or conspiracies undetected should indicate remissness in their attention to their duties. And the first demand of the Roman people is accordingly one scarcely understood by civilised nations. They ask for a code, a regular system of law, which even judges must respect, and which even cardinals shall not violate at their pleasure.

A priestly government is necessarily a bad one, because it is the government of a caste apart, separated by education and habits of thought from the rest of the nation. But a government by a celibate priesthood—a priesthood especially such as is that of the Roman States, ignorant, selfish, and too often profligate; a government which makes the Church avowedly its first object, and the State but the second consideration; which makes religion a matter of police, and turns its clergy into detectives; which endows those clergy with a monopoly of high office and of civil privileges; which shelters their vices and favours their pretensions;—a government, in a word, such as is, and has been, the government of Rome—is about the most mischievous and intolerable that the wit of man could devise. How it has worked in Rome, the state of the patrimony of St. Peter declares loudly enough. Lands every where waste, no matter how fertile; cultivation scanty, poor, *and decreasing*, especially in the neighbourhood of the capital; rich fields turned into pestiferous deserts for want of cultivators; trade discouraged, fettered, insulted; a territory of which the richest and worst-managed portion is that held in mortmain; a debt of which the interest is 1,000,000*l.* on a net revenue of about 2,000,000*l.* (the collection of which, by the way, is said to cost something like 800,000*l.*); a taxation the most crushing and the worst adjusted in Europe; severe political repression combined with a lenity which almost gives impunity to crime;—this is the general picture drawn by M. About, and which M. Farini's history, though that excellent Catholic refrains from making direct statements of so condemnatory a character, in no way controverts. Particular instances are not wanted to display the manner in which individuals are treated under such a system.

"It is not ten years since a merchant of considerable fortune, named P. Cadova, was deprived of his wife and children by means as remarkable as those employed in the case of young Mortara, although the affair created less sensation at the time. M. P. Cadova lived at Ceuto, in the province of Ferrara. He had a pretty wife, and two children. His wife was seduced by one of his clerks, who was a Catholic. The intrigue being discovered, the clerk was driven from the house. The faithless wife soon joined her lover at Bologna, and took her children with her.

The Jew applied to the courts of law to assist him in taking the children from the adulteress. The answer he received to his application was, that his wife and children had all three embraced Christianity, and had consequently ceased to be his family. The courts further decreed that he should pay an annual income for their support. On this income the adulterous clerk also subsists.

Some months later Monsignore Oppiszone, Archbishop of Bologna, himself celebrated the marriage of M. P. Cadova's wife and M. P. Cadova's clerk. Of course, you'll say, M. P. Cadova was dead. Not a bit of it. He was alive, and as well as a broken-hearted man could be. The Church, then, winked at a case of bigamy? Not so. In the States of the Church a woman may be married at the same time to a Jew and Catholic without being a bigamist, because in the States of the Church a Jew is not a man."

This brief story speaks volumes for the character of the government under which such things are possible. It shows that the Mortara case is not an isolated instance, but a striking incident in the regular working of an infamous system. Another passage lets in a little light on the kind of criminal law which obtains in the neighbourhood of Rome.

"Not that the Pope absolutely refuses to let assassins be pursued; that would be opposed to the practice of all civilised countries. But he takes care that they shall always get a good start of their pursuers. If they reach the banks of a river, the pursuit ceases, lest they should jump into the water and be drowned without confession and absolution. If they seize hold of the skirts of a Capuchin friar, they are saved. If they get into a church, a convent, or an hospital—saved again. If they do but set foot upon an ecclesiastical domain, or upon a clerical property (of which there is to the amount of 20,000,000*l.* in the country), justice stands still, and lets them move on. A word from the Pope would reform this abuse of the right of asylum, which is a standing insult to civilisation. On the contrary, he carefully preserves it, in order to show that the privileges of the Church are above the interests of humanity. This is both consistent and legal."

In that part of the Roman States which lies beyond the Apennines the people are more civilised, and the government, so far as it is not carried on by Austrian troops, more endurable, than in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome. The same reason accounts both for the comparative virtue and moderation of the inhabitants and for their better government,—they are further from the centre of misrule. The nearer to Rome, the further from prosperity. The shadow of the papacy acts like that of the upas-tree; nothing flourishes in its neighbourhood. For ten centuries, or nearly so, have the inhabitants of the Mediterranean coast been the subjects of the papacy; and they are now the most miserable in Europe. Their neighbours on the Adriatic have either enjoyed a comparative freedom, or been subject to the

sceptre of sovereigns amenable to civilisation and liable to the jurisdiction of reason, and have more lately fallen into the hands of the clergy. The people of Bologna, Ferrara, Ancona, the Legations, and the Marches, are consequently by far more enlightened, more happy, more reasonable, than their brethren in the "capital of the Catholic world." They were, in 1848, disposed to stand by the Pope; why they have become, since their loyalty was repaid by Austrian occupation, his bitterest foes, the following passages from M. About's book may explain:

"It is, however, beyond the Apennines that the paternal character of the government is chiefly displayed. The French are not there; and the Pope's reactionary police-duty is performed by the Austrian army. The law there is martial law. The prisoner is without counsel; his judges are Austrian officers, his executioners Austrian soldiers. A man may be beaten or shot because some gentleman in uniform happens to be in a bad temper. A youth sends up a Bengal light—the galleys for twenty years. A woman prevents a smoker from lighting his cigar—twenty lashes. In seven years Ancona has witnessed sixty capital executions, and Bologna a hundred and eighty. Blood flows, and the Pope washes his hands of it. He did not sign the warrants. Every now and then the Austrians bring him a man they have shot, just as a gamekeeper brings his master a fox he has killed in the preserves. . . .

The tribunal of Bologna faithfully described the state of the country in a sentence of the 16th of June 1856: 'Of late years this province has been afflicted by innumerable crimes of all sorts; robbery, pillage, attacks upon houses, have occurred at all hours and in all places. The numbers of the malefactors have been constantly increasing, as has their audacity, encouraged by impunity.'

That the Pope himself should consent to the restoration of liberal institutions; that he should abandon the attempt to govern through the agency of the priesthood, should separate his temporal power from his spiritual authority, and should agree to exercise the former only through a cabinet of laymen, responsible to a constitutional parliament,—is, as we explained in our last Number, an obvious and simple impossibility. He never intended to attempt this. The more conscientious he was, the more impracticable and inconsistent would such a design appear to him. From the time of his accession he showed a desire to grant reforms, but not liberty; to govern well, but not to part with his power. The Constitution was rather forced from him than freely granted; and when granted, it worked ill, through his weakness and want of sincerity, and through the inevitable embarrassments in which the spiritual sovereignty of the Pope involved his temporal Ministers. In his functions as Prince, he could only act through them; as Supreme Head of the Church, he was not only absolute, but officially infallible; and it was his part, moreover, to decide what portion of the affairs which came

before him belonged to the temporal, and what to the spiritual department. He could at any moment remove any topic from the cognisance of his Council, on the plea that it was a religious question, on which they had no right to encroach; the spiritual authority not being of a nature to allow participation or to brook control. Even in the Fundamental Statute of March 1848 this radical difficulty was found operative. The Pope insisted that the Sacred College alone had the right to frame a Constitution for the States of the Church, and refused to his Ministers any share in the work. In matters of taxation, the Parliament was declared incompetent to tax ecclesiastical property until the Pontiff had specially waved its right to exemption; a law which is significant enough, when we remember how large a portion of the property of the Roman States is in clerical hands. "The Councils were not competent even to propose a law that touched ecclesiastical or mixed matter, or that was contrary to the canons or discipline of the Church." Those who understand the social condition of the Roman States, and who know how many of their worst evils are of ecclesiastical origin, will appreciate the consequences of such a restriction.

In fact, it is hardly possible to conceive how the Pope can govern well as a constitutional prince while his spiritual dominion remains what it is. How is he in his own mind to separate his responsibility to God as a temporal sovereign from his responsibility as Head of the Church? How is he to answer it to his conscience, if the manifest duty of the Sovereign of Rome involves, as it assuredly must do, conduct distinctly hostile to the traditions, the laws, perhaps the interests, of the Catholic Church? How is the spiritual Chief of Christendom to declare war against a power like Austria, eminently Catholic and eminently hostile to Italian liberty? How is the Head of the Church to pass a law of mortmain,—a law grievously required in Italy? Something was seen of these consequences of a false position between March and November 1848. As Prince, Pius gave orders, through his Ministers, for the advance of General Durando with the Papal troops to assist the Piedmontese in Lombardy; but he could not be persuaded to make any public declaration in favour of the war. On the 28th April, his Cabinet, with Cardinal Antonelli at their head, petitioned him to declare war in formal terms. On the 29th, the Pope read, in the Consistory of Cardinals, an Encyclica, as it is called, in which he protested against the war, declared that his Ministers had acted without his permission, that he was altogether averse to bloodshed, and that General Durando had disobeyed his instructions, which directed him to confine himself to the defence of the Roman frontier. And this is only the most notorious

among many instances in which the public weal was imperilled, and the temporal government embarrassed, by the spiritual functions of the sovereign. Nor is it easy to conceive an arrangement which should so obviate all these sources of discord as to give constitutional government a fair chance of working successfully; which should convert the Supreme Pontiff, in the States of the Church, into a constitutional prince *qui règne et ne gouverne pas*. Even Farini, a devoted Catholic and personal admirer of the present Pope, seems to see no other remedy for the miseries of those states than in the separation of the largest and most intelligent portion of them from the Papal dominion; and Cavour, in his official correspondence with Lord Malmesbury, can suggest no better or more tenable proposal.

To increase the difficulty of arriving at any solution of these complications which may enable us to reconcile the sovereignty of the Pope with the maintenance of free institutions, the present wearer of the triple crown has constantly, since 1849, denounced such institutions as incompatible with the principles of the Papacy. Whether such a declaration could be held to bind his successors in every possible event, we are not sufficiently learned in the traditions of ecclesiastical rule to know; nor are we quite certain whether, under the gentle pressure of external necessity,—“no compulsion, only you must,”—Pius IX. himself might not treat these declarations as he has treated his liberal professions of 1848. He is a man whose course may depend, and has depended before this, entirely on the accidents of the time, or the inclinations of his confessor. The death of Graziosi, who held that office, was felt by the Constitutional party in April 1848 as a heavy blow; and the substitution of a Jesuit of absolutist principles accounted for many of the Pope's worst errors in that year. It is not impossible, therefore, that another confessor, and a renewal of “pressure from without,” might induce Pius IX. to look less severely on the principles of Constitutionalism. In the mean time, he has done very much to weaken the only party through whose agency a constitutional government might be carried on, and to make it impossible for any one to trust him again. The experience of 1848, the retrogradist policy since pursued, the declarations from the Holy See against even the mildest forms of Liberalism, the Austrian occupation and misrule in the Legations,—have utterly shattered the Liberal-Papal party. Even in Bologna, formerly their chief stronghold, they have lost power and coherence, and seem for the most part to have joined the advocates of the fusion with Piedmont. In that part of his dominions which was most loyal in 1848, the Pope has now no party strong enough to make a stand in his favour; and the withdrawal of the Austrian troops

has been immediately followed by a revolution conducted by the moderate Liberals, a provisional government, and the proclamation of a Sardinian "dictatorship," or protectorate.

The fitness of the people of the north-eastern portions of the Roman territory for constitutional freedom is beyond reasonable doubt. They know what they want; they demand that, and nothing more; they have shown themselves on all occasions disposed to moderate counsels, to order, and to patience, while resolute in resistance to foreign invasion so long as resistance was possible. There is there, moreover, a large, prosperous, and influential middle class, which is wanting at Rome; society generally is in a better and more wholesome condition; and the traditions of recent municipal freedom seem to have kept alive the capacity for self-government. In the immediate neighbourhood of the capital the state of things is much less promising. In the first place, there is a number of monks, nuns, friars, priests, altogether out of proportion to the population,—idle, ignorant, in too many cases licentious; a fruitful source of popular demoralisation. Then Rome swarms with thieves and beggars, against whom the police has never taken any steps, and among whom the Pope every year bestows 60,000 crowns by way of encouragement; a rabble destructive to all hopes of order, until some sweeping measures shall have reduced it within manageable compass. Finally, there is a populace accustomed to riot and murder, and utterly unused to restraint; for the Government troubles itself little about civil order, provided it can but ensure political quiet. The inhabitants of the metropolis and its immediate neighbourhood are, in one word, the idlest, most lawless, and most ignorant in Europe. If they are ever to be well governed, it must be as a small part of a powerful state, under a constitution not democratic enough to admit the lower classes to political influence, and under a government resolute to enforce the law and strong enough to keep its resolution. If there were no other difficulty in the way of a constitutional government under the Pope, it would find serious embarrassments in dealing with the rabble of Rome; with a capital in recognised disorder, a metropolitan province disorganised, miserably poor, and almost utterly uncultivated; a people dependent on charity for bread, and a soil of which nearly two-thirds is held in mortmain.

The present tendency of events and of feeling in the Roman States is, then, in favour of a fusion with Piedmont. The immediate result of the withdrawal of the Austrians is a manifestation of that feeling; but so well was it previously understood, that almost as soon as the foreign troops quitted Bologna by one gate, the Cardinal Legate departed by another, knowing that the Pope had no partisans in the city, and that there would be no chance

of preserving his authority for a single hour. Throughout the last six months the conduct of the Papal subjects has been guided entirely by the instructions received from Turin. They were told that money was wanted, and they furnished liberal subscriptions to the expenses of the war. They were told that soldiers were wanted, and volunteers in abundance were forthcoming, in despite of all the efforts of the Government. In one case the authorities appear to have imitated the woman in the nursery tale, who rolled the cheese down-hill in pursuit of the butter, and then flung the bread after the cheese. They had notice of the intention of a band of volunteers to quit the country, and they sent gendarmes to intercept them. The gendarmes "fraternised," and volunteered also. The Government heard it, and sent a troop of soldiers to bring back the rebels; the soldiers were over-persuaded, and went off in the company of their intended prisoners to swell the army of independence. But amid this universal excitement, the injunctions received from Turin were sufficient to maintain order and quiet until the moment arrived to move, even as they now avail to prevent a fruitless rising in Rome itself. There, there will be no popular demonstration; it is clearly understood that the only result of any thing of the kind must be a repressive movement on the part of the French troops, adding further complications to a difficulty already sufficiently perplexing. But we have reason to anticipate that, before long, a peaceful revolution, such as has recently taken place at Bologna, will every where else displace the Pontifical authorities, and establish the dictatorship of Victor Emmanuel. It is said that the clerical party at Rome have been endeavouring to induce the populace to make some disturbance in a revolutionary sense; but they have utterly failed. The whole of the Liberal party in the Papal States,—unless we ought to except the Republicans, more numerous there than any where else,—await with perfect and patient discipline the orders they may receive from the quarter on which at present depends the settlement of the future destinies of Italy. They hold themselves at the disposition of their chiefs, with a confidence and loyalty which, whatever be the result, is certainly wise as well as magnanimous. Such an attitude, on the part of a people ripe for a War of Independence, the world has seldom, if ever, seen before. If these men be not fit for self-government, where are we to seek for those who *are*?

What now, in the present conjuncture, are the prospects of Italy? and what should be the policy of England? The prospects of Italy are, it seems to us, most promising and bright; and the fitting course for England to pursue is, unquestionably, as clear as the sun at noonday.

When we last addressed our readers on this subject, just three months ago, war was imminent, though there were still some who fancied it might even then be averted. We entertained no such hopes, and scarcely any such wishes. We avowed our belief that a searching and enduring solution of the Italian question was indispensable to the peace and progress of Europe; and we showed that such a solution was impossible except through the terrible instrumentality of war. The legal and diplomatically-sanctioned claims of Austria lay at the root of the whole question, and constituted its radical and prolific difficulty: it was idle to suppose that Austria would abandon those claims until worsted in a desperate and decisive conflict; and it was worse than idle either to attempt to settle the matter by a hollow compromise or to postpone it to a more convenient day. The question has now been fairly brought to issue, and all hopes of compromise or pacification have been abandoned. The fortune of war must decide the fate of Italy; and thus far that fortune has been signally in her favour.

Now, in the first place, it is to us perfectly clear that, if the war be confined to its present field, and its present combatants, there can be no uncertainty as to its issue. We do not, indeed, in consequence of the victories of Montebello and Magenta, hold the Austrians to be already beaten. They are notoriously tough, tenacious, and resurrectionary. Though thus far they have been ill-handled, they have fought well; and they are now preparing to give battle on their own ground, and under the walls, and backed by the arsenals, of the strongest fortresses in Europe. Still, it is simply impossible that they should make head against the resources and the prowess of France, the skill, courage, and enthusiasm of the Piedmontese, and the universal animosity of the aroused and resentful people of the whole of the Peninsula. They may retire within the German territory, and, though defeated, may obstinately refuse to negotiate or succumb; but defeated they must be. The independence of Italy, as an accomplished reality, hangs, therefore, upon two contingencies,—the loyalty and disinterestedness of Louis Napoleon, and the non-intervention of any European power. What, then, may we regard as probable in reference to these two critical conditions?

We believe, and confidently, that the Emperor is sincere in his assurances that his aim and design are to drive the Austrians out of Italy, and then to leave the Italians free to choose their own rulers, and frame their own constitutions; that he has no project of territorial aggrandisement at the expense of any state in the Peninsula; and that if he should transgress these legitimate purposes, it will be owing to some blunder of policy or temper on the part of England or of Prussia. We believe that

he intends to be thus moderate and loyal, not because he asseverates it himself, but because we consider him far too sagacious to be otherwise, and because any departure from this course would defeat his own objects. The motives that have urged him to encourage and assist Sardinia in this contest are well known to be, hatred to the Austrians, dread of Italian daggers, and thirst for military glory. To these may be added, the residual sympathies of his youth, when he himself was a Roman conspirator, and narrowly escaped in the insurrectionary attempt in which his brother fell. It is, moreover, a great mistake to regard him as mainly and paramountly a covetous and grasping man. He is this, no doubt; he is greedy for absolute power, and utterly unscrupulous as to the means by which he obtains it; but he is already at the summit of his hopes in this respect. He is a man, too, less governed by his mere interests than by his passions and his imagination. His imagination is singularly inflammable; and we believe that the idea of figuring in history as the potentate who has done that which centuries and conquerors innumerable had failed to do,—who has made Italy a great nation and a European kingdom,—has far greater attractions for a brain like his than the mere desire of adding a province to his empire.—In the second place, he is well aware that his danger from the vengeance of Italian patriots,—a danger which has taken a singular hold upon his fancy and his fears,—if he were now to play them false after having embraced their cause, and endeavour to enslave them for his own objects after having freed them from the Austrian yoke, is infinitely greater than it would have been if he had declined to enter on the enterprise. He dared not be inactive and unsympathising in 1859; we may be sure that he will not dare to be treacherous in 1860.—In the third place, he feels that, after the occurrences of last year, to say nothing of earlier ones, he has a character to regain for generosity and fair dealing, and that nothing will go so far to establish this character as magnanimity after so grand an achievement as the creation of an independent Italy.—And in the fourth place, success, and not failure, is his object; and, while knowing well that success is certain, so long as he confines himself to the legitimate aim of driving out the Austrians, he must know nearly *as* well, that failure would be inevitable if he were to arouse Europe against him by the slightest manifestation of a design to substitute his own yoke for theirs. If England is direct and prompt in her language,—and now that we have a worthy Ministry, and a worthy spokesman, we have no misgivings on this head,—he will feel satisfied that the first intimation of a design of conquest or annexation, either on the Rhine or beyond the Alps, would bring Germany and England (and not improbably Russia also) upon him; and that

such a coalition would not only undo all his work, and replace Austria in Lombardy, but in all likelihood would be fatal to his throne and life. In plain truth, and to sum up the whole in one sentence, his manifest interests, as well as his noblest ambitions and his meanest fears, all combine to compel him to the path of honesty and grandeur; and thus guarded, we have little dread that he will overstep it. All that is needed is for England to say to *him*: "Your cause now is good, and we wish you well; beware lest you sully it, and force us to oppose you;"—and to say to Prussia and Germany: "The cause of Austria is now bad; and if you aid it, we abandon you to the consequences of your interference. Wait till a false step of Louis Napoleon makes it a good cause, and then you may count upon our active and zealous succour." If we are bold and explicit in our language, we need scarcely anticipate from either side the adoption of a policy which would throw the mighty power of England into the opposing camp.

But some persons pronounce it weak and monstrous to believe that Louis Napoleon, who has overthrown freedom and popular government in France, should be desirous to procure it or willing to tolerate it in Italy; that so glaring an inconsistency would be foreign to his character. We do not think so. These objectors forget the peculiar position which the Emperor of the French has always taken up before the world. He proclaims himself, not the opposer or suppressor, but the choice and incarnation of the popular will. He says, "I am Emperor of the French, because universal suffrage in France decided that I should be so. If universal suffrage in Italy decides for Victor Emmanuel, or for a federation of states, I am only consistent in sanctioning the choice."

But will he like a great and united nation, with free constitutions and an unfettered press, so near to France? Will he not dread its contagion? Will he not be jealous of its European rivalry? Perhaps he may. Perhaps he would prefer a federation of small states too weak to give him umbrage, or to dispense with his alliance and support. Perhaps he would prefer to dictate to each its constitution, and to allot to each its prince. Possibly he may yet be inclined to scheme and intrigue for some such result. We may see reason to watch him; but it will probably be long ere we shall need actively to thwart him. Meanwhile thus much is certain: that the conclusive expulsion of the Austrians will be followed by constitutional liberty, in some shape or other, throughout Italy; and that when thereafter constitutional liberty shall be reëstablished—as sooner or later it is sure to be—in France, the battle of European freedom and civilisation will have been definitively won. If Germany, from fear or passion,

interposes to prevent so magnificent an issue, she will have made herself the blind tool of despotism, and will deserve the dreadful penalties she will assuredly draw upon herself. But if England be clear in her course and energetic in her language, Germany will scarcely be guilty of so insane a folly.

Finally, if England takes care at once to remain resolutely at peace, and yet to add to her means of making war with promptitude and effect, her mediation is sure sooner or later to be welcome, and to be wanted. When France is victorious, and Austria ready to treat, it will probably fall to the lot of England to arrange the basis for a settlement. All we wish to say, in the prospect of that conjuncture, is this:—Let nothing induce us to listen to or recommend any compromise which, by leaving one Austrian soldier south of the Alps, shall leave the sore of Italy still open, and the work of European pacification still undone. Better years of prolonged fighting than such a hollow and temporary truce.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers. By Members of the Alpine Club.
Edited by John Ball, M.R.I.A., President. Longmans, 1859.

[A beautiful volume, most liberally furnished with maps and illustrations. There is a healthy, vigorous, manly tone of honest out-of-door enjoyment about the book, which makes it pleasant and wholesome reading even for those not specially interested in Alpine adventure.]

The Pyrenees from West to East. By C. R. Weld. With Illustrations. Longmans.

A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in the Autumn of 1857 and the beginning of 1858. By Nassau W. Senior, Esq. Longmans.

[A volume full of instructive lights on the present state of Turkey and Greece.]

A Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa in the Years 1850, 1856, 1858. Longmans.

A Tour in Dalmatia, Albania, and Montenegro, with an Historical Sketch of the Republic of Ragusa. By W. F. Wingfield, M.A. Bentley.

[In general an uncouth and ill-written work, but nevertheless containing one or two passages of fresh and original experience which entitle it to a place in reading-societies' lists.]

Life in Tuscany. By Mabel Sharman Crawford. 1859. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A book containing much lively and valuable illustration of the condition of Tuscany and the manners of its people.]

Sixteen Years of an Artist's Life in Morocco, Spain, and the Canary Islands. By Mrs. Elizabeth Murray. 2 vols. With Coloured Illustrations. Hurst and Blackett.

Samuel Rogers's Recollections of Personal and Conversational Inter-course with Celebrated Men. Edited by William Sharpe. Longmans.

270 *Books of the Quarter suitable for Reading-Societies.*

The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn. By Henry Kingsley. 3 vols. Macmillan.

[An excellent novel, frank, spirited, and easy, and full of life and adventure. The mind which produced it may, as has been said, bear some traces of the "big brother's" influence, but the work itself is thoroughly original, and possesses a singular freshness and distinct character of its own. It contains by far the best (poetical) description of Australian life we have ever met with.]

Round the Sofa. Comprising Lady Ludlow and other Tales. By Mrs. Gaskell. 2 vols. Low.

Love me little, love me long. By Charles Reade. 2 vols. Trübner.

[Full of Mr. Reade's peculiar strength, weakness, and eccentricity.]

Village Belles. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Bentley.

[Graceful and careful in execution, and very pleasant reading.]

Confidences. By the Author of "Rita." 1 vol. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[Clever, like the author's former novel, and perhaps more agreeable.]

Trust for Trust. By A. J. Barrowcliffe, Author of "Amberhill." Smith, Elder, and Co.

[Like the author's former book "Amberhill," morbid and painful in conception, but not without ability and power.]

Robert Mornay. By Max Ferrer. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we made by it. Chapman and Hall.

[A well-written and sensible little book, recording a lady's experiences of a little suburban farm. Every one will read it with pleasure; but those who are influenced by its earnest exhortations to go and do likewise, will do well to remember that the writer enjoyed very exceptional advantages in the residence she was so lucky as to obtain; and a professed accountant would, we think, subject her balance-sheet to a stricter scrutiny than "Mr. H." appears to have done.]

Civilised America. By Thomas Colley Grattan, late Consul for the State of Massachusetts. 2 vols. Bradbury and Evans.

[A book well worth reading, as embodying the results of an extended experience, but not well written; and though doubtless intending to be just, displaying a somewhat antagonistic spirit.]

Life and Liberty in America; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8. With Ten Illustrations. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Roman Question. By E. About. Jeffs.

[A book most valuable in the light it throws on the most complicated part of the great Italian question of the day.]

Chiefs of Parties, Past and Present. By Daniel Owen Maddyn, Esq. 2 vols. Skeet.

[Slight and sketchy, with less political biography than we might fairly expect; notwithstanding, lively, and with that gossip interest proper to the subject.]

England and her Soldiers. With Three Illustrative Diagrams. By Harriet Martineau. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Memoirs of Robert-Houdin: Ambassador, Author, and Conjuror. Written by himself. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

Life of Catharine II. of Russia. Edited by E. Herzen. Trübner.

[Not a very lively, but tolerably faithful translation of a book reviewed in our last October Number.]

George Canning and his Times. By Augustus Granville Stapleton. J. W. Parker.

Glendalloch and other Poems. By the late Dr. Drennan; with additional Verses by his Sons. Simpkin and Marshall.

[Dr. Drennan's poems will scarcely have many very admiring readers in the present century. Those of his sons indicate much more of what we now call the poetic spirit. The translations from Béranger, in the present volume, can scarcely be surpassed for piquancy, grace, liveliness, and pathos.]

The Two Paths: being Lectures on Art and its Applications to Decorations and Manufactures. With Two Steel Engravings. By John Ruskin. Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Principles of Beauty, as manifested in Nature, Art, and the Human Character. By Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. A new edition. Longmans.

The Emotions and the Will. By Alexander Bain. J. W. Parker.

[A studious book, not to be characterised in a line, and the philosophy of which is very different in its starting-point from our own.]

Lectures and Essays on University Subjects. By John Henry Newman, of the Oratory. Longmans.

[These essays have more of the charm of Dr. Newman's ancient writings than any we have read for years. They are slight and miscellaneous, and, of course, Ultramontane throughout, but full of literary beauties, always exquisite in their form, and, especially on University subjects, often profoundly true in the substance of their thought.]

Christian Oratory: an Inquiry into its History during the first five Centuries. By Horace Moule. Macmillan.

Leaders of the Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Knox. By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. Blackwood.

[A very liberal and pleasing book, of which the merit is not, however, we think, genius for biographical delineation.]

Outlines of Christian Doctrine: Ten Sermons. By Charles Beard. Whitfield.

[Thoughtful, vigorous, and liberal sermons, of which the style is eminently graceful and clear. The substance it would be impossible to characterise in a line.]

Characteristics of the Gospel Miracles : Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. By Brooke Foss Westcott, M.A. Macmillan.

[A book, the general intention of which we have indicated in Article IX. It is eminently scholar-like, and broad in spirit.]

What is Revelation? A Series of Sermons on the Epiphany; with Letters to a Student of Theology on Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures. By the Rev. F. D. Maurice. Macmillan.

[Reviewed in Article IX.]



C

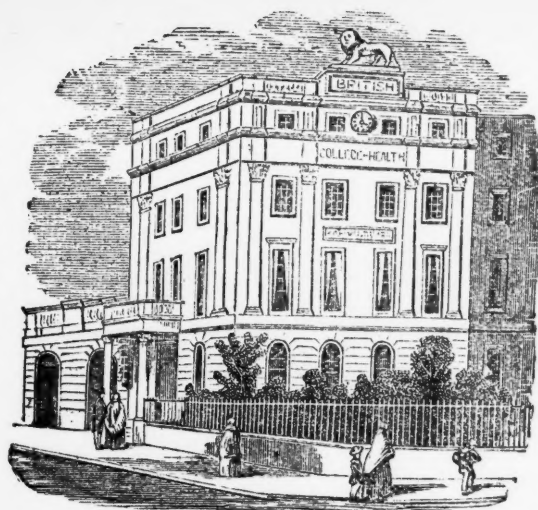
C

M

[

to
D
th
m
m
un
na
I
w
fe
tr
ra
l
co
ma
lie
on
du
ev
for
th
wh
for
be
inc
co
my
Ci

BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH,
EUSTON (late NEW) ROAD, LONDON,



WHERE MORISON'S MEDICINES
ARE COMPOUNDED.

REPORT OF P. A. AVEILHÉ,
GENERAL AGENT TO THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH,
FOR THE SALE OF
MORISON'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL MEDICINES,
AT
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA,
UNITED STATES.

Messrs. MORISON,
BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH,
LONDON.

Charleston, 28th February, 1859.

GENTLEMEN,

[Mr. Avelhé, after giving an order for Medicine to be sent out to him, proceeds as follows]:—

In soliciting your attention to the prompt and faithful execution of this order, I beg to conclude with the following remarks, which will interest and perhaps be serviceable to you:— During the last thirty years the Vegetable Universal Medicine has been my great specific. For the last fifteen years, I have used it with unbounded success on my Plantation in Cuba, and in my family, and among my friends, neighbours, and acquaintances here, description of whose many varied and virulent cases, would fill a tolerable-sized volume. Were it not through that unaccountable fastidiousness which prevails in all ranks of society, I might give publicity to many names of those who have proved the virtues of your great medicine, under my treatment; yet, I can give scores of references from parties of the first respectability, cured by your Pills, and who are sounding your praise in every direction. In 1854, during the prevalence of yellow fever in epidemic form (I have always considered it endemic), I had my two sons very sick, and treated them with your Pills with complete success. At the same period, the small-pox virus raged with much fury and disaster, attacking several of my servants and children, all of whom I cured with your Pills alone, and on none of whom could be seen any such life-time lasting consequences, as had been and still are patent upon cases saved usually by physicians. My many cures of yellow-fever, small-pox, pleurisy, rheumatism, &c, &c, soon obtained such publicity, that had I wished to attend and lend my assistance in the administration of Pills to only one half of the applicants, I should have been obliged to neglect my other more important duties. There are occasions, however, when we cannot resist the appeals of misery and disease, even at some considerable prejudice and loss to ourselves. It is with grateful feelings, therefore, and duly impressed with a sense of the obligation you have imposed upon your fellow-men through the virtues of your great Hygienic principle, that I apprise you of the complete success which attended my agency in the following extraordinary case. I was called upon and consulted for a young lady of about 18 years of age (an acquaintance), who had been prostrated on her bed for over eight months, having had the attention of two of our ablest physicians and surgeons; indeed, men whose names are synonymous with learning and successful practice. Imagine my consternation at the announcement—"that she was incurable"—in such able hands! Imagine my surprise on being solicited to undertake the case with your Vegetable Universal Medicine! Charity, humanity, caused to disappear from before my eyes the responsibility that clothed the

trust, I would, under ordinary circumstances, have shrunk to undertake. It was especially a delicate affair, from the fact, that the physicians were permitted to continue their customary visits, a toleration dictated by friendship and prudence, to which I could not object. I therefore entered upon my duties with firmness, and every confidence in the efficacy of your medicine, convinced that if any relief could be given, it could only be by this great specific. This young lady, as I said before, had been suffering for over eight long months from an abscess on the upper back part of the thigh, near the seat; during eight months of which time she was compelled to keep her bed, unable to stir, much less rise of her own strength, or walk. The physicians had applied poultices of all descriptions, administered a few powders now and then, but to no purpose, until they finally, after mature and wise consultation, determined to probe the sore. A very short time after this operation, another similar sore made its appearance at the end where the probe had reached. The same conduct, however, continued to be observed by the physicians in treating this one, as had been done with the other, when the extreme weakness of the patient, from loss of appetite, and produced by the incongruous and absurd mode of treatment, became so alarming, as to create a necessity for another consultation. The torments and sufferings of this unfortunate young lady are beyond description. The council was held, and an incision recommended! The operation was performed, while the patient slept unconscious under the influence of chloroform. Did I say incision! My heart revolts at the expression! It was a butchery! Had the physicians confined themselves to a single instance of cutting, there might be found some reason for condemning this language; but these acts were repeated, and with poultices, a few insignificant and helpless powders, now and then constituted their whole treatment, during all this time. Stretched on her bed, obliged to keep the leg crooked upwards, to avoid friction on the inflamed and sore part, she became insensible to the influences of sleep, and could obtain no rest, either by day or by night; she had long lost her appetite, her sinking condition became terribly apparent, and premonition of death was observable in her waning form. Her periods had undoubtedly been disturbed, since in these eight months there had been no natural course; and she was extraordinarily costive, conclusive evidence to me, that the former, together with the fecal matter, found egress therethrough, from the almost insupportable stench emitted by the afflicted parts. Her ease at this juncture was considered hopeless, and so declared, unless amputation be submitted to. But the glaring truths of your Morisonian principle reached her ears, and she resolved to succumb by that means, rather than be again subjected to their butchery. In this condition, then, did I receive her, not however without considerable anxiety and apprehension, because to her entreaties for some purgatives (of which she felt the necessity) her physicians objected, alleging that it would contribute to more immediate dissolution. I had as my guide your invaluable book, containing the multiplicity of your cures, and the method of treatment to be adopted in the different cases, besides many years' of personal experience. I commenced by giving her 6 Pills No. 1 and 6 No. 2 alternately every day, and continued this treatment for a month, during which time the physician visited her twice—on the last of which occasions he remarked, that "her complexion had improved"—that "the flesh in the wound had assumed a healthier tone and color,"—the patient felt her appetite returning, and avowed it to him.—"Nature is now acting" said he! Indeed he was correct there, even while ignoring the true cause of this wonderful change to improvement. This was, of all the moments of my life, the most joyful! I continued administering the Pills in doses of seven, eight and so on, increasing one Pill as recommended by you for another month. After the second month (during the latter part of which she could on occasions gradually extend the leg) I applied a drying salve to the sores, which began to heal. Her appetite grown good again, induced me to permit her to gratify her palate to a moderate extent, and when she had not yet completed her third month of this treatment, I had removed all restraints to her diet. I persuaded her to attempt to get out of bed, to perambulate her room with the aid of crutches, and thus to extend and exercise the limb so long inactive. She did so; and to her amazement and delight, soon experienced the return of strength, vigour and elasticity to the limb. In the course of the fifth month she walked without assistance, and she walks now (exhibiting no signs of contraction or limping); a married woman now, with a fine child, (both in perfect health); a living witness of the substantial virtues of your great panacea. In her you have another worthy disciple, for by her agency too, many hopeless cases have been restored to health.

Throughout the past summer, when the yellow fever (of an African type, as pronounced by the faculty) again made its appearance, scourged our fair city, and desolated many a household, when physicians themselves acknowledged that the disease baffled their science, and consequently in order to preserve the reputation of ability plucked from nature's own industry, were compelled to deny to the afflicted their pretended capabilities! I again had recourse to your Vegetable Universal Pills, with increased success, permanently curing some sixteen cases of the most malignant nature. The appeals of humanity were attended to by me with prodigality, and soon reduced me to the necessity of applying to your New York Agents for a supply of the Pills. Hence my order above, and my solicitations for the agency here, which I am convinced will redound to your advantage, and through my knowledge and experience in its administration, must wreath new laurels on the brow of a public benefactor.

If necessary I can furnish you with the best references as to every qualification required for an agent. Hoping soon to hear from you, I remain, yours respectfully,

P. A. AVEILHÉ.

*** Morison's Universal Medicine may be had of all the Hygeian Agents throughout the world; a list of whom may be obtained at the British College of Health, Euston-road, London.*

NI

up
Co
the
sta
flat
of
Gi
Fo
Le
and
lan

high
cou
me
uns

sev
Bro
tim
the
prin
fact
me

by
and
the

ord
per
sym
long

whi
pur
tha
atte
men



**DR.
DE JONGH'S**

*(Knight of the
Order of Leopold of Belgium)*



LIGHT-BROWN

COD LIVER OIL,

*Prescribed by the most eminent medical men throughout the world as the safest,
speediest, and most effectual remedy for*

**CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST AND THROAT,
GENERAL DEBILITY, GOUT, RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS,
RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL THE DISORDERS
OF CHILDREN ARISING FROM DEFECTIVE NUTRITION.**

DR. DE JONGH, an eminent Dutch Physician, has, as is well known, devoted himself for upwards of sixteen years to a series of scientific researches into the nature and properties of Cod Liver Oil. His works recording these investigations have been translated into most of the European languages; by universal admission, they are regarded by the Faculty as the standard authority upon the subject; and in addition to the spontaneous approval and highly flattering testimonials from some of the most distinguished medical men and scientific chemists of Europe—amongst whom may be enumerated the illustrious LIEBIG, of the University of Giessen, the renowned Swedish Chemist, BERZELIUS, and the celebrated Physician, BARON FOUQUIER, of the University of Paris—DR. DE JONGH has been rewarded by his Majesty LEOPOLD I., the King of the Belgians, with the dignity of a Knight of the Order of Leopold, and the large Gold Medal of Merit, and by his Majesty WILLIAM II., the King of the Netherlands, with a Silver Medal specially struck for the purpose.

Extensive use upon the Continent for many years has gained for DR. DE JONGH'S Oil the highest repute, and professional and general appreciation. Since its introduction into this country it has secured the entire confidence of the most eminent members of the British medical profession, and has obtained, notwithstanding the active and in many instances unscrupulous opposition of interested dealers, an unprecedented amount of public patronage.

DR. DE JONGH'S elaborate chemical investigations and therapeutical experiments with the several kinds of Cod Liver Oil have demonstrated the superior efficacy of this pure Light Brown Oil, which effects a cure, relieves symptoms, and alleviates suffering in a much shorter time than the Pale Oil: iodine, phosphate of lime, volatile fatty acids, and the elements of the bile—imparting the colour to the Oil, and deemed amongst its most active and essential principles—being invariably present in much larger quantities than in the Pale Oils manufactured in England and Newfoundland, which, by their mode of preparation, are in a great measure deprived of these active properties.

In taste and odour DR. DE JONGH'S OIL is not disagreeable or repulsive; it is easily taken by the most delicate invalid or child; creates no nausea or after-taste; is borne with facility, and not rejected by the stomach; and does not irritate or disturb the organs, but improves the functions of digestion and assimilation.

Its medicinal properties are found, in practice, to be infinitely greater than those of the ordinary Cod Liver Oil, and it produces beneficial results and effects a cure in a much shorter period. In innumerable cases DR. DE JONGH'S OIL has afforded immediate mitigation of symptoms, arrested disease, and restored health, where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil had been long and copiously administered with little or no benefit.

In use it is not so expensive as any Oil sold as genuine by respectable Chemists, whilst its active properties, more rapid effects, the smaller doses required, and its uniform purity and certainty of operation, render it far preferable and more really economical than that which is offered at the lowest price. *This latter consideration is particularly worthy the attention of all who, from motives of apparent cheapness, may be induced inadvertently to recommend or purchase an inferior or spurious preparation.*

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

The following are selected from some of the leading British medical opinions in commendation of DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil:—

The late JONATHAN PEREIRA, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.,

Professor at the University of London, &c. &c.

"My dear Sir,—I was very glad to find from you, when I had the pleasure of seeing you in London, that you were interested commercially in Cod Liver Oil. It was fitting that the Author of the best analysis and investigations into the properties of this Oil should himself be the Purveyor of this important medicine.

"I feel, however, some diffidence in venturing to fulfil your request, by giving you my opinion of the quality of the Oil of which you gave me a sample; because I know that no one can be better, and few so well, acquainted with the physical and chemical properties of this medicine as yourself, whom I regard as the highest authority on the subject.

"I can, however, have no hesitation about the propriety of responding to your application. The Oil which you gave me was of the very finest quality, whether considered with reference to its colour, flavour, or chemical properties; and I am satisfied that, for medicinal purposes, no finer Oil can be procured.

"With my best wishes for your success, believe me, my dear Sir, to be very faithfully yours,

"(Signed)

JONATHAN PEREIRA,

Finsbury Square, London, April 16, 1851.

"To Dr. de Jongh."

A. B. GRANVILLE, Esq., M.D., F.R.S.,

Author of "THE SPAS OF GERMANY," "THE SPAS OF ENGLAND," "ON SUDDEN DEATH," &c. &c.

"Dr. Granville has used DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil extensively in his practice, and has found it not only efficacious, but uniform in its qualities. He believes it to be preferable in many respects to Oils sold without the guarantee of such an authority as De Jongh. Dr. Granville has found that this particular kind produces the desired effect in a shorter time than others, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the pale Newfoundland Oils. The Oil being, moreover, much more palatable, Dr. Granville's patients have themselves expressed a preference for Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil."

G. H. BARLOW, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.,

Physician to Guy's Hospital, Author of "A MANUAL OF THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE," &c. &c.

"I have frequently recommended persons consulting me to make use of Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil. I have been well satisfied with its effects, and believe it to be a pure Oil, well fitted for those cases in which the use of that substance is indicated."

CHARLES COWAN, Esq., M.D., L.R.C.S.E.,

Senior Physician to the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Consulting Physician to the Reading Dispensary, &c. &c.

"Dr. Cowan is glad to find that the Profession has some reasonable guarantee for a genuine article. The material now sold varies in almost every establishment where it is purchased, and a tendency to prefer a colourless and tasteless Oil, if not counteracted, will ultimately jeopardize the reputation of an unquestionably valuable addition to the Materia Medica. Dr. Cowan wishes Dr. DE JONGH every success in his meritorious undertaking."

C. RADCLYFFE HALL, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P.E.,

Physician to the Hospital for Consumption, Torquay, Author of "TORQUAY IN ITS MEDICAL ASPECT," &c. &c.

"I have no hesitation in saying that I generally prefer your Cod Liver Oil, for the following reasons:—I have found it to agree better with the digestive organs, especially in those patients who consider themselves to be bilious; it seldom causes nausea or eructation; it is more palatable to most patients than the other kinds of Cod Liver Oil; it is stronger, and consequently a smaller dose is sufficient."

RICHARD MOORE LAWRENCE, Esq., M.D.,

Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Great Northern Hospital, &c.

"I have frequently tested your Cod Liver Oil, and so impressed am I with its superiority, that I invariably prescribe it in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, and not a manufactured compound, in which the efficacy of this invaluable medicine is destroyed."

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in bottles; each bottle being sealed with a stamped metallic capsule, and bearing beneath the pink outside wrapper a label with Dr. DE JONGH'S stamp and signature, and to these capsules and marks purchasers are earnestly requested to pay particular attention.

WITHOUT THESE NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE.

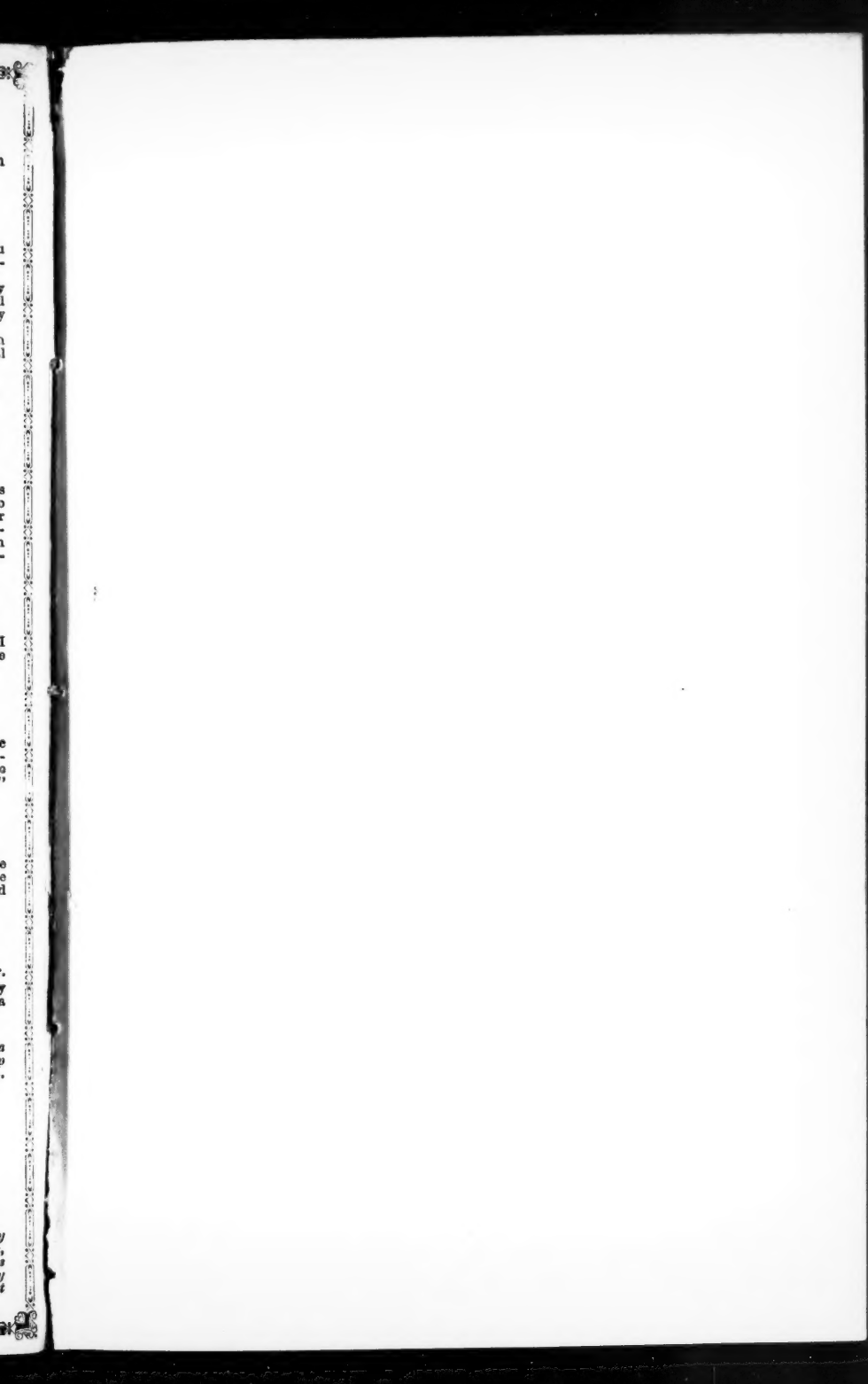
FULL DIRECTIONS FOR USE ACCOMPANY EACH BOTTLE.

IMPERIAL Half-Pints (16 ounces), 2s. 6d. Pints (20 ounces), 4s. 9d. Quarts (40 ounces), 9s.

Sold by ANSAR, HARFORD, & Co., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.,

DR. DE JONGH'S sole accredited Consignees and Agents; and by most respectable Chemists and Druggists throughout the British Empire.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The public are solicitously cautioned against intrusive attempts frequently made by apparently respectable but not over-scrupulous Chemists, not satisfied with the legitimate profits of trade, to induce them to purchase other kinds of Cod Liver Oil, under the fallacious pretence that they are the same as DR. DE JONGH'S, or equally efficacious. Where this discreditable course is pursued, purchasers are earnestly requested to apply directly to DR. DE JONGH'S Agents in London, who will enable them to obtain the Oil without any additional charge.



CONTENTS.

- I. Glaciers and Glacier Theories.
- II. Peasant Life in Hungary.
- III. The People of the Arabian Nights.
- IV. The Settlement of New England.
- V. Utopian Banquets.
- VI. The Apostolic Age.
- VII. John Milton.
- VIII. The Bertrams.
- IX. Revelation ; what it is not and what it is.
- X. Italy ; its Prospects and Capacities.
- XI. Books of the Quarter.

No. XVIII. will appear on the 1st October 1859.